MAJOR PIPER;

OR THE

ADVENTURES

OF A

MUSICAL DRONE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO THE READER.

IN all literary productions, whether the proluſions of fancy, or the works of ſcience, there are two principal motives. Theſe are, to amuſe, and inſtruct. In the following pages, the combination of theſe motives is humbly attempted. The ſucceſſion of incidents, and the narration of improbabilities, however ſurprizing, or however brilliant, are an inſipid entertainment to the intelligent mind. A reader of this claſs, will deem the variety of ſerious reflections, and moral diſquiſitions, which are interſperſed in the following work, as the only part worthy of peruſal; while a multiplicity of others, may conclude them nothing more than the mere effuſions of inſipidity. They often ariſe very naturally in the progreſſion of the ſtory, and if they do not embelliſh, they certainly will not diſgrace it. They are intended to inſtruct, but how far they are calculated for this ſalutary purpoſe, a critical taſte, and minute experience muſt form the determination. If the judgment be not corrected, no paſſion will be inflamed. Neither the exquiſite charm of diction, nor the dazzling brilliancy of wit, can in any wiſe compenſate for the want of delicacy of ſentiment, and chaſteneſs of expreſſion. The many evils which reſult from compoſitions of

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this depraved nature, are too apparent to need an enumeration. Their general reception is much to be deplored. To what cauſe is to be attributed? Such a diſquiſition requires a profound and elaborate enquiry, which would comprehend no leſs a circle, than a philoſophical review of the manners and cuſtoms of the age. To attempt this review is arduous and praiſe-worthy; to complete it with accuracy and impartiality, requires thoſe abilities, and that leiſure from other avocations, which are the enviable lot of few individuals.

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MAJOR PIPER;

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MUSICAL DRONE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the commencement of any biographical diſſertation, it is generally deemed neceſſary, to delineate the characters of thoſe perſons who are intimately connected with the hero of the ſtory. This is always ſatisfactory. Let a man's ſtation in life be what it will, whether he figure in the elevated ſcenes of wealth and opulence, or in the humble ſphere of penury and want; whether he be eminent in the diſtinguiſhed ranks of literary excellence, or remarkable for the ſtupidity of his mental endowments, ſtill he is aſſociated with a variety of others, whoſe good offices, or malicious intentions, are eſſentially neceſſary to his temporal happineſs or miſery. This dependence of one man upon another, is a neceſſary link in the chain of human exiſtence. Were it otherwiſe, and the ſons of affluence exempted from their connec-

tion with the children of poverty, there is more than a probability, that they would, in time, forſwear their affinity to this humble claſs of the human ſpecies. But a little obſervation will ſoon convince the moſt thoughtleſs, that the real utility of every member of ſociety, is not determined by the extent of his poſſeſſions. Were it ſo, what an infinite number of the children of morality would immediately be voted uſeleſs, and totally unneceſſary in the ſcale of created beings! But experience, that ſage inſtructreſs, teaches the moſt opulent, and the moſt inconſiderate, that without dependence, and without induſtry, they can have no enjoyment. This leſſon, ſo uſeful and ſo ſalutary, has taught many an unthinking mortal, who, for many years, has revelled in all the voluptuouſneſs of ſenſual delight, that the poor man is a neceſſary agent in ſociety.

This maxim, though always invariably true, has not always been acknowledged. Whoever poſſeſſed riches, poſſeſſed a certain degree of power: This aroſe from that influence, which wealth will ever produce. The poſſeſſor of riches, obſerving the humility of thoſe who depend upon his bounty for their ſubſiſtence, began ſoon to treat them as ſomething leſs, while he deemed himſelf ſomething more than man. This was the natural effect of pride. A proud man being always puffed up with the idea of his own importance, ſoon begins to act, what he has long conceived to be his duty; this is, to exact ſubmiſſion, and tyranniſe over thoſe who acknowledge his liberality.

This aſſumed right is certainly ill-founded. If the man of wealth attempt to eſtabliſh his authority, and rule with ſeverity within the ſphere of his own influence, he aſſumes a power, which ambition alone can warrant. The pittance he diſtributes for the maintenance of the multitude, is amply repaid by their induſtry. Without their labour he could not live; and, whilſt he lives in eaſe and plenty, he ought to behold with pity and commiſeration, the hands which are deſtined to toil for his pleaſure.

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This is not unfrequently the caſe; the man of opulence, is really a father to his domeſtics and dependents; he alleviates their wants, and diſſipates their cares; he wiſely conſiders their ſtation in life, as already ſevere enough, and never, unneceſſarily, adds to the preſſure of their affliction. He ſympathiſes with them in the hour of calamity, attends to their complaints, and always deems himſelf happy, if he can be inſtrumental in relieving their diſtreſs. He conceives himſelf indebted to his creator for what he enjoys, and acknowledges his conſtant obligations to the toiling ſons of labour. This acknowledgment teaches him humility, and humility, is probably, the firſt ſtep to true wiſdom.

To expatiate on the mutual obligations between man and man, between rich and poor, and all the different claſſes of ſociety, would be an elaborate undertaking. Suffice it to remark, that the hero of the following ſtory, was obligated to a couple of the laborious poor, for many of thoſe bleſſings, which he enjoyed, in his advance towards maturity. What they did, was from the motives of the pureſt benevolence, and what he received, he acknowledged with expreſſions, which ſeemed to be the reſult of unfeigned gratitude. But the mind of man is often verſatile, and this verſatility ſeems to conſtitute a new being. Sometimes the revolution of a few years, has a wonderful effect in producing a change of conduct, and a change of thought. The favours which were conferred upon poverty, were accepted, and acknowledged with humility. If fortune, in after time, ſhould be auſpicious, and exalt the receiver into a ſtate of independence, the revolution of circumſtance, is not more remarkable than that of thought. The gratitude, which flowed in humble expreſſions from the breaſt of poverty, is loſt in oblivion, and its place is occupied by the ſneer of inſolence, and the ſmile of diſdain.

This is no amiable trait in the character of any man; its deformity will not diſprove its exiſtence.

A curſory obſervation of the buſy ſcenes of life, an examination of the behaviour of many a man, in the multiplicity of buſineſs in which he is concerned, will prove to a demonſtration, that rectitude does not always govern his actions, nor virtue regulate the general tenor of his thoughts. It is preſumptuous to ſcan the private thoughts of any perſon; but when theſe thoughts ſtimulate to actions, they then become ſubject either to the blaſt of cenſure, or the breath of applauſe. Gratitude will extort applauſe, while nothing can ſcreen ingratitude from ignominy and reproach. So vile and deteſtable is this vice, that no man was ever yet ſo hardy as to acknowledge he was guilty of it.

In the village of Fenwick, in the county of Northumberland, there ſtands a very ancient pile of building; in the dialect of the county, it is called a tower. In times of old, it was the baronial reſidence of the honourable family of the Fenwicks. It was caſtellated. The height of the battlements, and the ſtrength of the walls, very clearly beſpoke its former deſtination. It was no way fortified by nature, as it ſtood upon a level plain. The little rivulet Pont, meanders through the adjacent meadows, with a ſlow pellucid ſtream. Its banks are ornamented with many a cluſter of branching pines, the boughs of which, waving in darkſome foliage, over the margin of the water, ſcarce allow the eye to perceive the limpid current, which ſilently glides away beneath them.

This venerable ſtructure was once the ſeat of hoſpitality. Here the honeſt yeoman, and the hardy peaſant, had often been regaled, while the battlements re-echoed to the ſong of feſtive merriment. The lord of the manor could then reap enjoyment from the company of his tenant; he thought it not beneath him to dine at the ſame table, to drink out of the ſame flaggon, and join with alacrity in the chorus of diſcordant mirth. His chief pleaſure was to behold his dependents cheerful and happy; not deſirous of rolling in luxury, and diſſipating that opulence which he

he acquired by the induſtry of his tenants; he wiſhed at certain intervals, to diveſt himſelf of his importance, and cheerfully participate of thoſe pleaſures, which reſulted from his aſſociation with artleſs innocence and rural feſtivity. An attempt to be happy could ſcarcely be diſappointed. All was natural, and nothing was artificial, in theſe harmleſs ſcenes of ruſtic conviviality. To look upon thoſe ſcenes with regret, and exclaim, O happy times, how preferable to our own! is probably wrong. Refinement diſclaims the connection, and ſpurns at it, as odious; while ſimplicity exults in the choice, and ſays, it is pure and natural.

This antique manſion, which long has withſtood the fury of the ſtorm, and mocked at the howlings of the northern blaſt, begins to feel the ſlow but gradual attacks of time. Several of the turrets which decorate its top, are mouldering away; the ivy is creeping over the battlements, and many a thorn diſplays its knotty branches from the cliffs of the parting walls. It has long been deſerted by its honourable owners; the lower apartments are appropriated to the humble office of a country ale-houſe, while the upper ſtories are ſolely inhabited by thoſe ſolitary birds of night, the purblind bat, and the moping owl.

The landlord of this ruſtic inn, was John Dixon, a poor, but honeſt and induſtrious man. The emoluments ariſing from the ſale of his liquor, and the profits of his buſineſs, in which he was indefatigable, enabled him to live, not only comfortably, but even reſpectably, among his ſurrounding neighbours. His buſineſs was that of a taylor, and he was never aſhamed of his avocation, whenever he was ridiculed for it, by the tongue of petulance, or the impertinent ſneer of pride. John was honeſt, for the mere ſake of honeſty, and not from oſtentation. He never cheated his employers, either of their time or property. Whether he was ſuperintended by the officious eye of obſervation, or careleſsly left to the purſuit of his own inclination, it was his conſtant endeavour to

ſatisfy the wiſhes of thoſe who employed him. His well-known honeſty made him univerſally beloved, his induſtry brought him conſtant employment. By theſe creditable means, he had been enabled to accumulate a ſmall ſum of money, which he ſeldom allowed to lie uſeleſs in his cheſt. If he was conſcious that any of his neighbours wanted a little pecuniary aſſiſtance, he was always more ready to offer, than the other was to borrow. This benevolent diſpoſition made him many friends, and brought many cuſtomers to his houſe, who gladly repaid his kindneſs, by treating him with a tankard of good old October. This was the only foible, if a foible it could be called, with which malice could impeach honeſt John. It muſt be confeſſed, he loved a hearty libation, and ſometimes made too free in his ſacrifice to the ſhrine of Bacchus; but no perſon, who was acquainted with the general tenor of his conduct ever imputed this failing to any other cauſe, than an exceſs of downright good-nature. The neighbouring farmers delighted in his company, and even the grandees of the circumjacent country, would often condeſcend to have him of their parties, and ingenuouſly confeſs, he was worthy of the character which the world beſtowed upon him.

John had been married many years, and the greateſt unhappineſs he ever experienced, originated ſolely from the behaviour of his better half. Mary was not literally, but ſeemingly induſtrious; ſhe was continually boaſting of her own application, and upbraiding John with his ſcandalous remiſſneſs. He always bore her clangor with the moſt refined patience; when her vociferation was the loudeſt, it only obliged him to relax another muſcle, and ſmile upon her face with the utmoſt affability. This dignified behaviour of John, only ſerved to aggravate Mary's iraſcibility; but when the ſtorm became too boiſterous, he very calmly took his yard in his hand, and walked forth to meditate in the adjoining meadows.

This was generally the motive, which prompted Mary to commence the domeſtic attack upon her

huſband.

huſband. Having ſcolded him out of the houſe, the agitation of her ſpirits was ſo violent, and her ſtrength ſo much exhauſted, by the exertion of her talking powers, that ſhe was compelled to have recourſe to a renovating cordial, which ſhe always kept in ſecret, for the preſervation of her health. This, though ſhe ſometimes indulged in to a fault, and her indulgence was conſpicuous to every beholder; yet ſuch was her infatuation, that ſhe always believed her infirmity was utterly unknown to the ſcrutinizing eye of malicious obſervation. A heſitating ſpeech, an inflamed countenance, a tottering walk, were no indications of Mary's weakneſs. If John had the temerity to approach her preſence in theſe paroxiſms of pleaſure, he was ſure to ſuffer for his preſumption. Report ſays, he has more than once, carried the marks of her ſuperiority on his face, for many months together. This always excited the indignation of his friends, who ſtimulated him by their advice and perſuaſion, to aſſert his pre-eminence, and maintain it at the hazard of his eyes. John heard them with patience, and ſmiled at their folly; he would often remark to them, that they talked on a ſubject which they did not underſtand. He had often felt the efficacy of Mary's fingers, and ſuch powerful arguments, he obſerved, were always concluſive This never failed to excite their riſibility. He pitied their folly, for Mary had made him a practical philoſopher.

This humble couple lived for many years, what was commonly called a happy life. They enjoyed a competency, and were never teazed with the unwelcome officiouſneſs of any intruſive creditors. The clamours of Mary's tongue were ſometimes loud and vociferous, though they ſeldom diſconcerted the ſerenity of John's patience. He heard them with as much unconcern, as the howlings of the wind, or the roaring of the northern ſtorm, which frequently growled horribly among the ſhaking battlements of his ancient habitation. In the midſt

of her moſt irritating harangue, if a frothy tankard appeared upon the board, he drank to her health with all the indifference of a ſtoic, while Mary grinned with indignation, and vowed before the company, he ſhould be glad to treat her with more reſpect, at ſome future period.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER II.

ONE cold froſty evening, in the beginning of December, as this honeſt couple ſat before the fire, and a little domeſtic altercation paſſed away the time, the latch of the outer door clicked, and John aroſe in expectation of a cuſtomer. A young ſtranger, rather of an uncouth appearance, attracted his attention. He eyed him with a look of complacency, and bid him come forward, for the ſtranger ſtood with the door in his hand, and ſeemed to wiſh for an invitation. He advanced towards the fire, when by the light which it emitted, they had a full opportunity to obſerve the appearance of their gueſt. "It is very "cold," ſays he, as he ſtood upon the hearth, ſqueezing his hands; his teeth chattered in his head, and his face, from the action of the northern wind upon it, ſeemed to be tinged with a deep blue; his eyes were large and prominent; his noſe was low, flat, and broad, and turned up at the end, as anxious to behold the elevation of his forehead; his mouth was wide, and his lips were very thick; the other features of his face had nothing remarkable in them, but from thoſe already deſcribed, it is apparent, he was not very handſome. He wore a Scotch bonnet upon his head, the other parts of his dreſs were concealed from preſent inſpection from his having a tattered plaid wrapped about him. He had neither ſtockings nor ſhoes; and whether it was from the ſeverity of the froſt and ſnow, or he had never been accuſtomed to theſe neceſſary parts of modern apparel, is altogether dubitable, yea certain it is, that his legs were exactly the colour of an old red cloak: he was a mere boy, but very athletic. As he ſtood ſhivering before the fire, Mary walked very deliberately from one ſide of him to the other, and viewed him with the moſt attentive curioſity, and concluding

from his external appearance, that no immediate advantage could accrue from her hoſpitality to ſuch a gueſt, ſhe walked quickly to the door, and ſet it wide open; then approaching the ſtranger with a haſty ſtep, ſhe ſeized him with both her hands, exclaiming at the ſame time, "Out of my houſe thou "raggamuffin, what plague has ſent thee here to-"night!" At the ſame inſtant, ſhe gave him a blow betwixt the ſhoulders, which forced him with more precipitation acroſs the floor, than he wiſhed to uſe; but unluckily for him, he ſwerved from the direct line in which ſhe deſtined him to go, and his foot overturned a three-footed ſtool, on which ſtood an earthen quartpot, and a couple of glaſſes;—they were broken to pieces by the fall.

Mary's fury was ungovernable at the woful ſight; "A plague ſeize thee," cries ſhe, "thou haſt not "left me a ſingle glaſs in the houſe! I will have "revenge of thy ſcarlet hide." With that, ſhe flew at him with all the rage of a determined virago, and laid many a heavy thump upon his head and ſhoulders. For ſome time he bōre her blows with patience, and cunningly crouched down upon the floor, protecting himſelf as well as he was able, beneath the folds of his tattered plaid. But Mary was not eaſily fatigued; her arm was ſtrong and ſinewy, and had been well accuſtomed to the preſent buſineſs. Her blows followed one another with unceaſing ſucceſſion. When the object of her paſſion feeling no intermiſſion of her ſtrength, determined to act a little on the defenſive; and crawling about, he voraciouſly ſeized one of Mary's mortal ſupporters. His mouth being none of the ſmalleſt, and his teeth ſharp and well-ſet, he inſerted them with great good-will into the fleſhy part of her leg. The ſuddenneſs of the attack, and the acuteneſs of the pain, made her ſcream out, in all the agony of paſſion, "Murder, mur-"der!" John, who during the conflict, was ſitting in his arm chair, and ſmoking his pipe, no ſooner heard the cry of murder vociferated from the lips of

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his beloved ſpouſe, than he ran to examine into the cauſe.

The bite of the urchin's teeth had cooled Mary's courage; ſhe left off thumping him, and ſtanding upon one leg, endeavoured to ſhake him from his hold on the other. He was not ſo eaſily to be ſhaken from his purpoſe;—his head ſtill ſmarted from the weight of her fiſts. John ſoon perceived the cauſe of his wife's diſcomfiture, and ſnatching a caſe knife from the table, he contrived to force the haft of it into the mouth of the ſtranger, and thus compelled him to forego his hold. All the while, Mary's ſcreams were loud and inceſſant. No ſooner was ſhe diſentangled from the teeth of her antagoniſt, than ſhe ran towards the fire, and ſeizing a large iron poker, was preparing to execute her vengeance upon the proſtrate wretch, when John interpoſed, and admoniſhed her to deſiſt. The ferocity of her countenance, the clangor of her tongue, and the brandiſhing of the poker, made John tremble in every limb; but very fortunately for him, and the object of her wrath, the anguiſh ariſing from her wounded leg, obliged her to ſit down.

Her fury beginning to ſubſide, ſhe complained ſhe was like to faint; then ſhe ordered John to go into ſuch a cloſet, and bring her the cordial bottle. A little of this exhilarating liquor being adminiſtered, her ſpirits began to renovate, and ſhe deſired John to examine the wound. He was all obedience; he ſaid, it was a mere ſimple bite, and would be perfectly well in two or three days;—"To be ſure," croaks a voice from under the table, "I did not "mean to *laacerate*;" for here had the artful ſtranger crept, in order to ſcreen himſelf from the dreadful blows of Mary's iron weapon. "The "devil laſherate thee," ſqualls the enraged heroine, "but I will laſh thee, if I were only at thee." At the ſame time, ſhe made an effort to ariſe from the chair on which ſhe was ſitting, but no ſooner did ſhe print her foot upon the floor, than the anguiſh of the pain compelled her to ſtand upon one leg, and hop,

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as well as ſhe was able back to her chair again. She groaned moſt piteouſly, and vowed ſhe would follow him, as far as ſhe could trace his Scotch bonnet, in order to be revenged upon him.

Juſt as Mary had finiſhed her vindictive harangue, ſome of the neighbours came in to regale themſelves with a tankard of her enlivening beverage. She detailed to them the whole circumſtance of her encounter, and exhibited, with a very woful countenance, the marks of her defeat. One of them very ſeriouſly obſerved, he ought not to be turned to the door, ſince it was more than probable, he was mad; he ſaid, he ought to be confined, and a few days would prove the certainty of the caſe. "Indeed," replies John, with a facetious ſmile upon his forehead, "had any one of you received the ſame drubbing, "he would aſſuredly have been as mad as the little "Scotchman." The reiteration of the word, mad, ſhook Mary's long lank carcaſe like an aſpin leaf; the idea of the dreadful diſorder of madneſs, made her howl moſt piteouſly, while her ſallow cheeks were plentifully ſuffuſed with a ſhower of briny tears.

The cunning oaf, who was ſtill under the table, perceiving her diſtreſs, ſaid, "Indeed, ye need na "be afraid, for I ne'er was mad in a' my life." This aſſertion did very little to alleviate her horror, and while ſhe was exacting commiſeration from all the company, by the conſtancy of her complaints, and the rueful turn of her countenance, John was very aſſiduous in puſhing about the tankard, quite heedleſs of the affliction which his wife endured.

This inattention in the huſband, did not eſcape the vigilance of Mary; ſhe reproached him for his hard-heartedneſs, and ſaid, "It was evident to "every perſon preſent, that he would not have "repined, if the ſnarling wretch had bitten her leg "off."—"Indeed," replies John, in a whiſper, "I would not have broken my heart;" the loudneſs of a groan, which ſhe uttered at that inſtant, prevented her from hearing his obſervation, and probably

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preſerved him from a broken pate. Perceiving her complaints did not excite much pity, ſhe left them off, and carefully began to dreſs her wounded extremity.

The negligence of the company, having made Mary very ſilent and very ſullen, they entertained themſelves with their own diſcourſe, and they all agreed, that the night was very cold, and the ale was very good. They had juſt determined on this agreeable concluſion, when a moſt hideous clangor aſſailed their ears; it was not an inſtantaneous ſound, and then ceaſed, but it continued for ſome time, to the utter aſtoniſhment and terror of them all. Mary, with a look of wildneſs and diſtraction, forgot her crippled limb, and at one bound ſprang from the chair on which ſhe was ſitting, overturning the three-footed ſtool, on which ſtood the tankard full of ale, ſplaſh on the face of the pariſh-clerk, who fell backward on the floor upon a large cur dog, whoſe howlings being mingled with the yells and ſcreams of the affrighted crowd, made the noiſe more hideous, and the confuſion complete.

Mary darted out of the houſe with the velocity of a hunted hare; the others followed as faſt as their fears would allow them; while the pariſh-clerk, either in the fall, or in his ſtruggle to ariſe, had irritated the dog to ſuch a degree, that he ſeized him by the lap of his coat, and held him faſt. The infernal din re-echoed through every apartment of the ancient manſion. The foundations ſeemed to totter, and the battlements to ſhake, while the poor terrified articulator of Amen, half-dead with fear, ſtood quaking, with his hair erect, and the ſweat diſtilling from his forehead, dropped warm and lucid upon the floor. At length, reſolved to make one vigorous effort to liberate himſelf from the jaws of immediate deſtruction, he gave one determined bounce; the lap of his coat tore, which was left in the grinning mouth of Cerberus, and away ſcampered the affrighted clerk, with all the ſwiftneſs of a bounding deer.

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The half-frozen ſtranger, who had ſkulked beneath the table, to ſcreen himſelf from the violence of the enraged Mary, obſerving the fire-ſide to be clear, now crept from his hiding place, and very calmly drew in a chair to warm his benumbed fingers. He had ſo far forgotten the caſtigation which he received from his hoſteſs, that he could not refrain from burſting every now and then into a fit of the moſt immoderate laughter. Having comfortably warmed himſelf at the genial influence of the fire, he began very deliberately to unſcrew the diabolical inſtrument, whoſe horrid ſound had ſo terrified the friends of this evening aſſociation. This was nothing elſe, than a pair of Scotch bagpipes. He had learned to thrum a few common tunes on this noiſy inſtrument; and ſuppoſing, if he could entertain the company with any favourite melody, they might, by way of compenſation, be induced to invite him to participate of that good cheer, which he perceived them to enjoy with the utmoſt pleaſure and delight. But in this determination he was unluckily diſappointed. Having taken the pipes from the fold of his plaid, in which he concealed them, and having ſcrewed the different parts together, he began to blow, in order to trill out ſome agreeable ſymphony, but his fingers were unequal to their wonted dexterity;—they were benumbed with cold, of conſequence incapable of performing their uſual office. Hence, inſtead of a pleaſing piece of muſic, he produced nothing but a jarring, diſcordant, grating noiſe, which threw the company by its unexpected intruſion, into the moſt violent paroxiſms of fear and confuſion.

Having replaced his dreaded inſtrument in its former ſituation, he began to feel, what all human creatures muſt feel, after they have faſted twenty-four hours. He had walked from the peep of dawn, and never ſtopped until he lifted the latch of Mary's outer door. His ſtomach was now very urgent, and his appetite was craving. Under the influence of ſuch very preſſing motives, he began to pry into the cloſets, and to his inexpreſſible ſatisfaction found a large gooſe

pye.

pye. This was a dainty to which he was not accuſtomed, therefore he was determined to allay his hunger by feaſting on ſo nice a rarity. He ſquatted down on his bottom on the hearth, and placed the pye upon his knee. Not feeling the want of a knife and fork, he cheerfully began his buſineſs without them. The repaſt was ſo delicious, that before he was ſatisfied, he very fairly demoliſhed one half of the pye. Thinking it too good to be reſtored to its original owner, he carefully rolled the remaining half in another fold of his plaid, and then with all the compoſure imaginable, lay down in a corner adjoining to the fire, and fell into a ſound ſleep.

The behaviour of this youthful itinerant, will need ſome apology. He had no natural, or legal right, to enter the houſe of an honeſt man, without having previouſly obtained the owner's leave; but when ſolicited to come forward, this right was undoubtedly granted. Mary's attack upon him was rude and unwarrantable. If ſhe was averſe to the laws of hoſpitality, and choſe to ſhut up her bowels of compaſſion, when ſhe ſaw a poor, tattered, weather-beaten ſtranger advance towards her fire to warm himſelf, ſhe was altogether unjuſtifiable to aſſault him with violence. The wound he inflicted, was in ſelf defence. This is a natural law, and therefore indefeaſible. Whatever creature is attacked, however harmleſs, however inoffenſive, ſelf-preſervation will prompt it to reſiſtence;—hence Mary only ſuffered the deſert of her malevolent behaviour. The motive which induced the attempt to entertain the company, was laudable. The effect, being unforeſeen, could not be imputed to his culpability. His ſubſequent conduct is not ſo eaſily to be juſtified: though hungry, it is probably no natural right to purloin the property of another perſon, to ſatisfy that appetite. But as he was incapable of determining between right and wrong, in this critical conjuncture, let him not be arraigned at the bar of impartial juſtice. —There are many trials, in which the reſolutions of an honeſt man will ſtagger.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

FEAR is a paſſion which has a very powerful effect on the human frame;—it not only agitates, but even deprives the mind of its wonted energy;—it pervades the whole body, and in an inſtant reduces it to an abſolute ſtate of inactivity. Unable to emancipate itſelf from the influence of an imaginary terror, it continues in a habit of frightful irreſolution, till the mind, aſhamed of its weakneſs, or actuated by a greater degree of horror, receives an additional vigour, by which it is enabled to diſengage itſelf from the influence of a ſuppoſititious priſon. This liberation from the dreaded phantom, or a haſty removal from the place where the firſt idea of terror was conceived, will ſeldom diſſipate that influence which diſturbs the imagination. It ſometimes continues with increaſing violence, and what was in the beginning nothing more than a ſimple impreſſion, becomes by duration, and the creative powers of a perturbed fancy, to be a real wonder, that at once aſtoniſhes, awes, and terrifies; hence have originated the many chimerical notions, improbable ſtories, and nonſenſical relations, which have entertained and ſcared the credulous of every age and country.

It is rather a curious fact, that fear, which is ſo powerful a paſſion, ſhould operate and perform all its wonderful exploits, by the ſole power of ſuppoſition. If it were to appeal to the ſenſes, it would generally loſe its effect. They would examine, and determine with precaution, of conſequence they would not be very liable to be ſeduced by any preſent impoſition. But fear ſeizes on the imagination, acts inſtantaneouſly, and frequently deprives it of thoſe powers with which it is endued, to examine into the truth or falſity of external appearances. It prefers flight to examination. The judgment is too tardy to be of any actual ſervice in the frightful exigence, and its

its admonitions, at a future period, are ſeldom liſtened to with any attention. Hence fancy creates wonders, and the underſtanding believes them to be realities.

Theſe obſervations are too often verified. Mary, who after overturning the pariſh-clerk, made but two ſteps to the door, where treading in her flight upon her own grey gooſe, fell ſouſe on her face upon her. The poor gooſe, not being accuſtomed to ſuch a burden, began to cackle moſt vociferouſly. But Mary heard her not. She had ſwooned, and lay in a ſtate of inſenſibility. The gooſe, in attempting to diſentangle herſelf from the incumbent weight, found all her endeavours ineffectual; till, with her bill, catching hold of Mary's noſe, which was very long, thin, and prominent, ſhe began to nibble at it moſt furiouſly, as if determined to take full revenge on that part, for the unwieldy preſſure which ſhe ſuffered from the reſt. The gooſe was not miſtaken in her concluſion. Mary ſoon felt the force of her application, and ſpringing up with the elaſticity of a well-bent bow, received upon her face and breaſt a few ſmart ſtrokes from her antagoniſt's wings, whilſt ſhe ſcreamed out in a moſt hideous tone, "avoid thee "Satan, avoid thee Satan."—She bounded forward, not knowing for ſome time which way ſhe ran. Breathleſs, and almoſt exhauſted, ſhe ſtopped to recruit her ſtrength. The night was clear, the ſky ſerene, and a quantity of ſnow lying upon the ground, any object was perceivable at a conſiderable diſtance. She caſt her eyes behind her in a fearful trepidation; but what horror ſeized her mind, when ſhe obſerved herſelf purſued by a creature that was gaining upon her with a very rapid pace. She ſet up the yell of fear, which re-echoed from the adjoining woods, and darted forward with the ſwiftneſs of a frightened leveret. But the agitation of her ſpirits was too powerful for the activity of her feet, and down ſhe dropped with her face amongſt the ſnow.

The frightful ſpectre ſoon came to the ſpot where ſhe lay, and aſked with a faultering voice, "What "have we here?"—Mary heard the queſtion but very

very indiſtinctly, and anſwered, without raiſing her face from the ſnow, in which it was concealed, with a heſitating voice, " Ah, thou foul fiend, avoid thee!" —He replied, with a fluttering accent, which evidently declared the perturbation of his mind, " I am " not the foul fiend, I am Patrick Harle, the " pariſh clerk."—" Pa-pa-Patrick Harle," rejoins the half-dead Mary, as ſhe raiſed her face from the ſurface of the ſnow; " Is it you, honeſt Patrick?"— " Yes indeed, it is all that is left of him, Mary, " ſince he eſcaped from Satan's clutches."—" Oh, " woe is me, have you ſeen him, Patrick?" " Seen " him, Mary, yes, and felt him too! All the men " of the pariſh could not have held me ſo firmly as " he held me. But you know, Mary, I never was " afraid of any thing in my life. So, after a very " ſevere ſtruggle, I got away from him, and believe " I am ſafe and ſound in wind and limb."—" God " be thanked, Patrick; God be thanked," ſays Mary, as ſhe roſe from the ground, and once more ſtood upon her tottering legs.—" But Mary, have you ſeen " any thing?"—" Seen any thing, Patrick! God " only knows what I have ſeen and felt in every joint " of my body. I tremble yet in every limb of me. " I have often been told by the oldeſt inhabitants in " the neighbourhood, that our houſe was haunted. " I always laughed at the ſtory, and told them they " were very fooliſh to believe any ſuch ridiculous " nonſenſe. But upon my troth, good Patrick, I " have paid for my incredulity."—" But Mary, what " is now to be done; ſhall we go back?"—" Back, " Patrick, I would not ſet a foot within my own " door this night, for Harry the Eighth's right hand." " —Then, I will tell you what, Mary, though I " have not the leaſt intention to go back, for I verily " believe Satan and his imps to be preſent."—" Oh " Patrick, as you are a man of learning, do you " think they will drink my ale, or eat my gooſe-pye? " It is the beſt ale I ever had in my cellar, and " brewed on purpoſe for the Chriſtmas holidays."— " —Keep yourſelf eaſy on that account, Mary,

" for,

" for as they are ſpirits, they will not eat any thing " that is earthly, the old moons ſerve them for vic- " tuals."—" Ah, Patrick, what it is to be a man " of learning; I never knew before what became of " all the old moons."—" I will tell you what, Mary, " ſince it will be very unſafe to enter your houſe, " before the evil ſpirits are conjured, let us go to " the miniſter, Mr. Bruce, he is a wiſe and cunning " man, and will, by his prayers and learning, ſoon " ſend the devil and his imps a-ſkipping, and glad " to take up their quarters at the bottom of the Red " ſea."

The propoſal was chearfully accepted by Mary, who deemed it the moſt fortunate expedient that human wiſdom could deviſe, in order to liberate her houſe from the viſitation of thoſe infernal inhabitants. They ſet forward immediately, and having about two miles to walk, began to recapitulate the ſupernatural adventures of the evening. The frightful dialogue ſoon recalled all thoſe ideas which had not yet totally ſubſided. Patrick began to quicken his pace. Mary intreated him for the ſake of goodneſs not to leave her. "" I am not afraid, Mary," ſays the quaking clerk, at the ſame inſtant beginning to run as faſt as his legs could carry him. Mary had no alternative but to follow as faſt as ſhe was able; but the nimble-footed Patrick ſoon out-ſtripped her; he was deaf to all her intreaties. Though left to herſelf, ſhe muſtered reſolution, and followed in the ſame track.

Patrick being arrived at the parſonage houſe, he entered without any ceremony. He threw open the front door with ſuch a terrible clatter, as made the ſervants ſtart from their ſeats, and bounce he went into the parlour. He was breathleſs, either through fear, or the exertions of his race; his mouth was wide open, his hair ſtood erect, he had loſt his hat, and his eyes rolled in all the wildneſs of diſtraction. Mr. Bruce was reading, but perceiving the perturbation of his viſitor, he calmly laid his book down, and ſaid, " What is the matter, Patrick?" Patrick heard the interrogation, but could only reply with a very

ſignificant

ſignificant ſhake of his head. Mr. Bruce being rather amazed at his appearance, and manner of reply, repeated his queſtion, "What is the matter, Patrick?" Patrick ſpluttered out, in a voice ſcarce articulate, "Oh, Sir, I have ſeen Beelzebub!"—"Seen Beel-"zebub, Patrick!" ſays Mr. Bruce, with a ſmile, ſufficiently indicative of his unbelief; "I hope you "are miſtaken."—"No, indeed, Sir, there is no "miſtake in the matter, I have both ſeen him and "felt him."—"It is as true as the noſe is upon "your face," replies a voice over Patrick's ſhoulder. Mr. Bruce aroſe from his chair. Patrick hearing a voice, and not ſuppoſing any perſon was behind him, looked over his ſhoulder, and ſeeing a viſage of a very ſanguine colour, made but one ſpring till he was behind Mr. Bruce, panting out at the ſame time, "Oh, oh, oh! for God's ſake, Sir!"—"Patrick, "what is the matter?" ſays the good man again. "Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am not much afraid."—"What, Patrick, are you terrified at me?" replies Mary, who finding the doors all open, had come in very unceremoniouſly, and ſtood at Patrick's back. Mr. Bruce looked very attentively at her, and ſeemed to be ſurpriſed at the oddity of her appearance. Mary's face, at any time, was none of the handſomeſt, but now being much diſcoloured, ſhe might have given palpitations to a braver heart, than ever beat in Patrick's breaſt. The gooſe, to be revenged on Mary, for the unuſual ſqueeze ſhe gave her, when ſhe tumbled upon her, had ſeized upon her noſe, and nibbling at it with great good will, had cauſed the blood to flow in a very copious ſtream. This was totally unperceived by the terrified Mary; but as ſhe ran, ſhe had ſpread the crimſon current with her hand over all her face. Mr Bruce was ſtartled at her phyſiognomy. Mary was unconſcious of any alteration. "Pray," ſays he, "what is the "matter with your face?"—"My face, Sir," replies Mary, ſtroking her hand gently over it, "thank God, "is no worſe, though it received ſeveral hard blows "from Satan's cloven foot." Patrick began to ſhake,

as

as though his old friend were ſtanding at his elbow; and ſuch was the motion of his body, that every chair in the room, danced in concert with him.

At that very inſtant, came in John with the remainder of his gueſts, who no ſooner beheld Mary's countenance, and the quivering agitation of Patrick's body, than they all with one bound clung round the aſtoniſhed parſon, begging his protection and prayers againſt the power of their arch enemy the devil. Mr. Bruce, very calmly, deſired them to compoſe themſelves, and faithfully tell him the real cauſe of all their conſternation. Patrick ſhook his head, but ſaid nothing. Mary, the fibres of whoſe tongue were acknowledged to be of an excellent compoſition, looked wiſtfully at her huſband, and was ſilent. John, who ſeldom had the privilege of ſpeaking in his wife's preſence, now conſtrued her looks and ſilence into a command, and he gave the following relation of the wonder which had terrified them all in ſuch a dreadful manner.

"Pleaſe your Reverence, you muſt know, that I "and my neighbours here, were ſitting before my "fire, and drinking a tankard of good ale; I can "aſſure you our diſcourſe was neither impious nor "wicked. I always hated profane talking in all my "life, and have often reproved many of my acquain-"tances for their babbling, when I have heard them "talk about religion, the bible, the church, and the "meeting-houſe; my remark to them, was always to "let theſe things alone, as you were the fitteſt perſon "to tell them what theſe things meaned. We were "only buſy with the third tankard, when neighbour "George obſerved, that Chriſtmas would be here "preſently. I always diſliked the amuſements of "Chriſtmas holidays, ſuch as cockfighting, card play-"ing, and a thouſand other abominable games, which "none but the devil himſelf could have invented at "firſt, in order to prevent men from giving due atten-"tion to this holy ſeaſon. This was my diſcourſe, "and to be ſure, he was provoked at it, for that very "moment, he blew his trumpet with ſuch a yell, as "ſcared us all."—"Yes, John," ſays Mary, "he

"blew

" blew it down the chimney full in my face."—" No " ſuch thing, Mary," replies Patrick, " he blew it di- " rectly in at the window, againſt my ear."—" You " are quite miſtaken, Patrick," returns Mary, " he " blew it down the chimney, and I ſaw the end of it, " as wide and as fiery, as the mouth of a flaming " furnace."—" Ah, Mary, Mary," rejoins Patrick, " you are quite wrong, he blew it in at the window, " and then I ſaw him run acroſs the floor, in the ſhape " of a black pig."—" A black pig, Patrick," cries " Mary, chuckling, this convinces me you never ſaw " him at all, for he appeared in the ſhape of a white " gooſe."—" Was there ever ſuch a ridiculous wo- " man," cries the enraged clerk, " did not Beelzebub, " in the ſhape of a great black pig, hold me by the " lap of my coat, after you had all run away? And " ſee here," taking up his coat, " ſee the effects " of his fury; he has gone with one half of it."— " It is no matter," returns Mary, " if he had gone " with the owner too, ſince he is not able to diſtin- " guiſh between a black pig and a white gooſe."— " Good neighbours," ſays Mr. Bruce, " there is " ſome egregious miſtake in this buſineſs; pray, " John, did you ſee any thing to ſurpriſe you?"— " See any thing, Sir, yes, I ſaw what I ſhall never " forget, if I live to the end of time. I ſaw Satan, " Sir, walk acroſs the floor, in the ſhape of a great " dun aſs."—" A dun aſs," cries Mary, " I appeal " to my noſe, if he were not a white gooſe, for he " held me by it, at leaſt, three quarters of an hour."— " I tell you both he was a black pig," cries the furi- ous clerk, " what the miſchief, do you ſuppoſe I " could neither hear nor ſee?"—" Well, good peo- " ple," ſays Mr. Bruce, " this affair is ſo myſterious " and your opinions ſo diſcordant, that I propoſe to " accompany you to Fenwick tower, and examine " into the nature of the buſineſs immediately. I am " apt to ſuſpect there is ſome impoſition in the caſe; " you may have been too haſty in quitting your habi- " tation, as the reflection of a few moments might " have convinced you, that all thoſe terrifying figures,

" which

" which you ſuppoſed to be before your eyes, were " purely the effect of imagination."—" Alack-a-day, " Sir," exclaims Patrick, " you will never leave off " theſe wicked infidel fancies of yours, till Beelzebub " ſhall give your wig a bruſh."

A ſecond propoſal, from Mr. Bruce, of going back immediately, and examining into the myſtery of the affair, ſeemed to ſtartle them all. They looked upon one another with an eye of enquiry, as deſirous of knowing who would be the firſt to aſſent to ſo hazardous an undertaking. Heſitation and deſpair were depicted on every countenance. They beheld the adviſer of this preſumptuous counſel, as thoughtleſs and inconſiderate. Conſcious of having eſcaped from a perilous ſituation, they expreſſed no readineſs of returning, though even to be convinced of their preſent error. This backwardneſs was certainly natural. The mind, when terrified by any external appearance, is thrown into ſuch a violent agitation, that it requires a certain portion of time to recover its former compoſure. This agitation gives pain to a certain degree. A conſciouſneſs of this pain produces that backwardneſs in the agent to undergo a ſecond time, all thoſe dreadful horrors which reſult from ſudden fear. Hence, the confuſion of ideas originating from ſurprize, is always inimical to enquiry. Surprize, though ſudden and terrifying, inſtead of exciting enquiry, too often ſerves to eſtabliſh a pre-conceived opinion. Thus, many of thoſe chimerical ſtories, believed by the young, the credulous, and the vulgar, receive confirmation. Accuſtomed in their infancy to hear the recital of ſupernatural appearances, they imbibe the belief, as founded on incontrovertible facts. In their advance to maturity, they conſtantly hear the detail of the ſame notions, and if any unexpected incident ſhould happen, beyond their capacity to comprehend, or ſhould it be ſufficiently terrific, this confirms their belief beyond the poſſibility of convincing them to the contrary. Hence, according to the opinion of the majority of mankind, the world is replete with a ſpecies of aerial beings,

beings, whoſe only buſineſs is to propagate terror and conſternation among the credulous children of mortality.

Mr. Bruce was very anxious for their immediate departure; but Patrick obſerved to him, that ſuch infidel fancies would one day be his undoing. "I "have not yet forgotten how you laughed at me, "when I told you, how I ſaw poor John Barney, "a few days before he died, walk through the "church-yard without a head. I told you, at the "ſame time, he would die ſoon; but you laughed, "and made nothing of it, though the poor man "actually died, as I ſaid he would." "Come, come, "Patrick," ſays Mr. Bruce, "you ſaid you were "not much afraid,—let you and I lead the van in "this perilous expedition, and when the reſt of the "company ſhall ſee your courage, they will un-"doubtedly follow."—"Me, Sir, me, go foremoſt," ſays the quaking clerk, "I have no wiſh, I aſſure "you, to run with my eyes open into the jaws of "Beelzebub."—"Why are you ſo fearful, Patrick, "will you follow me? Will you, and you?" They were ſpeechleſs, confounded, and knew not what to reply. Mr. Bruce drew on his gloves, and took his cane in his hand, when Patrick ſays, "O dear Sir, "I will follow you gladly, and ſhall not be afraid, if "you will take the bible, and carry it before you. "He muſt be conjured, or he will undoubtedly fly "away with us all." Mr. Bruce obſerved, "that "ſuch a proceſſion would aſſuredly expoſe them to "the ridicule of the neighbourhood, and as it was "totally unneceſſary, he hoped that Patrick would "go, without carrying before him ſuch a weapon of "defence" Patrick found there was no alternative, but either to go, or to forfeit his character for courage and intrepidity.

They ſet forward immediately. Mr. Bruce walked firſt, while Patrick preſſed ſo cloſe behind, that he frequently trod upon his heels. Not one word could be extorted from any of them during the whole two miles. When they approached the door of John's ancient

ancient manſion, they found it wide open;—all was ſtill and ſilent,—the brightneſs of the fire glittered through the window;—Mr. Bruce walked calmly into the houſe;—the poor boy was ſtill found aſleep in a corner by the fire;—the dog was ſtretched out upon the hearth, and cloſe by him, a piece of cloth, which Mr. Bruce ſoon perceived to be the lap of Patrick's coat;—the broken quart pot was lying upon the floor;—nothing farther was in diſorder, and he ſaw no viſible ſigns of an infernal viſitation. He walked out again, and found the whole company in a cluſter together, holding faſt by one another, in a fearful expectation of a ſecond exhibition. Mr. Bruce deſired them to diſmiſs their fear, and walk in, when they would immediately be convinced there was nothing preſent to excite their terror. They followed him cloſe behind, peering over his ſhoulders, and treading as lightly as if the very ground they were upon, were ready to give way beneath their footſteps. But neither hearing the ſound of his majeſty's trumpet, nor ſeeing a black pig, nor any other unnatural appearance, they took courage, and boldly advanced towards the fire. At that inſtant, the curmudgeon who was ſleeping in the corner, gave a ſudden ſnore, and ſhuffling a little to change his poſition, attracted the attention of the watchful Patrick, who no ſooner heard the ſound, and ſaw the motion, than ſuppoſing the black monarch to be preſent, at a ſingle leap he bounced upon the table, while the terrified Mary, threw both her arms around the neck of Mr. Bruce, at the ſame time exclaiming, "Ah, the foul fiend, "we are all dead men!" Mr. Bruce had obſerved the boy, and was aſtoniſhed at their timidity. He bid them not be afraid, as there was nothing here to moleſt them: "Ah, Sir," ſays the panting Patrick, "the houſe is enchanted."—"Come, come, Pa-"trick," replies Mr. Bruce, "come down from "the table, and I will ſhew you the enchanter."—"Shew him to me, Sir! I would not ſee him for "double my Eaſter reckonings."—However, Mr. Bruce ſtepping to the corner, and ſhaking the ſtranger

by the ſhoulders, immediately awoke him. Yawning and ſtretching, he ſcrambled upon his feet. At the fearful ſight, Patrick jumped off the table, and came plump upon Mary's back,—ſhe ſprang forward with a velocity which overſet her huſband with his head into a large metal pot. John, almoſt ſuffocated, aroſe from his diving poſition, with his head all bare, having left his hat and wig among the broth. Mr. Bruce, though aſtoniſhed at their behaviour, could not help ſmiling at John's appearance. He was dripping with the contents of his wife's cookery; his face was beſpattered with ſeveral bits of leeks and cabbage, while he ſcratched his head, and made many wry features at the ſeverity of the blows he received in the quickneſs of his deſcent.

The boy who by this time had gotten his eyes open, on beholding Mary's crimſon face, and John's deplorable plight, could not refrain from burſting out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Mr. Bruce, very calmly, aſked him the cauſe of his exceſſive merriment: he pointed to Mary's phiz, and her huſband's party coloured countenance. The objects were certainly ridiculous enough, for the gravity of the parſon was obliged to give place to a viſibility of muſcles. Then Mr. Bruce enquired of the merry ſtranger, if he had heard any uncommon ſound, or ſeen any unnatural object, ſince he came into the houſe. "In troth, "Sir," replies the boy, "the only unwelcome ſound "that I have heard, was the clatter of that woman's "hands about my ears, and the only unnatural object "I have ſeen in all my born days, is her ugly red "face."—"Thou brazen faced jackanapes," cries Mary, "I'll teach thee firſt to bite my leg, and then "to laugh at my face; it is a better face I tell thee, "than ever ſtood upon thy mother's ſhoulders." She was preparing to wreak her vengeance on the culprit, when Mr. Bruce interpoſed, and requeſted her to deſiſt. She obeyed his requiſition, but could not help muttering to herſelf ſeveral times, "My "ugly red face!" The rudeneſs of this imputation

was

was almoſt unpardonable, for what woman can bear to hear herſelf called ugly and not be in a paſſion?

Mr. Bruce having prevailed upon the company to ſit down, and diſmiſs their fears, he interrogated the young ſtranger, whether he had ſeen theſe perſons run out of the houſe? "By my troth, Sir, they ſcamper-"ed out juſt like ſo many highland bullocks; but I "laughed till my ſides were like to crack, to ſee this "good man here, held faſt by that great dog, over "which he had tumbled. I have often played before "lords and ladies, and they were always entertained "with my performance, but theſe good people fled "out of the houſe, as if they had ſeen the cloven "foot of the muckle de'el."—"Pray," ſays Mr. Bruce, "and what did you play upon?"—"Troth, "Sir, my pipes are here, and you ſhall both ſee and "hear them." At the ſame inſtant, taking them from the fold of his plaid, and ſcrewing them together, he blew the ſame droning din, which had lately infuſed ſuch terror among them. The ſound was electric, for Patrick ſprang from his chair, while Mary involuntarily graſped her noſe, to ſcreen it from any violent attack. But perceiving no preſent danger, the one ſat quietly down again, and the other adminiſtered a ſnuff to repair the breaches of her bitten noddle. "I was thus preparing," ſays the boy, "as I "ſat under the table, to amuſe them with the melo-"dy of a Scotch jig, when they all ran out, as if "they had ſeen the black man of Tarran."

Mr. Bruce now ſaw clearly through the whole myſtery, and ſeriouſly aſked them if they were not aſhamed of their fooliſh conſternation? Mary was the firſt to recover her reſolution, who exclaimed, as ſhe walked acroſs the floor, "Thou tattered, louſy oaf, "I'll learn thee to bum thy pipes under my table, "and frighten all my honeſt neighbours. She had clinched her fiſt, and was preparing to caſtigate the poor muſician, when Mr. Bruce interpoſed, and deſired her to compoſe her fury. She ſuſpended her blow, but caught hold of the tatters of his plaid, and ſhook him moſt unmercifully. It was a moſt unfortunate

ſhake for the poor caitiff, for the remaining half of the pye, which he had ſo carefully concealed in his plaid, fell upon the floor. Mary ſtooped haſtily to take it up, little ſuſpecting to whom it originally belonged; but the cur dog, whoſe ſight and ſmell were as acute as any of the ſpecies, was far too nimble for her; he ſnatched it up, and ran away with it,—but unluckily in the bounce to ſeize upon the prey, his head ſtruck againſt Mary's front, which rouſed her indignation to ſuch a pitch, that the innocent ſtranger immediately became the object of her fury. She flew at him with all the ungovernable rage of an incenſed woman; the clatter of her fiſts, and the ſcreaming of her tongue, made a very diſcordant noiſe about the ears of the poor muſician. Mr. Bruce interfered, and partly by intreaty, and partly by force, obliged her to deſiſt. The poor young Scotchman, ſcratching his head, and rolling his plaid about him, blubbered out, "It's a very hard caſe for the ſon of an earl, to be "beaten by ſuch a long, lanky, yellow-hued, ſhe ani-"mal."—"Sirrah," cries Mary, all foaming at the mouth, and doubling her fiſt, "if thou ſay another "ſyllable againſt my hue, I will certainly ſplit thy "jaw bone." This manly threat had its deſired effect, for he durſt not pronounce a ſingle word more againſt the yellow tinge of Mary's bloated countenance; but ſtill he grumbled, "it was a very hard caſe, for "an earl's ſon to be treated in ſo ſhameful a manner." Mr. Bruce, whoſe benevolence was never inactive, whenever an object of compaſſion was preſented before him, kindly requeſted the young man to give him a relation of his family, and by what adventures he had come into his preſent ſituation. If any unfortunate circumſtances had diſtreſſed him, he deſired him not to conceal them, for if he found him deſerving of his protection, he ſhould aſſuredly have it.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE humanity you have ſhewn this evening, Sir," ſays the ſighing youth, "in protecting me from the fury of this enraged woman, whom I never injured, claims my warmeſt gratitude. I wiſhed to ſeek a ſhelter in this houſe from the inclemency of the weather, and the coldneſs of the night. My reception was very unkind. Common hoſpitality, which is due to all ſtrangers, was actually denied me. I was not only forbidden to continue beneath this roof, but really driven out by all the violence that rage and malice could deviſe. Fortune is often propitious, when we leaſt expect her ſmiles; ſo it happened to me this night, and though I have received a few buffets, I was always taught by the beſt of parents, that whatever happened to us in this life, it is our duty to ſuffer with reſignation. It ſhall ever be my endeavour, to reduce her preceps to practice. If I remember her counſel, I hope I ſhall never be unfortunate.

You behold me, Sir, with a look of ſurpriſe; probably my language and apparel diſagree, I could adapt my expreſſions to my dreſs, but that is not neceſſary in the relation which I am going to give you. My father was the unfortunate Earl of Owen; my mother was the daughter of Sir John Summers. You are all acquainted with the deſtiny of thoſe unhappy noblemen, who engaged their lives and fortunes in the cauſe of Charles Stuart, in the year 1715. My father eſcaped the block, but he is doomed to lead a life of baniſhment in a foreign land. My two elder brothers fell fighting by my father's ſide in the battle of Dumblain. Often have I heard my father relate the melancholy ſtory, and whilſt the tears ran trickling down his cheeks, he bade me ever be mindful of the fate of my brothers,

and the fortune of my family. My father charged the king's forces at the head of his own regiment, which was chiefly compoſed of his ſervants and tenants. Being badly ſupported by thoſe on whom he chiefly relied, he was quickly ſurrounded by the army of the enemy. My brothers perceiving the danger of their father, flew to his aſſiſtance. They found him engaged with far ſuperior numbers, and performing actions worthy of his name. But what can valour do againſt the arms of thouſands? My brothers, with a zeal which well became them, ſtationed themſelves on each ſide of my father, reſolved to bring him ſafe from the battle, or to die in the conflict. The ſtruggle was dreadful, and many a hero paid the forfeit of his life, for daringly approaching too near thoſe chieftains on that fatal day. The battle thickened round them,—a ſword was pointed againſt my father's breaſt,—my younger brother ſaw it,—ruſhed furiouſly forward, and received it in his own; he fell breathleſs at my father's feet. He, exhauſted with ſlaughter, and covered with duſt, was obſerved by my elder brother to ſlacken in the conteſt,—he placed himſelf before him, and whilſt he was able to raiſe his ſword, defended him from the fury of ſurrounding foes. But his ſingle arm was weak againſt a multitude;—he fell, covered with wounds upon the body of his brother. He raiſed his eyes, and looked upon my father;—then with a voice which pierced him to the heart, bade him thrice, farewell. At that very inſtant of time, ſome unforeſeen accident, diverted the attention of the combatants who fought about my father. He took each of his ſons by the hand—they felt cold; the eye of the elder was not yet cloſed—his paternal finger did the woeful office. He kiſſed both his ſons, and looking round him, ſaw nothing but ſlaughter, confuſion and diſmay. He ruſhed amidſt the thickeſt of the fight, and though he braved death in every ſhape, he retired from the terrors of the field unhurt.

"When

" When he arrived at Owen caſtle, my mother anxiouſly enquired after her ſons. ' They are,' ſays ' he, lying on the bed of honour.'—' They are not ſlain, ' I hope?'—' They are ſlain in fighting for their ' king and country'—' Alas! what, both my ſons?' —' Both fell by my ſide.'—She ſaid no more;—ſhe walked up ſtairs, and ſo violent was her grief for the untimely death of her children, that ſhe ſurvived them only a few days. A ſhort time before ſhe expired, ſhe deſired to ſee me. I was introduced into her apartment, and approaching her bed, ſhe took my hand, and kiſſing it with true maternal affection, ba: me remember what ſhe had to ſay to me. I kneeled down by her bed-ſide. ' John,' ſays ſhe, ' thou art ' now my only child. My other ſons, children, ' whom any woman might have been proud to own, ' are now no more,—they have fallen in a worthy ' conteſt. I charge thee with my lateſt breath, if ' ever fortune ſhall be propitious to thee, and thou ' have the power, I charge thee to revenge their ' death. The loyalty of the houſe of Owen, has ' always been conſpicuous in the worſt of times;— ' be not thou a degenerate ſon of ſo illuſtrious a ' ſtock. Misfortunes will probably await thee,—I ' think I ſee the ſtorm at a diſtance;—but if unfor- ' tunate, be loyal, be virtuous. If deprived of thy ' inheritance, keep ſteady to thy integrity;—let the ' nobility of thy race, be diſtinguiſhed by the diſin- ' tereſtedneſs of thy conduct. Hope, which is a ' certain comfort in the hour of diſtreſs, will always ' ſupport the virtuous, even when depreſſed by the ' iron rod of power. That providence, which rules ' the univerſe, will never ſuffer thoſe who ſtedfaſtly ' adhere to the paths of rectitude, long to be oppreſſed ' by affliction. In the hour of thy deepeſt diſtreſs, ' and much, I fear, my child, diſtreſs will attend ' thee, look up to the antiquity of thy houſe;— ' endeavour to ſupport its honour, and never by any ' illiberal act, do thou ſo far deviate from the fame of ' thy anceſtry, as to deſcend to meanneſs and de- ' pravity. If poverty ſcowl around thee, remember

'thou art rich by patrimony; look forward with 'exultation to a day of reſtitution; it will come, and 'when it does come, remember the prophetic words 'of thy dying parent.'

"She ſaid no more, and being fatigued with the exertions of her addreſs to me, again lay down to compoſe herſelf. At that moment, my father and I were alarmed by cries and lamentations, which ſeemed to aſcend from the lower apartments. We aroſe, and went down to enquire into the cauſe of this diſtreſs; but what was our ſurprize, and what was our affliction, when we beheld, lying on a large oak table, in the front hall, the bodies of my two brothers, bloated and diſfigured with duſt and blood. My father viewed them for ſome time, with a ſteady compoſed countenance. At laſt, his breaſt began to heave, and the tears courſed down his cheeks,—he wiped them away, and thus addreſſed me. 'Here, 'John, lie thy two lifeleſs brothers,—they were 'always affectionate betwixt themſelves, grateful to 'their parents, and gentle to all about them. They 'were docile, they were obedient;—their obedience 'has coſt them dear. They diſapproved of the pre-'ſent conteſt, but when they underſtood it was my 'determination, to exert my loyalty to my legal 'ſovereign, they immediately coaleſced in my opinion. 'They ſaid, if I drew my ſword, I ſhould not draw 'it alone. They would ſtand by me in the hour of 'danger, they would guard me from the impending 'blow, and ſave me, or die in the ſtruggle. Moſt 'dutiful ſons, ye have liberally fulfilled your pro-'miſe! Your courage ſaved me from death—your 'breaſts have received the wounds which were aimed 'againſt mine, and which mine only deſerved. This 'death of honour which you have paid to your king, 'has bereft me of all future happineſs. I knew your 'affection—I knew your obedience. It was my duty 'to have forbidden your attendance; but the am-'bition of muſtering all my relatives, and leading 'them into the field, has utterly undone me. Yet 'probably, it is more honourable for you to have

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'died thus, than to have experienced the bitter lot, 'which may attend your houſe. Honour is too 'often dearly purchaſed, and though you have gained 'the laurel, you are totally inſenſible of your tri-'umph. All that now remains, is an honourable 'ſepulchre, and that ſhall not be wanting.'

"Here the father was too powerful for the hero. His heart ſwelled, his tongue faultered, and again the tear came trickling down his cheeks. He pauſed, and hanging in a bending poſture over their lifeleſs bodies, he kiſſed their clay cold lips. At this inſtant, the door opened, and my afflicted mother came forward, ſupported by two of her maids. She advanced to the table where her ſons lay. She beheld them lifeleſs, cold, and disfigured. The clotted blood lay thick upon their breaſts. The wounds were wide and ghaſtly. She looked firſt at one face, and then at the other. She laid her hands upon theirs. She felt them cold, and ſighed. She gently touched their cheeks, and ſoftly preſſed them with her fingers. She raiſed her eyes in the keeneſt agonies of woe—they cloſed, and her head dropped upon her panting boſom. She was carried out, and laid upon a ſofa. Her pulſe fluttered, and then moved ſo ſoftly, as ſcarcely to be perceived by its motion. She lay in a ſtate of inſenſibility a conſiderable time. A few convulſive ſighs reſtored her to life, and ſhe looked around her with a diſtracted wildneſs. My father obſerved the preſent agitation of her mind, and begged that ſhe would retire to reſt. She ſeemed to liſten to what he ſaid, and looked wiſhfully upon his face. Her eyes rolled, and ſtared around, as if looking for ſomething which they could not find. My father requeſted ſhe might be removed. She was carried to her chamber. She continued for ſome hours without ſpeaking; at laſt, ſhe called for her children. I was introduced to her. She looked affectionately upon me, and then turning her eyes, ſeemed to think there were others preſent. She ſpoke no more, for in a ſhort time after ſhe expired. My father was inconſolable for his loſs; he blamed his raſhneſs, he curſed

his temerity, which had thus irreparably deſtroyed his family. The funerals were very private. The family vault being contiguous to the caſtle, the bodies were depoſited therein without any pomp. My father thought it requiſite, and his friends acquieſced.

"In this ſtate of gloom and affliction, when death had deprived my father of the greateſt part of my family,—when he ſaw the cauſe for which he had embarked his honour, his fortune, and his all, in a deſperate ſituation, through miſmanagement, and a train of bad ſucceſs, he determined to act for his own preſervation. He had ſcarcely formed this reſolution, before he began to prepare for his departure. One morning, when he was ready to leave the manſion of his anceſtors, he received information, that a troop of horſe was riding towards the caſtle. He ſoon eſpied them advancing, and was not ignorant of their deſtination. From the urgent neceſſity of the caſe, he was compelled to have recourſe to immediate concealment. Behind the arras of the muſic-room, there was a place of ſecrecy: it was ſo artfully contrived, that the moſt minute obſervation could not diſcover it. Anxious for my perſonal ſafety, as well as his own, my father took me with him into this darkſome retreat. We had ſcarcely retired into this place of ſecurity, before the horſemen entered the outer court of the caſtle. We preſently heard them in the very room in which we were concealed. I very diſtinctly heard a rap, rap, rap, againſt the walls of the apartment, but did not then underſtand the occaſion of it. My father told me afterwards, he ſuſpected what they were doing. An old ſervant who attended them, whilſt they were rummaging the caſtle, confirmed his ſuſpicions. He ſaid, they frequently, in different parts of the room, ran the points of their ſwords through the arras, in order to diſcover if any perſon were concealed behind it. Having ſearched every corner without effect, they regaled themſelves, and then retired, grumbling at their unexpected diſappointment. They were often heard to expreſs their aſſurance, that Lord Owen was in the caſtle, and

were

were conſident of ſeizing him, for which very meritorious piece of ſervice, they were promiſed a very ample compenſation.

" This fortunate deliverance from ſuch imminent danger, gave my father hopes of a happy eſcape. He had perſons, during the remainder of the day, in whom he could confide, placed in all the different avenues which led to the caſtle, to give him immediate intelligence, if they ſaw any ſuſpicious, or armed men, lurking in the neighbourhood. The day paſſed without any further moleſtation. As ſoon as it was dark, my father ordered an old confidential ſervant to get three horſes ready. They were ſoon at the back gate of the caſtle. My father and I being mounted, the ſervant was ordered to follow. The night was dark, wet, and ſtormy. When morning appeared, we halted, and perceiving ourſelves upon an eminence, alighted, and anxiouſly examined the ſurrounding country, to diſcover, if poſſible, in what part we were. It was my father's opinion, we were not far diſtant from the river Tweed. Having taken a little refreſhment, which the precaution of the honeſt ſervant had provided, we were preparing to depart, when my father diſcovered, at a little diſtance to the north, ſome horſemen advancing upon us with very rapid pace We rode off with ſpeed, while fear and danger united, added wings to our velocity. After a purſuit of ſome hours, my father obſerved they did not gain upon us. Our horſes having travelled all night, though at an eaſy pace, began to tire. We made towards a neighbouring wood, and having entered it, were obliged, from the difficulty of riding, to quit our horſes. Having wandered into the thickeſt of the foreſt, and being exhauſted with fatigue, we came to a jutting rock, overhung with briers, ſloe-thorns, and ſeveral different kinds of bruſh-wood. This we examined very accurately, and finding a declivity, we deſcended by it into a large fiſſure of the rock, which was totally impervious to the keeneſt eye of obſervation. Here we ſat down, anxious for our own preſervation, and for ſome time heard nothing but

but the ruſtling of the leaves, or the whiſper of the gentle wind, as it murmured among the branches. Even this, gave us ſerious alarm. At laſt, we heard diſtinctly the report of a gun; we looked at one another in ſilent conſternation. The reports came nearer and more frequent; my father appeared calm and ſteady, the agitation of my mind was beyond deſcription; he obſerved my fear, and whiſpered ſoftly to me, he was certain we ſhould not be diſcovered. The ſound of men's voices, apparently around us, made me ſtart from the broken ſtone on which I was ſitting; they called to one another at ſhort intervals. We heard them diſtinctly above our heads, cruſhing as they walked through the underwood, whoſe tangled branches impeded their progreſs. A gun was diſcharged down the rock; the ball grazed upon a ſtone at a few feet diſtance from us, and rebounded with great violence among the boughs of the ſurrounding trees. I ſprang towards my father, and clung round his waiſt; he looked upwards, and obſerving the rocks to jut over us, bade me diſmiſs my fear. Our old attendant was in the attitude of prayer; he was pale and trembling, and ſeemed incapable of uttering one ſyllable. We liſtened with the utmoſt attention,—the noiſe leſſened by degrees, and we began to hope, that in this inſtance we ſhould eſcape diſcovery.

"We continued in this diſagreeable ſituation till it was nearly dark, when with the utmoſt difficulty we clambered from our cavern. We then began to concert ſuch ſchemes, as we deemed moſt proper to be followed in the preſent exigence. I propoſed to go and ſearch for the horſes, as they would be uſeful in our flight. Of this my father diſapproved totally, as they would infallibly lead to a detection. He ſaid, the country was alarmed, and would be upon the watch, therefore it behoved us to travel with the utmoſt ſecrecy. The project of ſeeking the horſes, being abandoned by the ſuggeſtion of my father, it was determined to quit the wood before it was totally dark,

dark, and ſeek a ſecure retreat for the night among ſome of the neighbouring cottages.

" This being reſolved, we endeavoured to leave the wood, by travelling through that part which we found to be eaſieſt of acceſs. After much ſcrambling, wearineſs and fatigue, we rejoiced to perceive we had gotten into the open fields; we ſtill walked forward, and anxiouſly caſt our eyes around us, in order to diſcover, if poſſible, the welcome glimpſes of ſome evening fire. At laſt, we were ſo happy as to make the fortunate diſcovery. It was immediately agreed, that our faithful domeſtic ſhould go and ſound the inclinations of the inhabitants. This was abſolutely neceſſary, as an inconſiderate confidence might have betrayed us after all our care. He went, and quickly returned. He gave us a very favourable report of the humanity of the owner of the manſion, and requeſted us to follow him; we obeyed without reluctance, and were received with hoſpitality. The maſter of the houſe, as my father remarked to me, when we were retiring to reſt, obſerved us with more minuteneſs, than he deemed requiſite in a country farmer, for ſuch was the avocation of our hoſt. But probably, continues he, it is only ſurpriſe at our appearance, which excites his curioſity. I ſlept ſound, but was awaked very early in the morning by a noiſe and buſtle in the houſe, which greatly alarmed me. I ſpoke to my father, who ſlept in the ſame bed, but received no anſwer. He had heard the buſtle before me, and was liſtening at the door, with an intention to diſcover the cauſe from whence it proceeded. He heard them talking very diſtinctly, and with ſome clamour. Our hoſpitable hoſt was inſiſting upon the immediate payment of one hundred guineas, otherwiſe he would not diſcover where Lord Owen was concealed. He averred with an oath, it was the very man. Another averred it was far too much, but he would immediately pay down fifty.

" During the heat of this altercation, we dreſſed ourſelves, and examining the window, perceived it might be forced without much exertion. We raiſed

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our old attendant, who lay in the ſame room, and apprizing him of our critical ſituation, prepared to emancipate ourſelves with the utmoſt celerity. We preſently forced the window open, and left them to ſettle the reward in as amicable a manner as they were able. This had been ſoon adjuſted after we effected our eſcape, for as we were running acroſs the fields, contiguous to the houſe, we heard the uproar which was occaſioned by their hapleſs diſappointment. The darkneſs of the morning contributed to our flight. We again ſought the wood, and concealed ourſelves once more in our hoſpitable cavern. Again we heard the footſteps of our dreadful purſuers; their attention to our capture, though indefatigable, was in vain. We remained ſecure, till approaching night, once more prompted us to ſeek an aſylum among the habitations of ungrateful men.

"We were preparing to depart, when our faithful attendant aſſured us, he was not able to remove from the ſpot. My father was really ſorry at the information. Adam told him he was apprehenſive of a fever when he left Owen caſtle; the fatigue he had endured, and the exertions he had made ſince that hour, had verified his ſuſpicions; he found himſelf abſolutely incapable of proceeding one ſtep farther. In this unfortunate dilemma, my father determined to ſtay with him till the morning. This determination was hazardous to us who were in actual health. Poor Adam complained much of cold, and ſaid he was dying of thirſt. To remedy the firſt, my father took his own coat, and wrapped it about him; the latter he was obliged to endure, as there was no poſſibility of removing the cauſe. The night was dark and ſtormy, the howling of the wind among the branches of the trees, and the roaring of the tempeſt among the hollow caverns of the rocks, were dreary and terrific, and filled the imagination with ideas of the blackeſt horror. I trembled and ſhivered through the night. The groans of poor Adam, who lay ſtretched upon the cold ſtones, and calling for aſſiſtance, which human ſkill could not adminiſter, contributed to diſtract

tract my father, and rend his boſom with the deepeſt gloom of affliction.

" When the morning approached, Adam had ceaſed to groan,—he was very weak, and viſibly haſtening to that land, from whence no traveller returns. He often raiſed his eyes towards my father—he ſtretched forth his hand—my father graſped it in his. After a ſolemn pauſe of ſeveral minutes, Adam ſpoke as follows, in a low, hollow voice: ' My ' Lord, my glaſs is run, whatever deſtiny awaits ' you, in whatever country you may paſs the remain- ' der of your days, remember your faithful Adam ' breathed his laſt in a grateful attendance upon you. ' I have ſerved you faithfully many years, and thought ' to have cloſed my eyes'—here his ſpeech faultered, and he actually cloſed them. ' Poor Adam,' exclaims my father, ' I pity thee, becauſe in the midſt ' of my misfortunes, it is all I have to give.'—He let go his hand, it dropped upon the ſtone. ' Alas, ' poor Adam, thou ſhalt not want a grave! theſe ' hands which thou haſt often ſerved, ſhall now per- ' form the laſt ſad office for thee.'

Hunger was now more preſſing than our duty to our departed ſervant; we reſolved to quit the cavern in ſearch of ſomewhat to relieve this imperious appetite. With this reſolution, we ventured to leave the wood, and eſpying a ſmall cottage at no great diſtance, we made directly towards it. Having entered within the threſhold, the owner of the humble manſion was ſtartled at our appearance; he haſtily roſe from his ſeat, on which he was at work, and approaching my father, ſaid in a low tone of voice, ' If you are the Earl of Owen, fly immediately to ' ſave your life, for the country is in arms in purſuit ' of you.' My father was alarmed, and knew not how to determine, nor what to reply. The honeſt creature ſaw his diſtreſs, and inſtantly added, ' Con- ' fide in me, and I will do my utmoſt to preſerve ' you.' The open ingenuous behaviour of the man induced my father to enter. He was then informed of his imminent danger, and the narrow eſcape he had

had made at the houſe of farmer Johnſon. My father ſeemed much ſurpriſed, but was informed the whole affair was very public.

" After a little refreſhment, our hoſt adviſed us to exchange our clothes. My father thought the expedient neceſſary, leſt our apparel might attract particular notice, and thus be a means of leading to an unwelcome diſcovery. My father exchanged with his friendly entertainer, and I with his nephew, who was nearly of my age and ſtature. Thus equipped, we retired in our new accoutrements, to take a little reſt among a bundle of freſh ſtraw, which lay in a corner of this humble manſion. Here, oppreſſed with fatigue, and worn out with anxiety, we ſlept as ſoundly as if we had been on a bed of down.

" We were awaked by our friendly hoſt, who with a countenance, which pourtrayed the perturbation of his mind, informed us, there were ſome hundreds of dragoons in the adjoining fields, ſeeking every hedge, and beating every buſh. My father leaped from his bed of ſtraw at this woeful intelligence: By peeping through the panes of the window, he ſatisfied himſelf of its truth. He ſaw it was utterly impoſſible for him to fly; there was no other alternative, but patiently to abide where he was, and calmly await his fate. He fixed his eyes very attentively upon the face of his hoſt, and examined the ſteadineſs of his countenance. At laſt, he took him by the hand, and ſaid ' my life, at this moment, is in your hands, will you betray me?' ' Never, whilſt breath is in my body,' was his firm reply. ' If I live, I will reward your fidelity.

" Again he ſlunk among the ſtraw, while the honeſt creature covered us cloſe with all imaginable officiouſneſs. Having performed this part of his buſineſs, he threw a quantity of dry bruſh-wood upon us, which he had induſtriouſly collected, in order to kindle his morning fire. Having thus ſecreted us, he retired to his wonted employment. We heard the clattering of horſes hoofs at the door; we heard the riders enter; our hoſt was interrogated if he had

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ſeen any ſtrangers in that part of the country, this, or the preceding day? He anſwered with ſteadineſs, he had not. They began to rummage his little manſion, and ſearch every corner with the points of their naked ſwords. Our lurking place was not exempted from the horrid trial. I heard the ſword come craſhing down through the wood and ſtraw;—I felt it not; but fear for the life of my beloved father, and the deplorable condition he was in, for ſome time, deprived me of all ſenſation. I heard them not when they retired. I was arouſed from this temporary deprivation of my ſenſes, by the ſound of a voice addreſſing my father, and kindly enquiring, if he were yet alive. His reply was in the affirmative, but that he was almoſt ſuffocated for want of freſh air. The fuel was removed, and we both crept out. Good Heavens, what was my conſternation when I perceived blood ſtreaming from my father! I ſcreamed out—he deſired me to be patient, as he was certain the wound was neither deep nor dangerous. Upon examination it was found, that the ſword had penetrated through his right ſide, juſt above the hip, but in ſo very favourable a direction, as to leave no fears, that the wound would prove mortal. Having ſtopped the blood by an application of a certain ſtyptic, it was determined we ſhould leave the houſe as ſoon as my father was able to walk, for our hoſt told us, he heard our purſuers often ſay, they were confident Lord Owen was concealed in the neighbourhood. My father recollected his promiſe to his dying ſervant, and was ſolicitous to perform it. Our truly honeſt hoſt aſſured us repeatedly, he would inhume poor Adam with his own hands. This ſatisfied my father, and under the immediate guidance of our hoſpitable countryman, we left his friendly manſion that very evening. We had not travelled far, before my father began to complain of a very acute pain in his wounded ſide. There was an actual neceſſity for our proceeding. Our faithful guide, with a humanity which is ſeldom experienced, procured a horſe. My father rode at an eaſy pace through the night, and by the

the break of day, we were ſuppoſed to be out of all danger from a further purſuit.

" From ſome circumſtances which occurred, my father ſuppoſed he was not yet perfectly ſecure. Wherefore, taking me by the hand, he ſaid, 'John, it is abſolutely expedient that we ſeparate. 'The times are full of danger. The country 'is in arms. Should we be captured on ſuſpi-'cion, and undergo an examination; though diſ-'guiſed we may be detected My fate, in ſuch an 'exigence, is certain; thine, from political obli-'quity, might not be more favourable From ſuch 'a lamentable circumſtance, our houſe, as ancient 'and as honourable as any that the annals of Scot-'land can boaſt of, would become extinct. From 'this weighty conſideration, I ſhall make towards 'the eaſtern coaſt, and probably ſhall be ſo fortunate 'as to obtain a paſſage to the continent, from ſome 'of the little ports in that part of the iſland. When 'ſecure in a place of ſafety, I ſhall uſe ſuch means, 'as you cannot fail of being informed in what part of 'Europe I reſide. Whatever be your future deſti-'nation, remember to imprint theſe words deep in 'your memory. Let virtue regulate your conduct. 'Without this ornamental quality, man is the moſt 'ſavage and intemperate being in the univerſe. He 'conceives himſelf bound by no law, divine or hu-'man, and he looks upon mankind as his legal prey. 'He pays no regard to rectitude in any of his actions, 'overleaps with unconcern every moral tye, and glo-'ries in that turpitude, which at once diſgraces and 'defiles the human character. Let veracity not only 'dwell upon your tongue, but let it pervade the mi-'nuteſt part of your behaviour. A liar is the moſt 'pernicious creature in ſociety, and ought to be ſtig-'matized as a public peſt. His wiſh is to deceive, 'and if he obtain that point, he triumphs in his in-'famous duplicity. Always adhere to truth, and 'while you are a diſciple of this ſhining virtue, you 'will not readily deviate in any one part of your 'moral conduct'

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"We ſeparated immediately. My father bent his courſe towards the eaſt, and I directed mine towards the ſouth. Whatever has occurred to me ſince this doleful ſeparation, is not worthy of recital. I have ſometimes met with very humble accommodations, ſometimes with contempt, ſometimes with diſgrace. What future deſtiny awaits me, I know not; but this I know,—my father's laſt advice ſhall be the beacon, by which I will regulate my conduct through all the mazy labyrinths of this chequered life."

He ceaſed. Mr. Bruce beheld him with an air of ſurprize. He had liſtened very attentively to the whole relation, and whatever were his thoughts, he made no reply. Addreſſing himſelf to the company, he obſerved, he thought himſelf very happy from the adventure of the night. He was certain, they were now convinced how groundleſs, and how vain, all thoſe terrors were, which had operated ſo powerfully on their imaginations. It was only for want of examination in the preſent moment, when any ſeemingly ſupernatural appearance excites their fear, that has peopled the world with ſpectres, hobgoblins, and ghoſts. The impreſſion is ſudden, and its effects inſtantaneous. To fly from the cauſe, is deemed ſafer than to examine into it. Hence, what is merely the reſult of a heated fancy, is concluded to be a reality. It is propagated with confidence, received with eagerneſs, and believed by the majority of the multitude, as an inconteſtible fact. This credulity is blameable; it reduces man, the only rational being in our ſphere of creation, below the degree of the irrational creatures. They ſeem not to be actuated by thoſe deluſions, which conſtantly render one man the pitiful object of ridicule to another. Had any one of you had the fortitude to have liſtened for one ſingle minute to the terrific ſound which ſcared you all, you would undoubtedly have laughed, inſtead of leaving the houſe in ſuch childiſh precipitation.— They acquieſced in the opinion of Mr. Bruce, and promiſed to be more courageous for the future.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER V.

MR. Bruce having departed, they diſcuſſed the ludicrous adventures of the evening with much wonder, with much laughter, and much reprehenſion. They retorted with mutual recrimination, firſt on one, and then on another. They all concluded that John was very culpable in attempting to tune his bagpipes, without apprizing them of his intention. It was the unexpected ſerenade, they ſaid, more than the uncommonneſs of the ſound, which had ſtruck them with ſuch a ſudden panick. "But," obſerves Patrick, "had Mary kept her ſeat, there had been no "pother about the buſineſs. For ſhe overthrowing "me with ſuch a hurly burly, made the caſe ten "times worſe than it was."—"Nay, nay, Patrick," replies Mary, "you were as terrified at his Majeſty's "trumpet, as any perſon of the company. But ſince "the whole affair is now explained to the ſatisfacti-"on of us all, let us hear no more of it. The "night is far ſpent, and Mr John has probably tra-"velled far, and wiſhes to be at reſt." This expreſſion of Mary, ſufficiently indicated a total change of opinion. A few hours ago, ſhe attempted to drive, by force, the ragged ſtranger out of her houſe. Now, when ſhe had heard the recital of his parentage, family, and connections, ſhe humanely ſympathizes with Mr John, and pities his misfortunes. This ſurprizing change of opinion did not originate from any of the milk of human kindneſs; for this gentle and benevolent quality occupied no part in Mary's compoſition. She had been very attentive to his narrative, and conceived the flattering hope of aggrandizement by being very attentive to himſelf. How operative is the influence of riches! No age, no ſtation, no mind, however enlightened, however ſtupid, is free from their contagion. They rule with an uncontrouled ſovereignty over the human race, and man willingly obeys their chain.

Within

Within two miles of Fenwick Tower, lived Sir Archibald Gray, a gentleman, the very mention of whoſe name, brought the ſmile of gladneſs on the cheek of every one, who had the happineſs to dwell in his neighbourhood. He enjoyed his large fortune, as a faithful ſteward of that Providence, which had liberally beſtowed it upon him. He had rather paſſed the meridian of life. In his younger years, he had joined in the buſtle of the world, and participated of its tranſitory pleaſures. He ſoon perceived the futility of ſuch tranſient purſuits, and this produced a ſettled determination, not to reject thoſe amuſements which were innocent, but ſteadily to deſpiſe thoſe that were criminal. Such a judicious determination induced him to ſettle upon his paternal inheritance, at Stanner Caſtle. He was happy in an amiable partner, and bleſſed with one lovely daughter, who was his only child. The love of retirement increaſed from continuance, and very rarely could he be prevailed on to quit his ſequeſtered retreat to join in the paſtimes of thoſe, who placed their chief enjoyment in the conſtant, unmeaning frivolity of diſſipation and expence. He was fond of reading, and this pleaſure increaſed, the more he devoted himſelf to it. He was benevolent from inclination, not from habit; he diſtributed his charity on an extenſive ſcale, and ſeldom allowed an object of compaſſion to ſolicit his munificence. It were ſufficient to call forth his pity, if the diſtreſs of a fellow creature were only hinted to him. His eaſy benevolence was obnoxious to many impoſitions. When informed of this baſeneſs, the native goodneſs of his heart never wanted an excuſe to palliate the deformity of ſuch a crime He ſaid, his intention was to alleviate affliction, and whether it was beſtowed upon a really deſerving object or not, he hoped no duplicity would append to him. Conſcious of the integrity of his own conduct, he never ſuſpected the uprightneſs of any man. This unſuſpicious behaviour, joined to the warm benevolence of his generous diſpoſition, rendered him one of the moſt innocent, and amiable of men.

Early

Early in the morning, Mr Bruce repaired to the caſtle, to inform this worthy gentleman of his laſt night's adventure. Sir Archibald laughed immoderately at the narration of the magic trumpet, and ſaid, he would buy Patrick a new coat; and if Mary's noſe ſtood in need of any ſurgical aſſiſtance, he begged it might be adminiſtered immediately. The recital of the Earl of Owen's misfortunes, though in rebellion againſt his ſovereign, drew the tear of pity into his eye. He requeſted Mr Bruce to take the firſt opportunity to invite the young nobleman to take up his reſidence with him. Mr Bruce, with much deference to his opinion, begged him to conſider of the propriety of ſuch an invitation. The real heir to a nobleman, who had been in actual rebellion, being harboured and protected by him, might involve him in very diſagreeable circumſtances. The juſtneſs of the obſervation ſtruck Sir Archibald very forcibly. He candibly acknowledged the error of his propoſal, yet deſired Mr Bruce would introduce him to the ſtranger without farther delay.

This was complied with, and they both walked to Fenwick Tower. The Baronet liſtened with much attention, and apparent ſenſibility, to the repetition of the young ſtranger's interreſting ſtory. He narrated the particulars without the leaſt variation. If Mr Bruc eentertained any ſuſpicions of the authenticity of the relation the night before, the uniformity, with which it was detailed this morning, removed them altogether. Sir Archibald ſympathized with the young ſtranger in his misfortunes, and hoped he would accept of a trifle of money, in order to alleviate that diſtreſs, which at preſent muſt be very afflictive. He preſented him with his purſe, containing fifteen guineas, at the ſame time apologizing for the ſmallneſs of the preſent. It was accepted with thankfulneſs, and many a low bow expreſſed the ſatisfaction of the receiver. The Baronet and Mr Bruce retired, ruminating as they walked on the viciſſitude of all human things.

It was concerted between Sir Archibald and Mr Bruce, as the moſt eligible ſcheme, that the young nobleman

nobleman ſhould continue for ſome time, at the houſe of honeſt John Dixon. His wants were to be all ſupplied by the liberality of the Baronet, who rejoiced in the opportunity of alleviating his misfortunes. If neceſſary, he might be concealed, to eſcape diſcovery, as it would be inhuman to involve an innocent youth in the calamities of his parent. If he were proſcribed, as there was a probability of the caſe, he might be conveyed out of the kingdom, without incurring the cenſure of the ruling powers. From this ſtate of ſuſpence, they would certainly be relieved in a ſhort time, ſince every day confirmed the intelligence of the repeated defeats, and irretrievable circumſtances of the diſaffected party. Much miſchief had been done, and many evils perpetrated, the neceſſary conſequences of a civil commotion; but the total want of ſupplies, the want of a determinate ſcheme of procedure, the want of all order and ſubordination, had been very inſtrumental in bringing this violent concuſſion to a ſpeedy and unexpected iſſue.

Having ſettled this ſcheme of humanity, they arrived at the caſtle; here they found Mr Welman, a young gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood, and an intimate acquaintance of the worthy baronet. He was near twenty years of age, and heir to a conſiderable eſtate. Though young, his judgment was matured by reflection; he ſtudied mankind, not in books, but in their actions, and behaviour. He penetrated further, and with a keener eye, into the characters of men, than either Sir Archibald, or Mr Bruce. Though experience had not taught him to be ſuſpicious, he had wiſdom enough to perceive, that every man was not actually what he ſeemed, and that duplicity was not unfrequently the diſtinguiſhing trait of his conduct. Nevertheleſs, he was candid, and ingenuous, and ſeldom brought an accuſation, without eſtabliſhing his proofs.

His ſiſter was along with him. She was the boſom companion of Miſs Gray. Their age was nearly the ſame. They had been educated together, and very early in life contracted a very intimate familiarity.

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When diſengaged from more important purſuits, they were generally together, and a great part of their time was ſpent in the ſocial reciprocation of all the good offices, which an inviolable friendſhip could ſuggeſt. Inſeparable in their attachment, they ſeemed to be ſo cloſely connected, that nothing could diſunite them. Their purſuits, their amuſements, their intereſts, were the ſame. Their attachment was neither momentary, nor ideal. It was founded on the broad baſis of candour, and had continued unimpaired from their childhood by the prudential conduct of both parties. This ſimilarity of taſte did not originate from a ſimilarity of diſpoſition. There ſeemed to be a diſtinction in the formation of their minds, as well as in their perſons. They were both good-natured, but in a different degree. Miſs Welman was haſty, but ſoon appeaſed, and then laughed heartily at her own impetuoſity. She would apologize for any expreſſion which ſhe might utter through inadvertence, and gayly promiſe never to be guilty of the ſame weakneſs. Miſs Gray was mild, and placid, and not eaſily irritated. If inſulted by petulance, or ridiculed by impertinence, ſhe was generally paſſive, and ſeldom ſuffered the ſerenity of her temper to be ruffled by ſuch inſignificant behaviour. She never expoſtulated with the authors of ſuch rudeneſs, but for the future always kept them at ſuch a reſpectful diſtance, as ſufficiently told them ſhe was ſenſible of their folly. If they apologized, ſhe freely forgave them, and never once noticed the pertneſs of their former imprudence. Miſs Welman was arch, acute, and ſhrewd, and not liable to be impoſed on, by the artificial gloſſes of pretended friends. Miſs Gray, was meek, ſedate, and thoughtful, open in her conduct, and unſuſpicious of thoſe who were moſt addicted to deceive. Though ſenſible, and judicious, her forgiving temper was liable to be impoſed on by the deceitful part of the world, who from a knowledge of her diſpoſition, were ever ready to deceive her. Miſs Welman was tall, ſprightly, and handſome. Her complexion was brown, and her features ſomewhat irregular. But the ſparkling luſtre

of

of her eyes, which darted with inexpreſſible keenneſs on every object on which ſhe fixed them, gave a livelineſs to her appearance, that at once commanded admiration, and exacted applauſe. Miſs Gray was rather below the middle ſize; ſmall, ſtraight, and juſtly proportioned. Her complexion was fair, and the ſymmetry of her features ſo exact, as might defy the tongue of envy to point out in what part there was any defect. Her fine blue eyes, looked with complacency, and attracted the attention of every beholder. The former ſeemed to demand, what you willingly gave to the latter. The former extorted applauſe by the ſovereign power which ſhe impreſſed on the beholder: The latter captivated attention, and won your love, by the irreſiſtible ſweetneſs of her countenance. The one was handſome, the other beautiful. The one as conſcious of ſuperiority, demanded obedience: The other attractive and captivating, received it wherever ſhe came. They were not envious of each others attractions. They were not jealous of thoſe perſonal accompliſhments, for which they were ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed. Being conſtantly together, each received the attention that was given, without murmur or regret. Happy in their attachment, and innocent in their amuſements, they were ſtrangers to diſcontent. When the tongue of malevolence, with its baneful breath, was attempting to detract from the merit of an abſent companion, they were anxious to ſilencethis deſpoiler of tranquility, by pointing out the infamy of ſuch abominable behaviour. "Let us," ſays Miſs Gray, one day to a female detractor, "let us enjoy what nature has given or induſtry acquired, with becoming chearfulneſs; but let us not endeavour to deprive our acquaintance of what we can never beſtow, if ever we ſhould be ſo ſucceſsful as to take it from them."

Lady Gray was in the meridian of life, and in full poſſeſſion of all her perſonal charms. She was dotingly fond of her huſband. The ardour of her firſt attachment was not yet abated; nor had the matrimonial union, during a continuance of twenty years,

diminiſhed aught of that affection, which firſt prompted her to beſtow her hand upon her very worthy partner. She was lively to a degree, which ſeemed to many who were totally unacquainted with her, to border upon levity; but they who knew her beſt, and had experienced the integrity of her heart, and the uprightneſs of her intentions, were conſcious, it was nothing but the effuſion of the pureſt innocence. She would often, when occaſion ſerved, be remarkably grave, and to add a zeſt to her converſation, be ſeriouſly gay, or keenly ironical, as ſhe perceived would be moſt conformable to the humour of the preſent company. She was religious from conviction, and not from habit: Was ever conſtant in her attendance on the public ſervice of the ſanctuary, and inflexible in the performance of her private devotions. She was convinced of thoſe eternal truths which are taught by revelation, and endeavoured to regulate her life and actions by thoſe precepts which are dictated by unerring wiſdom. She had, from her infancy, inculcated theſe principles into the mind of her amiable daughter. She obſerved and exploded the folly of many, who ſuppoſed they could not be religious, without being auſtere. Who placed the eſſence of religion in a formal countenance, and a moroſe behaviour. Who condemned the ſprightlineſs of converſation, and the playful innocence of paſtime, as heinous offences; who never relaxed in the auſterity of their demeanour, but ſeemed to live in a continued dread of offending their Creator, if ever they ſhould relax into the harmleſs mirth of agreeable amuſements. The conduct of ſuch people, ſhe wiſely remarked, was repugnant to the fineſt feelings of human nature; was repulſive to the young, and detrimental to the aged, from adopting thoſe principles, which ſeemed to exclude, and utterly prohibit, all the amuſive pleaſures of life.

To this amiable group, Sir Archibald related with much ſatisfaction, the adventure of the morning. He expatiated with great energy on the viciſſitude of life, and the tranſient pleaſures of all human grandeur.

deur. But Lady Gray was not in that ſerious humour, to liſten to his tropes of rhetoric, or his flowers of elocution. "Come, come," ſays ſhe, "ſince you "have been ſo entertained with the company of this "unfortunate ſtranger, I hope you will not deny us "the pleaſure of a viſit." The propoſal was eagerly reliſhed by the young ladies, and ſeconded by Mr. Welman, who all importuned the gentlemen to return immediately, and indulge them in their requiſition. Sir Archibald ſeldom objected to any propoſal of his lady, and when it was ſupported by his daughter, it was altogether irreſiſtible.

The company ſet forward. Miſs Gray could not refrain from frequently expreſſing her ſorrow at the misfortunes of the poor young nobleman, thus compelled to wander as an outcaſt from ſociety, and involved in all the political guilt of his father. She thought it unjuſtifiable for either law or reaſon, to implicate the innocent with the guilty, or that he ſhould be included in the penal code of legal proſcription. "Indeed, my dear Lucy," replies Miſs Welman, "I am almoſt convinced you are in love "from ſympathy. Come now, confeſs to me, is not "a coronet ſurrounded with invincible charms? I "aſſure you, I think it has many. To be addreſſed "thus, my lady here, my lady there, why truly the "very idea of it, is more than ſufficient to captivate "the heart of any woman."—"Go to, you lively "flirt," ſays Sir Archibald, who had overheard the converſation, "What ſo young, and a profeſſed victim "to external pomp?" "O Sir Archy, your humble "ſervant, when I am Counteſs of Owen," replies Miſs Welman, "You ſhall have the honour of "handing me to my chariot, and remember not to "overlook the beauty of the coronet."—"Very "well, madam," rejoins the baronet, "Do you "remember, it ought to be the man, and not the "coronet,"—"Out upon you, Sir, don't you know "love is blind? It will as ſoon feel a coronet, as "feel a huſband."

They were now arrived at the old tower. The ladies being acquainted with the owners of the manſion, walked in firſt, without any previous ceremony. The well-known ſcream of ſurprize alarmed the gentlemen. When advancing forward, they met the ladies hurrying out with all the haſte imaginable. "What ladies," ſays Mr. Bruce, "have you heard "his majeſty's trumpet, or ſeen him in the ſhape "of Patrick's black pig?"—"Upon my word, Mr. "Bruce," replies Lady Gray, "I know not what "ſhape he is in, but certain I am, he is walking with "his heels upmoſt." The young ladies burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter. They heard a ſimilar roar of frantic mirth from within. The gentlemen walked in; but what was their ſurprize, when they beheld his Lordſhip with his heels erect, and his head downward, fixed in the bottom of a child's chair. The aperture was wider than he expected, and had admitted his head farther than he wiſhed, by which he was entangled, and could not by any means liberate himſelf. It was in this ridiculous ſituation, the ladies firſt eſpied him. After a variety of ſtruggles, and by the aſſiſtance of Sir Archibald, he was enabled to ſtand in his natural poſture, though with his brows encircled with a peculiar ſpecies of coronet. Sir Archibald could not refrain from laughing, but heartily joined in the merry roar. He ran haſtily to the door, and ſeizing Miſs Welman by the hand, dragged her, not unwillingly, to partake of the ludicrous ſpectacle. He aſked her jocoſely, how ſhe liked his Lordſhip's coronet; ſhe would undoubtedly feel it, though ſhe were as blind as love himſelf. She laughed chearfully at the tartneſs of his remark, but more at the ſeeming embarraſſment of this curious limb of nobility. Sir Archibald wiſhed to extricate him, but the attempt was not ſo eaſy as he imagined. After a variety of trials, they were obliged to have recourſe to a hand-ſaw, by which he was emancipated from his temporary honour. By endeavouring to entertain a few of John's neighbours, by his adroitneſs, who were drawn together

gether by the novelty of his ſtory, he had acquired the mortification of this fooliſh exhibition.

When his Lordſhip had obtained his natural poſture, Miſs Gray aſked her companion, in a whiſper, if ſhe felt any palpitations in her breaſt?—"I think, "Fanny, his Lordſhip's noſe is quite captivating, and "what do you think of his carrot-coloured legs?"—"Foh, Lucy, no more of your dry ſarcaſtic obſerva-"tions, I would not take his Lordſhip for better, for "worſe, to be queen of Scotland."—"Oh, my dear "Miſs Welman, you know love is blind, it will "grope out a coronet, before it grope out a huſ-"band."—"Indeed, Miſs Gray, if all coronets be "worn by ſuch heads, I am certain not one of them "will fall to my lot."

As they were returning, Lady Gray obſerving the converſation of the young ladies, and joining them, aſked, with a very ſly leer, if Miſs Welman had left her heart behind her? "O monſtrous, madam, "would you have me fall in love with ſuch an "aukward, weather-beaten, gew-gaw, as this."—"You ought to remember, my dear, he has lately "been an unfortunate itinerant; but were the ſtar "glittering on his breaſt, and irradiating by its luſtre "a whole circle of beauties, how captivating, how "killing, how charming would he be!"—"O Lady "Gray, you are now in that wicked, tantalizing hu-"mour of yours, ſo I deſire of all things, you will "plague the parſon" Mr. Bruce hearing her pronounce the word parſon, aſked her with a ſmile, if ſhe was ſettling the ceremonial of her marriage. To be ſure his Lordſhip was rather young, but his dexterity was irreſiſtible. "Nay then, divinity, if you join in "the banter, I ſhall certainly be overpowered,"—at the ſame inſtant taking Miſs Gray by the arm, "Let us leave the old folks, and laugh at our own "chat." They ran forward, while Mr. Bruce remarked, it was a pity the young gentleman ſhould degrade his dignity ſo far, as to condeſcend to exhibit himſelf in this unnatural poſture, merely to entertain

a few ignorant people. There was a certain degree of dignity appended to every ſtation of life. To lay this aſide for a ſeaſon, was deviating from that line of prudence, which ought to be invariably purſued, and abetting that diſreſpect, which imprudence will always merit, and always obtain.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VI.

AS ſoon as the ladies and gentlemen were retired, the good nature of John induced him to expoſtulate with his young gueſt, on the impropriety of ſuch antick behaviour. He endeavoured to make it appear to him, that it was both unbecoming, and degrading. "For ſuppoſe," ſays he, "I ſhould be ſo vain, as to "attempt to act the nobleman, I ſhould infallibly ren-"der myſelf ridiculous. Then what muſt be the "conſequence, when you undertake to act like one "of us? Why, you muſt be ridiculous too, this is "as plain as that two and two make four."

This very wiſe harangue of honeſt John, was received by his Lordſhip, with a hearty laugh. This too often happens in every ſtation of life. The impropriety of youthful miſconduct is ſeen, and frequently reprehended by the prudence of age. The young ſometimes attend to the maxims which are dictated by experience, and reſolve within themſelves to be more circumſpect for the future. Sometimes they are altogether heedleſs to the ſageſt precepts that wiſdom can ſuggeſt. They are either carried forward by the impetuoſity of ungovernable paſſions, which defy all reſtraint; or they are ſo ſhamefully inconſiderate, as to deſpiſe all advice. This latter claſs are often more incorrigible, than the former. They hear, without attending to what is delivered, and whether it be a parent, or a friend, who undertakes the painful office of inſtruction, he has the poignant mortification to obſerve, that a ſtupid inattention completely fruſtrates all his friendly diligence. The others, though ſlaves to the overbearing fury of their paſſions, are often, from the exquiſiteneſs of their feelings, ſenſible to the admonitions of friendſhip, and will often reproach themſelves for the unaccountable tenor of their conduct. This penitence is generally tranſitory. It evaporates upon the leaſt temptation, and in the

hour of enjoyment, they again reproach themſelves for that tranſient reſolution, which promiſed, in the moment of contrition, to forego ſuch exquiſite pleaſures.

Whatever effect John's pithy harangue had on the mind of the young ſtranger, certain it is, he importuned him to be inſtantly equipped in the modiſh garb of the country. John reliſhed the propoſal very well, and was eager to have it executed. If the materials were provided, he could eaſily adapt them to his body. The liberality of Sir Archibald had enabled him to purchaſe every article of dreſs, but nothing of the kind was to be procured in the little village where they reſided. This intelligence caſt a damp upon the young gentleman's eagerneſs for finery. He wiſhed not to appear again before the ſame honourable company, in his preſent ragged habiliments. The notice of ſuch viſitors had excited a certain degree of latent pride, which hitherto had lain dormant; at leaſt he diſcovered no ſymptoms of ſhame before the preſent moment, at being detected in his tattered accoutrements.

To gratify this wiſh, ſo congenial to the youthful mind, John propoſed a journey to Newcaſtle, where they might be accommodated with every article, which fancy could deſire, or utility ſuggeſt. Being only fifteen miles diſtant, it was determined to ſet out that very afternoon.

They had not travelled above five miles, when they paſſed a couple of aſſes, grazing by the ſide of the road. On one of the aſſes, which was the ſtrongeſt, there were a pair of panniers, and a young child in each pannier. The young nobleman thinking it derogatory to travel on foot, thought this a good opportunity to begin to ride. So without any ceremony, he tumbled the panniers into the ditch, and mounted in an inſtant. The patient creature was in no haſte to proceed, whereupon he began to thump its ſides moſt unmercifully with both his heels. This was a ſalute which the animal did not reliſh, ſo without giving his rider any notice, he dropped his noſe betwixt

twixt his fore legs, and kicking up his hinder parts, very neatly pitched our hero, with his head downwards into a broken ice-pool. The creature, as if laughing at the exploit, ſtood braying in ſo loud a tone, as called its owners from a neighbouring hedge-ale-houſe. The echoing din of the victor's triumph, ſo totally overpowered the ſqualling of the children, that they were never heard. Their father and mother ſuſpecting the cauſe of the aſs's exultation, and ſeeing at the ſame time, a young tattered caitiff ſcrambling out of the ice-pool, ran towards him with the utmoſt fury. He perfectly underſtood their intention, and afraid of their menaces, ſcampered off with the celerity of a greyhound. The father purſued, threatening vengeance if he caught him, but all his efforts to overtake him were ineffectual. He returned, muttering curſes againſt his curled head, and carrot ſhanks. In the mean while, John walked forward with a ſteady pace, and being interrogated by the enraged tinker, if he knew who that nimble-footed raggamuffin was, John was obliged to diſclaim all knowledge of his Lordſhip, leſt boaſting of his acquaintance might procure him a broken pate.

This boyiſh exploit by no means ſuited the gravity of his guide. He admoniſhed him to be more cautious of his conduct, and remember who he was. Theſe tricks, he ſaid, were only proper to be acted by apprentices, and plough boys. In them they might even be diverting. But for a young man of his family to play the mountebank, and ſet himſelf up to be laughed at by the rabble, was ſo mean and low-lived, that he hoped he would never attempt any thing of the kind for the future.

He ſeemed to liſten to this admonitory harangue; then with a broad grin, checking his teeth, and curling his noſe beyond its natural bent, replied, he thought it would have been monſtrous funny to have ridden the tinker's aſs to Newcaſtle. "But pray," rejoins John, "had you no fear of hurting the children, "when you tumbled them into the ditch?"—"Fear! "none at all, had they both been killed, they were

" only beggar's brats, and nobody would have felt " the loſs, but the hangman." John ſhook his head, in diſapprobation of his Lordſhip's humanity.

No other occurrence, worthy of relation, happened, till they arrived at Newcaſtle. Going into one of the moſt eminent ſhops, John aſked to look at ſome of the beſt ſuperfine cloths. One of the ſhopmen, not approving of the appearance of their new cuſtomer, took him by the ſhoulders, and was turning him by force into the ſtreet. John expoſtulated with him, and told him, he was very uncivil to treat a gentleman ſo, who was come to expend his money in the ſhop. This obſervation ſoon cooled the fury of the draper, who ſcornfully eyeing him from head to foot, retired behind his counter, often muttering to himſelf, the word—gentleman. This ſurprize was very natural, as his lordſhip's appearance by no means comported with the gentility of the character. Nothing impreſſes more forcibly on the mind of a ſtranger, than politeneſs of demeanor, and elegance of external dreſs. Our hero being totally deficient in theſe requiſites, it is not to be wondered at, if the ſhopman was ſo eaſily miſtaken in the quality of his cuſtomer.

A variety of pieces, and of all colours, was exhibited, but none of them ſuited the delicacy of his taſte. At laſt a ſuperfine web, of a bright yellow-colour, was diſplayed upon the board. The gaudineſs of the dye immediately ſtruck his fancy, and this was to be his coat. He pitched upon ſcarlet for his waiſtcoat. The ſhopman perceiving the oddneſs of his taſte, and obſerving him to chink his money in his hand, ſhewed him a multiplicity of faſhionable articles fabricated on purpoſe to complete the lower parts of a gentleman's dreſs, but not one of them would pleaſe him. His former antagoniſt to whoſe lot it fell, to replace all the webs of cloth which had been taken down, could not help articulating very diſtinctly, " what work here is, to pleaſe a Scotch oat-cake!" The expreſſion raiſed his Lordſhip's fury, who vehemently ſeizing the ſhopman by the collar, chucked him

him over the counter, and threw him with his head foremoſt into the ſtreet. He unluckily pitched upon his noſe, which being rather prominent, was ſomewhat diſfigured by the fall. He got up, ſcratching his head with one hand, while with the other, he kept tweaking his bowſprit, which to be ſure, bled very copiouſly. His white tambour-waiſtcoat began to aſſume a different hue. He ſwore to be revenged, and taking his hat, walked away, in all the vehemence of paſſion.

The capricious beau had not yet determined on the lower part of his dreſs. After much doubt and heſitation, he fixed upon a piece of cloth of an azure blue colour. He was admiring its beautiful tinge, when a perſon coming very briſkly up to him, and ſlapping him on the ſhoulder, ſaid, "Sawney, you are my pri-"ſoner!" It was an awful word, and operated inſtantaneouſly on the mind of the young nobleman. He ſprang as nimbly as a young kitten to the farther end of the ſhop, and clenching his fiſt, heaved it in a furious, threatening manner, at the head of his aſſailant. The catchpole raiſed his club, at the ſame time ſhaking it, and ſaying, "I'll crack your curled "crown, Sawney, if you liſt your paw to me." Honeſt John interpoſed, and wiſhed them to compromiſe the buſineſs. There was no alternative, but his Lordſhip was to go immediately before the Mayor. This determination abated his courage; he was willing to apologize for the outrage. Nothing elſe would ſatisfy this clamorous officer of the law, but go he muſt.

When brought before the tribunal of juſtice, he was interrogated by the magiſtrate, why he had ſo outrageouſly aſſaulted the gentleman? The anſwer was, becauſe he had been abuſed, and his country inſulted, and no man ſhould call him a Scotch oat-cake, without receiving a ſlap on the chops. This to be ſure, obſerved the Mayor, was very provoking, but no reaſon why he ſhould wantonly break the peace. Therefore, if the gentleman could not be prevailed on to forgive him, he muſt go to priſon. This was a thundering

ſentence

ſentence indeed, and carried more conviction to his Lordſhip's mind, than all the arguments the moſt acute lawyer could have adduced. The thoughts of a priſon were ſo very awful, that his Lordſhip exclaimed, "I'll aſk pardon, I'll aſk pardon, if your honor "pleaſes."—"I'll have none of thy pardon," grumbled out the broken-noſed ſhopman, as he applied his pocket-handkerchief to his wounded member. John again interceded, and wiſhed to conciliate the parties, but without effect; for the loſs of ſo much precious blood, and the ſmart of his bruiſed griſtle, had rendered the injured ſhopman altogether inexorable. He then addreſſed himſelf to the magiſtrate, who ingenuouſly informed him, he could not releaſe his friend in the preſent exigence, without the leave of the complainant. John bowed reſpectively to his worſhip, and acquieſced in the juſtice of the decree.

His Lordſhip was ſent under the protection of his former guard, to a little dark tower, ſituated on the middle of the bridge acroſs the river Tyne. This priſon was ſolely appropriated to the confinement of thoſe petty felons, whoſe offences required the penalty of a ſhort impriſonment. To this dreary hole, John ſorrowfully accompanied him: He ſaw him enter, and could not repreſs a very heavy ſigh, when he heard the old maſſy door grate on its ruſty hinges.

John now returned in doleful plight to the ſhop, where the unlucky fray commenced. He got the different articles of his Lordſhip's apparel carefully packed, but had totally forgotten the moſt material point. They were to be paid for, and John had only a few ſhillings in his pocket. The Shopkeeper demurred. John aſſured him, his friend had more than double the ſum in his poſſeſſion, and would cheerfully pay for them, as ſoon as he was diſcharged. This logic was not convincing, for he was anſwered, his friend did not ſeem to be worth a ſingle Scotch farthing. John finding all entreaty fruitleſs, retired

tired to drown his diſcontent in a tankard of good ſtrong ale.

Whenever John began to indulge in his favourite beverage, he was ſeldom in a haſte to relinquiſh the pleaſure. Mary's ſevere animadverſions, and her ſeverer nails, made him dread the enjoyment of a little joviality at home. But now conſcious of the diſtance between them, he ſat at his eaſe, and ſoon forgot the impriſonment of his hapleſs companion. As the ale began to operate, his vanity began to riſe, and he could not help telling the landlord, he was confident, in a ſhort time, of being a great man, for he enjoyed at preſent, the friendſhip of a great nobleman. "That may all be," replies the landlord, "you are "no nearer your greatneſs for that, I aſſure you."— "What," returns John, "do you think that a no- "bleman will not make me a great man?"—"In- "deed, I think ſo friend, and the more he promiſes "I would adviſe you to ſuſpect his integrity the "more."—"To be ſure," replies John, rather nettled at the landlord's ſuſpicious rudeneſs, "he has "promiſed me nothing as yet, but I am certain that "he will." The landlord laughed at his ſimplicity, and remarked, "he thought that noblemen, and men "of fortune, had a very difficult part to perform, "Their fortunes and ſtations in life, attracted de- "pendants. By their ſubmiſſion and addreſs, they "often inſinuated themſelves into the confidence of "their ſuperiors. The purſuit of their own intereſt "made them obedient. This fawning behaviour "often extorted promiſes from the patron, in the "moment of inconſideration, which he has neither "the ability nor inclination to fulfil. Thus hope "being raiſed, and never gratified, always terminates "in mortification and diſappointment. Theſe pro- "duce complaint, diſguſt, and anger. It is certain, "a poor man ought never to be tantalized with the "uncertainty of a promiſe; but it is as certain, that "every cringing paraſite, who beſieges a great man "for that ſubſiſtence, which his own induſtry will "always procure, deſerves to be treated with the

"moſt

" moſt contemptuous neglect. A great man may " promiſe, but an induſtrious man will never ſtand " in need of his aſſiſtance, and while the ſign of the " bull's head hangs at my door, and I have cuſto- " mers to drink my ale, I ſhall think myſelf as great " a man as any in the three kingdoms." John made no other reply to the above obſervations, than by drinking his health in a full tankard. He now began to ſing, and was really in his own conception, the greateſt man in the Corporation of Newcaſtle. He continued at his potations, till he fairly dropped off the chair, and being unable to riſe, the landlord was obliged to have him carried to bed, where John every now and then blubbered out, I know I ſhall be a great man. He ſoon forgot his greatneſs, by falling into a ſound ſleep.

In the morning, when he aroſe, the libations of the preceding evening had made him very thirſty. This diſagreeable ſenſation he was obliged to quench, by having recourſe to a repetition of his favourite tankard. He then bethought himſelf of again ſoliciting the releaſe of his young friend. With this reſolution, he waited upon the Mayor, who ſuppoſing the culprit had done penance ſufficient, was pleaſed to reſtore him to his former liberty. John was overjoyed at the ſucceſs of his interpoſition, and immediately reminded him of his purchaſe. They went directly to the ſhop, and having kindly enquired after the ſhopman's noſe, which they now ſaw covered with a large black plaſter, they paid the bill, and retired in a joyful mood, to the ſign of the bull's head.

Here they began to be very merry. The landlord eyed his new gueſt with the glance of ſuſpicion, but obſerving him qualified to pay his reckoning, he did not treat him with diſreſpect. Having ſwilled a ſufficient quantity of liquor, and John perceiving his Lordſhip's eyes begin to blink; and obſerving whenever he moved, that he reeled acroſs the floor, and brake his bare ſhins, as he tumbled over the kitchen chairs,

chairs, it was deemed high time to decamp; ſo taking the bundle under one arm, and ſupporting the great man with the other, John made a ſhift to ſtagger through the ſtreets, amidſt the acclamations and ſhouts of a large train of children and idle people, who were drawn together by the oddneſs of his Lordſhip's appearance.

They had walked about half way home, when their heads became too ponderous to be kept any longer upright, ſo they ſat down by mutual conſent. How long they continued in this poſition is uncertain. John obſerving ſomething to move very near him, and ſuppoſing it to be his own grey galloway, which he had unfortunately left at home, crawled towards it, and after many a ſtruggle, got fairly aſtride on his Lordſhip's back. He lay very quiet, and John was very peaceable, ſave now and then giving him a kick with his heel, and crying, get on *beaſty*.

Towards the evening, John was found riding in this poſition, by Mary and her neighbour Patrick. She knowing her huſband's infirmity, and the weight of the young gentleman's purſe, ſuſpected what had happened. Prevailing upon Patrick, who was always ready to aſſiſt his neighbours, to accompany her, they had ſet out to ſeek the benighted travellers. Patrick came up to John in the very interim as he gave his Lordſhip a kick on the ſide, and bid him move forward, ſaying, "and pray John, what are you doing "here?"—"Truly, Patrick, I am even jogging "on."—"The devil jog thee," exclaims Mary, "canſt thou find no other place to jog upon than the "poor gentleman's back!" at the ſame inſtant clapping both her hands to his ſhoulders, and ſhoving him off with his head foremoſt into the gutter. Mr. John, for ſo Mary choſe to ſtile the young ſtranger, was by the aſſiſtance of her and Patrick, got upon his legs; but, alas! they were now of no uſe to him; when left unſupported, he bolted right forward, and fell plump upon his face. Patrick ſaid, he obſerved, that

that noblemen were only like other folks, for he was never more incapable in his life, than his honour was at that very moment. So tying the bundle upon John's back, and ſupporting his companion on each ſide, they trudged homewards, and though it was early in the morning, arrived ſafe at Fenwick Tower.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VII.

SOME days after this adventurous journey, Mrs. Tulip, and her daughter, who lived a few miles diſtance from Stanner Caſtle, came to pay a viſit to Sir Archibald, and Lady Gray. They had heard, by report, of the infernal viſitation at Fenwick Tower, and of the wonderful diſcovery which had enſued. But Mrs. Tulip obſerved, that every relator told it a different way, and as ſhe knew not which to believe, ſhe would eſteem it a moſt particular favor, if Sir Archibald would condeſcend to ſet her right in the midſt of ſo much confuſion.

This Lady was of a good family, and inherited an eſtate of four thouſand pounds a year, from her father, which ſhe had beſtowed on Mr. Tulip a captain of the guards. He enjoyed no patrimony, nor any other income, than what aroſe from his commiſſion, when he joined in the hymeneal contract with the vivacious Miſs Jackſon. The captain was a profeſſed man of the world;—had drunk, and played as deep as any man of his time. Having ſpent the greateſt part of his life in the metropolis, he had imbibed many of the vices which are there predominant, without attempting to balance them with their contrary virtues. The purſuit, to which he was moſtly devoted, was that of gaming By his dexterity, and knowledge in all the infamous myſteries of play, he was, previous to his marriage, enabled to live in a ſtile of diſſipation and elegance. He was quite illiterate, and nothing excited his contempt more, than the mention of learning and religion. He ſaid, the former was only fit for the amuſement of boys, and the latter to entertain old women. The irritability of his temper was ſuch, that to call in queſtion the ſolidity of his opinions, was almoſt certain of being rewarded with a tweak of the noſe, or the reception of a challenge. He was a gay man, without knowing

ing the uſe of money;—he was a bad companion, without being conſcious of his folly.

Mrs. Tulip was a lady of uncommon vivacity. She was an only child, and her intellects had not improved, though her fortune had, by this auſpicious circumſtance. She always deemed it a moſt fortunate event, that ſhe never had either brother or ſiſter. This ſelfiſhneſs was far from being commendable, and though by it ſhe enjoyed a large eſtate, yet probably it deprived her of ſome real friends. She was always addicted to a paſſion for play. This congeniality of diſpoſition gave her the firſt predilection for her preſent huſband. She had frequently been fleeced by his ſuperior adroitneſs, and the more money ſhe ſquandered away, the more ſhe admired the ſkill which purloined it from her. Her inconſideration and profuſeneſs, made her long the dupe of every deſigning villain. But her own docility, joined to her huſband's ſage inſtructions, had now rendered her ſo great an adept in the profeſſion, that ſhe very ſeldom had any reaſon to complain of being unfortunate. Proficient in this art, ſhe deemed it the greateſt happineſs of human life, and always held thoſe in the moſt ſovereign contempt, who were not as ſkilful as herſelf. Like all profeſſed gameſters, ſhe treated religion as a chimera. She wiſhed to believe, what ſhe dreaded to think of, that there might be no hereafter, nor a future ſtate of retribution. She lived a life of inconſiderate gaiety, courted by many for the cheerfulneſs of her diſpoſition, but reſpected by none who were intimately acquainted with her.

Miſs Tulip was rather an aukward copy of her mother. She had much vivacity, but by overſtraining her natural character, generally overacted her part. What was agreeable in the one, as the effect of nature, was diſguſting in the other, as the reſult of affectation. She had the ſame itch for play, had been early initiated into the myſtery of deception, and was never aſhamed to be detected in the honourable ſcience of cheating. She had attained to a conſiderable proficiency in the art, and always made one of the

the parties of her parents. She had received a fashionable education,—could dance with grace, and sing a song with taste. She played admirably well on the piano-forte, and several other musical instruments. The use of her needle she had never learned, or totally forgotten, and was always unnecessarily sarcastic on the industry of her acquaintances. She was much given to slander, and took a peculiar pleasure in calumniating the accomplishments of her companions. She had no idea of religion, and this she imbibed from the conduct and discourse of her parents. She was of the middle size, an agreeable figure, with a countenance, at once pretty and prepossessing.

Sir Archibald having gratified the curiosity of Mrs. Tulip, relative to the visit of his infernal majesty, the lady remarked, it was a fortunate circumstance the cause of their consternation was discovered, and the fortitude of Mr. Bruce was much to be commended. "His good-nature, and not his fortitude," replies the Baronet, "ought to be the subject of your ap-"plause. Mr. Bruce had more sense than to suppose "there was any thing supernatural in the business."—"Indeed, Sir Archibald," rejoins the Lady, "it "was certainly very awful, and though I have laugh-"ed immoderately since the discovery of the impo-"sition, yet if I had heard the bumming, unexpected "salute, I certainly should have been as expeditious "as Mary in quitting the fire-side."—"Why, Ma-"dam, should you be afraid, when you are not con-"scious of any danger? Can you suppose, that Pro-"vidence would suffer any order of beings, either of "a superior, or inferior nature to the human species, "either to terrify or torment us, without his express "permission? Can you suppose, that our benevolent "Creator can have any pleasure in our distress? He "who superintends the minutest of his works, will "he neglect mankind, and leave them unprotected? "Certainly not. Let us examine, before we believe "in this intercourse of malign spirits with the children "of mortality; and we shall then be convinced, that

"all

" all the improbable ſtories which have been propa-
" gated about hobgoblins, ghoſts, and other terrific
" ſights, have either originated from early prejudice,
" or the credulity of maturer age. I am confident,
" Madam, that you have no faith in ſuch nonſenſical
" reports."—" Indeed. Sir, my faith is not over
" ſtrong in any ſupernatural agency; yet, I confeſs
" I ſhould not like a viſit from any of theſe infernal
" gentry."—" But Madam, if you have no faith in
" their exiſtence, you can have no fear of their viſi-
" tation."—" Come Sir, let me have none of your
" ſermonizing lectures, I am not in a humour to liſ-
" ten to them this morning. I never learned any
" thing of the matter, and I aſſure you I have no in-
" clination, at preſent, to be inſtructed." Lady Gray looked very grave, and was going to reply, when Mr. and Miſs Welman entered. After the uſual compliments were over, it was unanimouſly agreed to take a walk to Fenwick Tower, to pay a viſit to the young ſtranger.

It unluckily happened this morning, that John Dixon's thirſt was very urgent, and during Mary's abſence, he had deſcended into the cellar, to allay the cravings of that clamorous appetite, with a large draught of good ale. John, in theſe pilfering expeditions, was grown too cunning to take a pot of any kind with him, to drink out of, for he had learned by experience this had often led to a detection, for Mary's ſagacity was ſurpriſing in theſe points. Whilſt he held the cellar-door in his hand, he laid a ſtrict injunction upon his honourable gueſt, that if he ſaw Mary coming, he would immediately give him the alarm. John received the nod of approbation, and immediately deſcended. His cuſtomary method of drinking in theſe contraband expeditions, was by clapping his mouth to the braſs cock, and letting the liquor run down till he found he had gotten a ſufficient quantity. He had bent his back, his mouth was applied, and he was juſt turning the cock, when the dreaded name of Mary ſounded in his ears. He ran out of the cellar in the utmoſt trepidation. His

Lordſhip's

Lordſhip's ſides were ſhaking with laughter, while John ſtared wildly about to eſpy the terrific object of all his fear. After enjoying the diſappointment of honeſt John for ſome minutes, he informed him, it was nothing more than a falſe alarm. John's countenance brightened at the welcome intelligence, and after gently reproving the merrry centinel, he boldly deſcended a ſecond time. But woful was his deſcent. In his haſte to execute his purpoſe, he unfortunately pulled the braſs cock wholly out of the barrel. The ale ſquirted from the tap hole full in his face. He had dropped the cock,—there was no time to look for it, ſo in this doleful exigence, he had the wonderful preſence of mind to ſtop his thumb into the tap-hole, in order to preſerve the remainder of the ale. During this unlucky miſchance, while he ſtood with his thumb thruſt into the end of the barrel, and trembling in every limb at the apprehenſion of Mary's preſence, he bawled aloud, " Mr. John, Mr. John." Mr. John walked into the cellar, and ſeeing the diſagreeable ſituation of his honeſt landlord, walked very deliberately out again. He had ſcarcely ſeated himſelf by the fire ſide, when Mary came in. She looked round, and ſeeing nothing of her better half, enquired of Mr. John where he was? He made no reply, but kept humming a tune to his own muſic. She enquired a ſecond time, with more vehemence; the anſwer was, " You had better ſeek him." Mary's penetration, in theſe inſtances, always led her to one place. She ran immediately to the cellar door, and finding it open, bounced furiouſly in upon the poor ſhivering culprit. As ſoon as he beheld her, he cried out, " O Mary, help! help!" Mary not ſuſpecting the cauſe of his complaint, exclaimed, " The " devil help thee, thou catterwauling rogue, but I'll " help thee," at the ſame time, flying at him with all the vengeance of a fury, ſhe belaboured him with both hands and feet. John, to guard his face from the vengeful attack of Mary's piercing talons, was obliged to pluck his thumb from its watery impriſonment. Mary's rage was ſo impetuous, and her

her voice ſo ſhrill and clamorous, that ſhe never once heard the ſplaſhing of the liquor, till by chance, in the ſcuffle, part of it ran into her ſhoes. This inſtantly called her attention from the object of her wrath, to a more important concern. But vain was all her care, vain were all her exclamations, before ſhe could procure any veſſel to ſave a ſingle gill, the caſk was drained to the very dregs. John ſeized this lucky opportunity, and fled from the place of combat without his wig, his face ſcratched and bleeding in many places, and panting as faſt, as if he had fought a well-conteſted battle. As he was running out of the front door, he met Sir Archibald, Mr. Welman, and all the ladies. John ſtopped ſuddenly at the ſight, and hung down his head, as if conſcious of ſome unpardonable crime. Sir Archibald was ſurpriſed at his appearance, but more at his evident confuſion. He ſtood before them, hanging his head, and trembling in the utmoſt agitation. Sir Archibald mildly aſked him, what was the matter? At that inſtant, Mary appeared, her eyes were rolling in rage, her countenance was pale, and her whole frame convulſed. "O the dog," ſays ſhe, grinning with her teeth, and clenching both her fiſts, "but I will trim "thy bald noddle, ſirrah, I ſhall be a beggar with "thy extravagant work, fleſh and blood cannot en"dure it!" Lady Gray calmly requeſted Mary to explain the cauſe of her complaint. "Complaint, "my lady, I have a thouſand complaints againſt "him. Would you think it, he has waſted me, "unconſcious dog as he is, a whole half-barrel of "ale this morning. It was only tapped laſt night, "and a ſingle quart drawn out of it."—"It is im"poſſible, Mary, John could never drink that quan"tity in ſo ſhort a time."—"Impoſſible, my lady, "he has actually waſted it, by pulling the cock out, "and letting it run upon the cellar floor. How is "the brewer to be paid with ſuch work as this?— "It has certainly been," obſerves Miſs Welman, "a mere accident."—"An accident, O Miſs, Miſs, "you don't know John Dixon."

Sir

Sir Archibald ſmiled, and ſuſpecting ſome little inattention might have produced this incidental misfortune, deſired they might all walk in, when a ſhort explanation from John, diſcovered the whole affair. It was unanimouſly agreed, ſave Mary's diſſentient voice, that it was a mere accident, therefore Miſs Gray moved, that Mary ſhould aſk John's forgiveneſs, for the ill treatment ſhe had beſtowed upon him, for whatever is accidental, continued ſhe, can never be criminal. "Indeed Miſs," replies Mary, "if you had my cards to play, and were buckled to "ſuch a toping man as I am, you would not be ſo "ready to make a propoſal of this kind. Here the "brewer comes in a few days, and I have to pay him "fifteen pounds. How is the money to be made "up, when my lubbard either drinks the ale, or "ſpills it upon the cellar floor? Sixteen ſhillings in a "morning, Miſs, does not ſuit a poor body's purſe. "Forgive him! No, I'll never forgive him."—"Indeed, Mary, you are too paſſionate," returns the young lady, for ſuch a trifle, "and if you will aſk "John's forgiveneſs, I will pay you for the barrel of "ale."—"God's bleſſing light upon your head," exclaims the enraptured John, as he dropped upon his knees before her,—"Now, Mary, now you muſt "forgive me."—"Well, John, to be ſure," replies Mary, "this alters the caſe mightily. When I am "paid for what I have loſt, I then loſe nothing." "But riſe, John," ſays Miſs Welman, ſmiling, "you totally miſtake the matter. Mary's not only "to forgive, but ſhe is to aſk your pardon."—"Ah! "Miſs, Miſs, ſhaking his head, it is more than ever "ſhe did in her life!" John roſe, and Miſs Gray took a guinea out of her purſe. "Come now, Mary," ſays Miſs Welman, "let us ſee you aſk pardon with "a good grace." Mary looked at the guinea—it glittered in her eyes. "Pray, Miſs, am I to kneel "down?"—"Ay, Mary, do." She kneeled down before John. The novelty of the ſight, and the paſſive humility of his wife, made him forget his ſcratched face;

face; for she no sooner asked pardon, than he cheerfully forgave her.

During the exhibition of this scene, his Lordship sat very inattentively by the fire, in a large arm chair. The Baronet walking up to him, and accosting him, he rose very ceremoniously, making a low bow, and scraping with his left foot, which he flung quite out behind him. He was no sooner upon his legs, than Mr. Tulip, and her daughter, burst into a loud fit of laughter. Lady Gray was very serious, and looked at the ladies. The gravity of her Ladyship's looks, only added to their mirth, As laughter is often contagious, it began to simper on Miss Welman's face, but being conscious of its impropriety, she prudently walked out.

His Lordship, unconscious of the object of their present fun, was not abashed, but even joined with them in it, and expanded the breadth of his face in a broad grin. His appearance was truly ludicrous, and Lady Gray herself confessed afterwards, it was with the utmost difficulty she refrained from misbehaviour. His hair was red, and much curled; he had on a new large three cocked hat; his coat was of the brightest yellow, his waistcoat red, and his breeches of a sky blue, with a pair of white cotton stockings. Sir Archibald complimented him, on seeing him in a dress peculiar to his rank, and hoped it was his own choice. Surveying himself from head to foot, he replied, "it is all my own choice, Sir," at the same time, making a low bow and scrape; but whilst his left foot took its usual swing backwards, he kicked Mrs. Tulip on the shin, who gave so loud a scream at this action of his heel, that the walls of the old mansion re-echoed to the sound, whilst the whole company were ready to drop with laughing. Mrs. Tulip sat down, and began to rub her wounded limb; but the more wry faces she made, and the more she complained, only served to add to the sport of the roaring spectators. "Indeed, my Lord," says she, "when I see you for the future, preparing to make "your devoirs, I shall attempt, if possible, to be in

" your front."—" Indeed madam," replies he, no way abaſhed at the diſaſter, " I had no intention " of injuring your ſhank." The mention of the word ſhank, gave a freſh ſtimulus to their mirth, and the pain being ſomewhat abated, Mrs. Tulip joined heartily in the fun.

Preparing to depart, Sir Archibald admoniſhed Mary, that whenever ſhe beheld any of her huſband's improprieties, it was her duty to expoſtulate, and ſhew him the folly of them. Had ſhe acted ſo this morning, the barrel of ale would not have been loſt. She promiſed to follow his advice, and John made Miſs Gray a very low bow. Mr. John being thus elegantly acoutred, was requeſted to honor them with his company to-day, to dinner, at Stanner Caſtle.

The company ſetting forward, began to ſeparate themſelves into parties, and Miſs Welman having joined in converſation with Miſs Tulip, her brother attached himſelf to Miſs Gray. In paſſing over a piece of ice he offered her his hand,—ſhe held out her's—he gently preſſed it, as he carefully led her over the ſlippery ſurface. She felt the impreſſion, and immediately caſt her eyes upon his face, which inſtantly was ſuffuſed with the brighteſt crimſon. The confuſion was ſympathetic, and ſhe felt the genial glow in every feature. Their converſation, which had been free and unreſtrained, before this trivial circumſtance, was totally ſuſpended during the remainder of their walk. They were ſilent, and ſometimes a ſtolen glance, ſpoke more forcibly than all the language of elocution. They walked together and whilſt the reſt of the company were kept in a continued burſt of laughter, by the limping of Mrs. Tulip, and her odd remarks upon it, they were left far behind, and only awaked from their reverie by the ringing of the caſtle bell.

What ſmall cauſes will ſometimes produce the moſt ſurprizing effects! How often will the ſeeds of future events lie dormant for a long time, and be called into action by a mere contingence! How often do we ſee

the moſt powerful operations, at one time, effected by a trifle, at another time, ſolely inactive, beneath the application of the moſt prudential contrivance! Every action, and every event, are not always the effect of the will. It is evident to any ſuperficial obſerver, that many actions, are even involuntary, and many events ſeem to happen ſpontaneouſly, which are afterwards productive of great and ſerious conſequences.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE are many things ridiculous, and many to be commiſerated. Whatever is natural, is ſeldom a ſubject for ridicule. Whatever is affected, will always excite a laugh, if not contempt. There are many natural imperfections, which to the inconſiderate ſeem ludicrous; to the judicious, pitiable. If they who laugh, would ſeriouſly think for a moment, and reflect on the folly of their laughter, they would perceive that the imperfection which they deride, is often the work of omniſcience, and ought to be viewed with humility, and not ſneered at by diſdain. This momentary reflection would teach them, that the infirmity they mock at in others, might as readily have been their own. It will teach them to be thankful, if there be any docility in their diſpoſitions, to that ruling power, who has made them more perfect than thoſe, at whom they are ſo anxious to be unjuſtly entertained. They would then be aſhamed of that propenſity, which has ever been ſo forward to laugh at thoſe unfortunate beings of humanity, who have any peculiarity in their perſonal conformation, or imbecility in their mental endowments.

To laugh is natural, but whatever is natural, ought not to be indulged to the prejudice of a fellow being. This is a miſapplication of that quality, by which we ſo frequently expreſs the pleaſurable feelings of our minds. There is an abundant variety of objects among the human ſpecies, who are, and ever ought to be the proper butts of ridicule. But then, they are ſo of their own deſign. Theſe are the dupes of affectation. They are as numerous, as the merrieſt heart can deſire, and as various as a ſportive fancy can pourtray. They are ingenious in their contrivances, and diligent in exhibitions. And what is very remarkable in this claſs of beings, is, that while they ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe they are rendering themſelves conſpicuous by an attainment of ſome imaginary excellence, they are deviating ſo far from the line of propriety, as to make themſelves the ſcoff of every occaſional beholder. An affected perſon always diſcovers a weak mind.

Dinner being brought upon the table, the noble ſtranger, in point of politeneſs, was ſeated next to Lady Gray. The other ladies had previouſly taken their leave. His finical or rather groteſque appearance, attracted the attention of the ſervants, whoſe riſibility was too apparent to the good Lady, and the worthy Baronet. The grave looks of the one, and the ſignificant nods of the other, were admonitory ſigns for the behaviour of the domeſtics. His Lordſhip being helped with a plate of vegetable ſoup, he took a large ſpoonful of it, which being ſcalding hot, burned his mouth in a moſt intolerable manner. He was determined not to put it out again, and he durſt not ſwallow it; ſo chucking his chin as high as he could hold it, he ſhook his head with a grin, and giving a ſneeze at the ſame time, he ſquirted the greateſt part of it through his teeth, acroſs the table, full on the face of Miſs Gray. The young lady was quite diſconcerted at this unexpected ſalute. She took her napkin, and with an exceſs of complaiſance, while ſhe wiped away the contents of his Lordſhip's ſoup, ſaid, there was no harm done. Sir Archibald ſhifted off one hip on to the other, and notwithſtanding all his caution, was obliged to relax, while he ſaid, he hoped his Lordſhip's mouth was no worſe. He replied, "I can aſſure you ſir, it is no better." If the looks and nods of the maſter and miſtreſs of the family were, before this accident, ſufficient to reſtrain any impropriety in the ſervants; they were now of no avail, for they ſhook their ſides, without all reſtraint, as they ſtood behind the chairs, in their reſpective ſtations. This little incident occaſioned a temporary delay, but being aſked, if he choſe any more ſoup, he anſwered in a hurry, "Indeed ma-"dam, the ſkin is all off my mouth." His plate was removed. Being helped to a ſlice of mutton,

Miſs

Miſs Gray very obligingly aſked him what vegetables he choſe; but he haſtily replied, "No, no, Miſs, "no more of that ſtuff." There was a plate of fine Weſt India pickles handed to him. The beauty of them ſtruck his fancy. He helped himſelf very plenteouſly, and among it was a capſicum-pod. Unfortunately he put it all at once into his mouth. The exceſſive heat of this very poignant pickle, acted with ſuch a tormenting violence upon his ſcalded palate, that he was utterly unable to bear the excruciating pain. He ſprang from his chair inſtantaneouſly, and ſo great was the force of his motion, that ſtriking the table furiouſly with his knees, he fairly overturned it, and part of its contents upon Lady Gray. She looked quite confounded at this unexpected occurrence, eſpecially when ſhe ſaw the leg of mutton, from which ſhe had juſt ſerved her honourable gueſt, come tumbling into her lap. Miſs Gray, who ſat oppoſite to him, was beſpattered all over with gravy, ſauces, bits of vegetables, and almoſt a piece of every thing that was upon the table. Sir Archibald threw himſelf back in his chair, and clapping both his hands to his ſides, ſhook them ſo heartily in a roar of laughter, that his perriwig fell off, and lay upon the floor. Miſs Gray no ſooner ſaw herſelf ſo bedizened with ſuch a variety of ingredients, than ſhe ran out of the room with the utmoſt precipitation. Lady Gray ſat ſtill, in a fit of conſternation, with the leg of mutton lying upon her knee. The unlucky actor of all this confuſion, was ſtamping about the floor in the utmoſt agony, holding his mouth, from which a thin hot rheum diſtilled, and dropped on the brighteſt tinges of an elegant Turkey carpet.

It was ſome conſiderable time before the ſervants could give their lady any aſſiſtance. The more they endeavoured to reſtrain their laughter, the more immoderately it burſt out. At laſt, Lady Gray called to the butler, "Robert, do come, and help me." Robert came, and taking the leg of mutton by the ſhank bone, carried it out of the room. The other ſervants were employed in collecting the broken frag-

ments of the diſhes, while the good lady walked out to compoſe and adjuſt herſelf, after this diſaſtrous cataſtrophe. Sir Archibald took up his wig, when ſmiling, and rubbing his head a few times, very deliberately put it on.

All things being again ſettled, and placed in a regular order, the ladies re-entered. Lady Gray perceiving the contortions of his Lordſhip's face, and not knowing preciſely the cauſe of his ſudden agitation, but ſuppoſing he had a ſevere fit of the toothach, approached him with an air of the kindeſt concern, and aſked, if he were well. "O very well, Madam, "but my mouth is on fire."—"What has done it?" "—O the vile vegetables, never more will I taſte "them as long as I live." She now ſuſpected the cauſe of his complaint, and having adminiſtered ſome cooling cordial to allay the violence of the burning heat, he was again prevailed on to be ſeated at the table. His preſent caution prevented any ſimilar miſtake. Whatever was laid upon his plate, he very prudently felt the warmth of it with his fingers, before he ventured to put one morſel of it into his mouth. The attendants were not a little entertained with his caution, but experience had taught him the neceſſity of it.

In every action of life, however trivial, however important, caution is indiſpenſably requiſite towards the accompliſhment of it. Without this neceſſary quality, the utmoſt efforts of human ingenuity will frequently prove abortive. Many ſchemes may be planned, and attempts to put them in execution formed, but they will often prove ineffectual, merely from the want of that prudential conduct, which examines before it acts, and always acts with moderation. Were all the actions of mankind duly regulated by this practical ſcience, what confuſion, what diſorder, what diſtraction, would be immediately aboliſhed from ſociety! But as this ſeldom happens, and the majority of actors are generally influenced by other motives, it is not ſurprizing, if diſappointment be the reſult of the beſt-concerted ſchemes. The inſtance

ſtance before us, is applicable to this mode of thinking. Had his Lordſhip at firſt applied his fingers, he would totally have prevented the above diſaſter, and the Baronet's wig continued in its original poſition.

Dinner concluded without any other eventful buſineſs, and while the firſt bottle was in circulation, Mr. Bruce was announced. He was a clergyman, reſpectable for his literary talents, his ſtrict moral conduct, and the uprightneſs of his character. He enjoyed a living of three hundred pounds a year, and Sir Archibald was attached to him in a very particular friendſhip. Though learned, and a warm advocate for his own religious opinions, which he had embraced from conviction, he was never uncharitable to thoſe who differed from him. He was ſenſible of the power of early prejudices, and knew that the human mind was not always open to the irradiations of truth. He was well aware of the force of education, which too often gives a bias to the thoughts of men, which can never be totally eradicated in after times. He was conſcious, that the majority of mankind adopted their religious principles upon truſt, without ever examining the truth or fallacy of them. He perceived, that this numerous claſs was always ſtrongly devoted to ſuperſtition. Theſe weak minds he treated with the utmoſt lenity; knowing from obſervation and ſtudy that oppoſition ſtrengthened and confirmed them in their former notions. To diſpute with ſuch, was labor in vain. They were incapable of inveſtigation, and determined to continue in thoſe opinions, becauſe they thought them right. He was candid, open and ingenuous. He comported himſelf with a becoming dignity, ſupported the honour of his ſtation, and yet was humble enough to notice the pooreſt object in his pariſh. He was indefatigable in the diſcharge of his parochial duty, and never ſo happy, as when in the employment of thoſe practical duties, which the nature of his office enjoined. He was good-natured and inoffenſive; yet cheerful, gay, and entertaining. He was courted by the opulent, and beloved by the poor. He had moſt of thoſe virtues which humanity

can partake of, with ſome of thoſe infirmities, which are inſeparable from this ſtate of probation In ſhort, he was what he ought to be, a clergyman endowed with erudition, benevolence, and charity.

Mr. Bruce ſoon perceived the hilarity of his friends, and the aukward confuſion of the young ſtranger. To prevent enquiry, with a complacency peculiar to herſelf, Lady Gray explained the unfortunate cauſe of their preſent cheerfulneſs. The object of their good humour, though ſeemingly embarraſſed, was not much abaſhed. He ſat, but ſpoke little, and though Miſs Gray, with a condeſcending familiarity, often addreſſed him, acroſs the table, in order to baniſh from his thoughts the late riſible accident, his replies were generally couched in the bare monoſyllables of *yes* or *no*. She was anxious to remove from his mind, the ſuppoſition, if he harboured any ſuch, that there was no previous deſign in the misfortune which had befallen him. Though not altogether inattentive to her politeneſs, he devoted the greateſt part of his time to his ſcalded gums. He groped in his mouth with his fingers, and was once ſo very ungentel, as to loll out his tongue, and deſire Miſs Gray to examine it, and tell him if the ſkin were off it. The ſight of this unſeemly member was electrical, and again convulſed the company. The Baronet ſhook his ſides to ſuch a degree, that he had much ado to keep his wig where it ought to be. The ladies hung down their heads. A crimſon bluſh ſuffuſed the countenance of Miſs Gray, while her mother wiſhed to look ſerious, but was obliged to titter, and artfully enquire what was the matter with Sir Archibald?

After a few glaſſes had circulated, his Lordſhip began to forget the misfortune of his mouth. He grew leſs reſerved, talked more, and laughed immoderately. At this time, Mr. Bruce aſked him ſome pertinent queſtions relative to the eſcape of his father, which he anſwered in a clear, collected, preciſe method. The manner of his relation was uniform,

and

and unvarying. He grew loquacious, and highly entertained the company with his humourous adventures, in his journey to Newcaſtle. The Baronet looked upon him as a droll, comical youth, while Mr. Bruce weighed his manners, his conduct and expreſſions, in the ſcale of unbiaſſed judgment.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME days after, Mrs Tulip and her daughter paid a viſit to Roſehill, the ſeat of Mr Welman. Previous to dinner, the ladies were in the drawing-room, when Mrs Tulip ſaid, "ſhe wondered how Sir Archibald and Lady Gray, but above all, that grave load of divinity, Mr Bruce, they could entertain themſelves with that young, awkward, brawny Scot. People, who were remarked over all the county, for their urbanity and good breeding, ſhould be a little more cautious how they admitted ſuch kicking dromedaries into their parties. For me, I ſhould poſitively be aſhamed, if it were only ſuppoſed that he had admittance at Tulip Houſe. To be ſure, they are benevolent, they are charitable, and conſtantly give away large ſums among the poor, merely to get themſelves the good will of the rabble, who, the very firſt time you diſoblige them, or deny an unreaſonable requeſt, if they have an opportunity, will requite all your bounty towards them, with the moſt opprobrious language their tongues can utter. I never recollect of performing an action of this kind, but once, and it was after a lucky evening, when I had realized five hundred pounds. The next day, a poor woman came to Tulip Houſe, and deſired to ſpeak to me. She was admitted into my dreſſing-room. She had one child in her arms about ſix months old, and another in her hand about the age of two years. The mother was the picture of neatneſs, and the children were clean and healthy. As ſhe entered the room, ſhe made me a low curtſey, whilſt the little creature which ſhe carried in her arms, hid its chubby face in her boſom. I thought I perceived the gloom of ſorrow upon her countenance. Her modeſt, downcaſt eyes, ſeemed to beſpeak affliction. I found myſelf ſomehow touched with the appearance of the woman, and deſired her to be ſeated. When ſhe ſat down, the little child

which

which ſhe held in her hand, caſt up its ruddy face, and aſked his mother for a kiſs. She gave it one, and I heard her pronounce in a low tone, 'God bleſs my 'child.' The expreſſion, and the manner in which it was ſpoken, I confeſs, thrilled through my whole frame. I ſaid "pray good woman, have you any bu-'ſineſs with me?" She anſwered, 'my buſineſs is, 'Madam, to ſolicit your charity for a dying huſband. 'I was firſt your own maid, and afterwards your 'daughter's wet nurſe. My name was Dolly Liſle; 'if you recollect, I married from your ſervice, a Mr. 'John Andrews, a Merchant, in Newcaſtle. The 'thouſand pounds which were left me by my uncle, 'who reſided in the Weſt Indies, enabled my huſ-'band to enlarge his capital, and extend his line of 'buſineſs. For many years we were fortunate in bu-'ſineſs. Some little loſſes, the common event of all 'trade, we experienced, but they did not affect our 'capital. We were mutually happy in ſeeing our lit-'tle children run about us, at ſeeing them grow in 'ſtature, and in the thought of accumulating a for-'tune ſufficient to eſtabliſh them in the world. Our 'buſineſs increaſed by continuance, and we had even 'determined upon the time, though at a diſtant peri-'od when we would retire, and enjoy the competency 'we had acquired by induſtry, in tranquility and 'peace. But, alas, how ſhort-ſighted are we poor 'mortals!—We, who lately enjoyed opulence, have 'ſince, Madam, wanted a mouthful of bread.' Here ſhe wiped away the tears which began to trickle down her cheek. I felt myſelf in a very unuſual agitation, and turned to the window for a few ſe-conds. She continued, 'Our misfortunes came not 'alone. They rolled thick upon us. Our eldeſt ſon 'being ſixteen years of age, was ſeized with a ma-'lignant fever. I attended him night and day. He 'was a duteous boy, and we vainly expected he 'would have lived to have been a comfort to us in our 'old age. Alas, Madam, who knows who ſhall live 'till to morrow? I watched over him with all the 'anxiety of a mother, and was made to hope by his

'father,

'father, that as the ſymptoms were very favourable, 'we might aſſuredly expect a happy iſſue. Our ex-'pectations were in vain. After a ſevere ſtruggle of 'nine days, he died. This was the firſt ſevere afflic-'tion, I had ever experienced. We both followed 'him to the grave, and ſaw his body depoſited in its 'long and ſilent reſt. It was a trying ſcene.'—Here ſhe wept bitterly.—I walked ſomewhat diſordered acroſs the room. After ſhe recovered her recollection, ſhe went on. 'The poignancy of this affliction was 'not abated, when our eldeſt daughter, juſt fourteen 'years of age was ſeized with the ſmall-pox. Though 'not yet familiar with affliction, I was apprehenſive 'of the event. The diſorder was of the moſt unfa-'vourable kind. The Phyſician deemed it prudent 'to forwarn me of the approaching ſtroke. I heard 'the awful information with patience, and ſaid, the 'Lord's will be done. I relaxed nothing of my at-'tention, though conſtantly adviſed to forbear, in 'order to preſerve my own health. A delirium came 'on, and ſhe called inceſſantly for her Mama. Could 'I diveſt myſelf of affection? or refrain from being 'with her?—But, oh! when I ſtood by her bed-'ſide—when I ſaw her eyes rolling in every direction, 'and her parched tongue calling upon me, I plainly 'perceived that ſhe did not know me. I ſpoke to her, 'and pronounced her name,—but alas, ſhe heard me 'not. I fixed my eyes upon her face—I found my 'head begin to ſwim—what followed I know not. 'The firſt moment of my recollection, I was in bed 'in my own apartment, and my huſband ſitting by me 'That night ſhe died. This ſecond ſtroke was hea-'vy, but not ſo piercing as the firſt. I loved my dear 'child with all the affection of a mother, but the 'mind by degrees will grow familiar with affliction, 'and even callous to misfortune. Our firſt trial was 'ſevere, and being the firſt we had ever experienced, 'it was keen and piercing. When the ſecond came, 'we knew what we had to feel. The mind when 'forewarned of any evil, prepares for its approach. 'If it has ſuffered before from a ſimilar accident,

'the

'the frequency of the return is not felt with that
'ſenſibility, which at the firſt deſtroyed its peace.
'We ſaw, and bemoaned our loſs. Our friends, or
'they who choſe to call themſelves ſo, condoled with
'us. Though this was ſome conſolation, it ſerved
'little to alleviate that ſorrow, which now preſſed
'heavy upon us. Theſe bleeding wounds were ſcarce
'healed by the revolution of time, which often proves
'an antidote to the deepeſt affliction, when we re-
'ceived intelligence of our third child, a boy of
'twelve years of age, being loſt in a voyage to Arch-
'angel. He had a ſtrong inclination to the ſea. His
'father encouraged it, who hoped, from his connec-
'tions at home and abroad, to be able to eſtabliſh him
'in a line of buſineſs, at once agreeable to his wiſhes,
'and advantageous to his exertions. It was deemed
'requiſite to ſend him a trial voyage, before he was
'bound a legal apprentice, leſt he ſhould afterwards
'diſapprove of an avocation, from which he could
'not liberate himſelf, without the commiſſion of an
'action illegal and infamous. It was his firſt and laſt
'voyage. The veſſel was wrecked in the gulph of
'Finland, and every ſoul on board periſhed. This
'was a renewal of that affliction, the keenneſs of
'whoſe edge was ſomewhat blunted by time. But
'grief was now become familiar to us. We had ſeen,
'in the ſpace of a few months, our whole young fa-
'mily, ſwept away from us, like the opening buds of
'the bluſhing ſpring. Our little ſailor, that morning
'he took his leave of us, kneeled down before his
'father, and aſked his bleſſing. His father gave it
'him, ſaying, May the God of heaven, whoſe pro-
'vidence is over all his works, who protects his crea-
'tures on the waters, as well as on the land, bleſs
'and guard thee, my only ſon! May he, the Al-
'mighty Father of all his children, may he, when
'the winds blow, and the tempeſt howls around thee,
'hear the prayer of an afflicted parent, and ſcreen
'thee from impending danger! May his ſaving pow-
'er bring thee back, and mayeſt thou live to be a
'bleſſing to thy indulgent parents! Farewel, my
'child.

'child. I pronounced, farewel, and kiſſed his cheek,
'which was warm with the tear of ſorrow.

'Misfortunes now came thick upon us. It was
'not long after, when we received intelligence, that
'a veſſel freighted from Jamaica, ſolely on my huſ-
'band's account, was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly.
'The cargo, a very valuable one, conſiſting of rum,
'ſugar, and cotton, was totally loſt. This unfortu-
'nate circumſtance was ſoon ſpread abroad, and gave
'a ſevere blow to our uſual credit. There is, ma-
'dam, a malicious ſpirit in the world, which ſeems to
'take a pleaſure in contributing to misfortune. Ma-
'ny, who you ſuppoſed in the ſunſhine of your proſ-
'perity, were your real friends, and their conſtant
'proteſtations only ſerved to confirm your belief, no
'ſooner behold the tide of your affairs to take an un-
'lucky bias, than they eſtrange themſelves from you,
'and even add to your affliction by induſtriouſly pro-
'pagating your misfortune wherever they come. In
'your company, their condolence is piercing indeed.
'Though their countenances are ſerious, their hearts
'are certainly very lightſome. Their converſation is
'irkſome, becauſe it conſiſts only of one topic, and
'that is your diſtreſs. It is the invariable ſubject with
'every viſitant. Had they themſelves no pleaſure in
'the recapitulation of misfortunes, what motive could
'induce them to hurt your ſenſibility by eternally
'dwelling upon them? It is the triumph of imperti-
'nence over the children of adverſity. It is piercing,
'it is afflictive, it wrings the fineſt feelings of the hu-
'man heart, and leaves it not the poor conſolation of
'ſelf-applauſe. You are taught to believe, from theſe
'intruders, from the unceaſing repetition of what you
'already know too much, that you are the objects of
'divine diſpleaſure; while they ſeem to exult in their
'happier deſtiny, as conſcious of that approbation,
'which their conduct certainly deſerves not. When
'you have felt from theſe occaſional viſits, what the
'unfortunate always will feel from them, when that
'malicious diſpoſition, of receiving pleaſure from
'the misfortunes of others, is ſufficiently gratified,
'thoſe

'thoſe condoling friends, bid adue to your manſion,
'and you never ſee them more.

'What numbers of theſe ſummer inſects had we
'to complain of! They who had been moſt aſſiduous
'in their attention, when proſperity was our inmate,
'were the firſt to deſert us, when they ſuppoſed, we
'had no more to give. At the firſt obſervation of
'this baſe ingratitude, we were almoſt overwhelmed
'with ſorrow. A little time reconciled us to the
'perfidy of our numerous acquaintances, and perceiv-
'ing we had too many to complain of, we ceaſed to
'complain at all. Though afflicted with our loſſes,
'the faſtidious behaviour which we were doomed to
'experience, was the heavier burthen. We found
'much conſolation in the company, and mutual en-
'dearments of one another. Of this, we vainly ſup-
'poſed, the world could never deprive us. In this,
'alas, we were miſerably diſappointed.

'We ſtill had hopes of repairing our ſhattered for-
'tune. We had reſources, on which we depended
'too much. We were too ſanguine in our expecta-
'tions. And though they did not anſwer our utmoſt
'wiſhes, they ſerved to maintain us in that degree of
'reſpectability, at which, we thought, ſome ſeemed to
'repine. Our affairs began to wear a better aſpect.
'We retrenched conſiderably in all our expences.
'My huſband was indefatigable in his buſineſs. He
'attempted to thwart the very frowns of fortune, by
'his unremitting induſtry. His attempt was lauda-
'ble, but, alas, ineffectual. Having ventured, once
'more, to freight a ſhip from Memel, ſhe was wreck-
'ed in her paſſage home, and every article loſt. This
'was the final wreck of our affairs, for immediately
'on the report of this unfortunate diſaſter, a perſon
'who held a joint bond, in which my huſband had
'incautiouſly joined to ſcreen a neighbour from an
'impending execution, demanded inſtant payment.
'Our neighbour, whoſe honeſty had been hitherto
'unimpeached, whoſe character was reſpectable, and
'whoſe conduct was ſpecious, had, upon examinati-
'on, given a falſe ſtatement of his effects. He was

'utterly

'utterly unable to pay his bond. Nay, he had the 'baſeneſs to decamp in the night, with all his caſh, 'and what valuable effects he could convey away, 'and left my huſband to diſcharge the debt This 'was a fatal blow indeed, and joined to our former 'loſſes, was the completion of our ruin. For draw-'ing a thouſand pounds from our reduced capital, 'was an irretrievable loſs. Every creditor, to whom 'we owed a few pounds, now became clamorous for 'immediate payment. We paid with honeſty, while 'we had a guinea to pay. The only creditor that 'remained unpaid was our moſt intimate acquaint-'ance. He was the laſt to demand his own. When 'he perceived that all was gone, he became outrage-'ous. He inſiſted upon immediate payment, though 'he was conſcious we had nothing left. Enraged at 'our duplicity, as he choſe to term it, he arreſted 'my huſband for one hundred pounds, and threw him 'into jail. There he yet lies. The ſhameleſs in-'gratitude of this man, is not to be expreſſed. His 'unfeeling behaviour in this infamous buſineſs, ex-'torts abuſe from me, while I tell you the anguiſh of 'my heart. He was originally our apprentice. His 'parents being incapable of giving any premium with 'him, my huſband generouſly took him without one. 'They were even unable to provide him with ſuffici-'ent neceſſaries during his apprenticeſhip, but all his 'wants my huſband humanely ſupplied. He allowed 'him to go to ſchool ſo many hours every day, and 'when he had leiſure, he taught him the rudiments 'of book-keeping. In ſhort, he was treated by us, 'with the ſame tenderneſs, as if he had been our own 'ſon. When the term of his apprenticeſhip was ex-'pired, he was continued in the ſhop at a ſtipulated 'ſalary. He often expreſſed his regret at his own 'inability, and want of friends, as he had no other 'proſpect, than to be a ſervant the remainder of his 'life. My huſband knew his induſtry, and he was 'touched with his complaints. Therefore to diſſipate 'his chagrin, at the unkindneſs of his fate, my huſ-'band generouſly advanced him five hundred pounds,

'on

'on his own ſimple bond. He even deviſed his plans, 'gave him the credit of his name, and encouraged 'him in all his undertakings. He had the pleaſure, 'and a real pleaſure it was, to behold him proſper. 'At the expiration of five years, he repaid the five 'hundred pounds, but my huſband abſolutely refuſed 'to accept one farthing of intereſt. This he totally 'cancelled, and told him, he was ſincerely happy in 'his ſucceſs. He was remarkably fortunate in all his 'adventures, and when our loſſes began to bear hard 'upon us, my huſband borrowed the fatal ſum. At 'the time he deemed it a triſle, thought he ſhould be 'able to repay it whenever he pleaſed, and had not 'the moſt diſtant ſuppoſition, it was one day to de-'prive him of his perſonal liberty. But ſo it has hap-'pened.

'What made our misfortune wear a deeper gloom, 'we were bleſſed with theſe two innocents, the help-'leſs ſharers of our miſery. I accompanied him to 'the place of his confinement. Our mutual wants 'ſoon convinced us we could not remain conſtantly 'together. To ſupply thoſe wants, I occaſionally 'left him. The little ſums I procured by the ſale of 'my wearing apparel, I perſuaded him for ſome time, 'were the benevolent donations of ſome former friends. 'This was the firſt fraud I ever practiſed upon him. 'He began to ſuſpect the reſource from which 'our immediate neceſſities were ſupplied. He ob-'ſerved the ſcantineſs of various articles, and enquir-'ed the cauſe. I anſwered, it was improper to 'wear others in our preſent ſtate. He ſaw my con-'fuſion, and charged me with the fact. I could not 'prevaricate, but confeſſed the truth. O, madam, 'what did I not ſuffer in this trying ſcene! My huſ-'band, who through the whole train of our afflictions, 'had kept a ſteady mind, and looked upon them with 'the calmeſt fortitude; now fixed his eyes upon me, 'with a look of the deepeſt compaſſion, and hiding 'his face in my boſom, gave a free vent to his over-'whelming ſorrow. I could not conſole him—I 'ſtood much in need of it myſelf, but alas, the unfor-

'tunate

'tunate are too often ſtrangers to the balm of conſo-
'lation. They, who ought to adminiſter it, fly our
'preſence. The company of the unfortunate is
'avoided, as if they were tainted with ſome conta-
'gious diſorder. I ſpeak from experience; ſhe is a
'rough, but a wiſe inſtructreſs.

'When I had diſpoſed of all I could poſſibly
'ſpare, I had recourſe to another expedient to ſupply
'our wants. I endeavoured to get employment, and
'have worked with unremitting aſſiduity for ſeveral
'months. The confinement of a priſon, with many
'other cauſes, have had ſome baneful effects on my
'huſband's health. I have long ſeen the approach of
'ſome diſorder. It is now come with inveterate
'keenneſs. My conſtant attendance on a bed of
'ſickneſs, compels me to relax in thoſe endeavours,
'by which alone we could obtain the neceſſaries of
'life. He ſees, he knows my anxiety, and this
'adds to the violence of his diſorder. I cannot re-
'lieve him, though I endeavour to alleviate his pain.
'The advice of a Phyſician is requiſite, but alas!'—
here a flood of tears obliged her to diſcontinue her melancholy narrative, and I confeſs, Miſs Welman, I was not diſpleaſed at the concluſion of her doleful ſtory. The reaſon of her viſit I perfectly underſtood, ſo taking a guinea from my pocket, and preſenting it to her, ſhe took it with the utmoſt humility, and thanked me a thouſand times. Indeed I would have been very thankful, if ſhe had ceaſed ſooner, for I never like to be teazed with the misfortunes of others. Beſides, ſhe detained me above an hour, when I had not one minute to ſpare, for I had to dreſs to meet a large party that day, where I perfectly recollect I had a moſt unfortunate run of ill luck. I loſt more than I had gained the night before, at which I was ſo much chagrined, that I vowed, when I came home, I never afterwards would give one ſhilling in charity, and I have never broken my vow to this day. Mrs. Andrews went from Tulip Houſe to Stanner-Caſtle, where, by repeating the ſame melancholy ditty, Sir Archibald was ſo affected, that he

paid

paid the whole debt, releaſed the huſband from jail, and by advancing him a ſum of money, enabled him to begin buſineſs a ſecond time. He has been very ſucceſsful, for I believe he is now one of the richeſt Merchants in the Corporation of Newcaſtle. I make no doubt, as you are ſo intimate with the family, but you have often heard the Baronet boaſt of this benevolent action." "Indeed, Madam," replies Miſs Welman, "I never heard a ſyllable of this impor-" "tant narrative before"—"I am ſurprized at that," returns Miſs Tulip, "for I have heard Miſs Gray re-" "late the whole circumſtance in different mixed com-" "panies, and I know ſhe exults in this action of her" "father's charity. As you enjoy the young lady's" "confidence in ſo eminent a degree, I am quite" "amazed you were never truſted with this mighty" "ſecret, which all the world knows." Miſs Welman coloured at this impertinent ſneer, ſo maliciouſly caſt at her amiable friend, and ſaid, "there are ſecrets," "Miſs Tulip, which may be deemed of too private a" "nature, even to be entruſted to a friend; but of" "this I am very confident, had Miſs Gray ever men-" "tioned this circumſtance to any perſon, ſhe would" "have mentioned it to me." Miſs Tulip felt the keenneſs of the ſarcaſm; for ſhe bridled up, and was about to reply, when Mr. Welman entered. The converſation took a different turn. "Pray, Mr." "Welman," ſays Mrs. Tulip, "what is your opi-" "nion of this young Scottiſh adventurer; Do tell me" "in confidence."—"Indeed, Madam, I have had" "no opportunities to form any ſettled opinion of" "him, and to form one without a perfect knowledge" "of the perſon, would be preſumptuous and inconſi-" "derate."—"I hate, Sir," returns the lady, "this" "deliberate method of procedure. I always form" "my opinion at firſt ſight, and can aſſure you, I am" "very ſeldom miſtaken. I fell in love at firſt ſight," "obtained the man of my choice, and aſſure you," "have never repented of the action to this day." "Take my word for it, ladies, this young philoſopher" "will never get a wife, for while he is debating with

" himſelf

" himſelf on the propriety of the buſineſs, his miſ-
" treſs will elope with another, and then laugh at his
" boyiſh ſimplicity. As for the Scotchman, he is a
" downright kyloe-ſtot, and if I had twenty ſons, the
" Earl of Owen ſhould not have the honor to edu-
" cate one of them." Dinner was announced.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER X.

THE little village of Fenwick was now more frequented by company, than it had been for many years prior to this æra. The converſation of Mr. John, the facility with which he related the adventures of his marvellous eſcape, the ſplendour of his dreſs, which attracted the notice of all the country people, but above all, the dexterity with which he played upon the bag-pipes, drew a large concourſe of people to the old tower, who aſſembled by John Dixon's kitchen fire. Here they chatted over the report of the day, and drank his Lordſhip's health in many a tankard of John's good ale.

There was no individual, not even Mary herſelf, ſo aſſiduous in attendance on this noble gueſt, as Patrick Harle, the pariſh-clerk Patrick was as ſupple as a ſpaniel, ran before he was bidden, and always ſtood with his hat in his hand, whenever he ſpoke to the courteous ſtranger. This obſequiouſneſs ſoon attracted attention. "Patrick," ſays he, one day, "I ſee by your behaviour, you have been well "brought up. I think it is a pity you are not better "provided for."—"Pleaſe your honor," replies "Patrick, "I was taught my letters by my grand-"mother, and when I was twelve years of age, "could read my bible. When I was ſixteen, I "learned to write; and though I was never taught "to figure, you may believe me, when I ſay, there "are few men will caſt up an account of twenty ſhil-"lings with me. I have often thought, if it pleaſe your "honor, I was very fit to be a land-ſteward."—"I "think ſo too, Patrick," replies his Lordſhip, "and "if I were certain of your honeſty, I would promiſe "you a ſteward's place."—"Honeſty, Sir, honeſty, "no man can call my honeſty in queſtion. I have

"collected

" collected the Eaſter-offerings, through all this pa-
" riſh, for many years, and aſk Mr. Bruce, if ever
" I cheated him of an egg. No Sir, the honeſty of
" Patrick Harle is as well known as the ſound of the
" pariſh bell "—" Well, Patrick, ſince you are ſo
" honeſt, and ſo attentive, from this day you are my
" ſervant. At preſent, you ſhall wait upon me,
" and when I come to Owen eſtate, you ſhall be my
" land-ſteward." This promotion had a wonderful effect on the countenance of Patrick. His eyes grew larger, he ſimpered ſo much that his mouth grew leſs, he ſtroked his chin with his left hand, and walked about the floor with a quick pace, as erect as the trunk of a poplar tree.

While he was one day walking attendance, his maſter calls, " Patrick!" Patrick whiſks about with, " What your honor?"——" Bring me my pipes." To ſhew his obſequiouſneſs, when he preſented them, he dropped upon one knee.—" That is right, Pa-
" trick, and to reward you for this dutiful behaviour,
" I will play you a tune, which was once a great fa-
" vourite of the Kings of Scotland. It is the parti-
" cular tune, to which they danced on their marriage-
" days." Patrick ſtood all attention for ſome time, with his hat under his arm. At length, he began to caper acroſs the floor, to crack his fingers, and dance with all the agility of a boy of ſixteen. The ſervant's activity delighted the maſter; the maſter's condeſcenſion enraptured the ſervant; ſo the entertainment was continued till poor Patrick being quite exhauſted with his violent exertions, made a ſtagger, and fell upon Mary, who, with the pipe in her mouth, was a ſilent ſpectator of the fun. Mary was ſeldom aſſailed with impunity. And though a broken pipe was all the loſs ſhe ſuſtained, ſhe ſnatched up the poker, and laying it very freely over Patrick's head, exclaimed at the ſame time, " The deuce take thee, for
" a dancing fool, I want none of thy capers." He reeled and fell upon the floor. The muſic made a pauſe. John attempted thrice to ſpeak, and reprove the obduracy of his wife, but the violent contortions

of

of her face, and the maſſive poker in her hand, ſo totally diſpirited him, that he durſt not articulate one ſyllable. His Lordſhip unſcrewed his pipes with the utmoſt inſenſibility, and took no more notice of his fallen ſervant, than if he had been a dead pig. Patrick, firſt drawing up one leg, and then the other, began to ſhew ſigns of returning animation. He got upon his breech, and rubbing his head with the palm of his hand, grinned out the moſt violent revenge. He never had before felt the ſtrength of Mary's puiſſant arm, he had never been accuſtomed to her well-tried courage, or he would have been very cautious of breathing out defiance againſt a heroine of ſuch known intrepidity. Mary ſtood laughing at his threats. She who had ſo often made her huſband tremble, a ſtrong athletic perſon, would never be afraid of the lank carcaſe, and ſpindle ſhanks of the pariſh clerk. "I'll ſouſe thy ſkin for thee," ſays ſhe, as ſhe brandiſhed her brawny arm, "if thou dare to raiſe thy "hand againſt me."

Patrick's courage was upon the tip-toe, and not to be intimidated by all theſe bravadoes. He was now ſtanding in the midſt of the floor, had thrown off his coat, and firſt ſpitting in one hand, and then in the other, dared Mary to the combat. She was not accuſtomed to ſuch language, nor was ſhe backward to accept of his challenge. "I'll ſoon claw thy crown "for thee, thou half-ſtarved, thin-gutted raſcal. I'll "teach thee better manners," cries Mary, as ſhe advanced boldly to meet her doughty antagoniſt. Her firſt onſet was furious in the extreme. He ſeemed to quiver as ſhe approached towards him. Seizing him by the collar, ſhe ran him backwards upon the kitchen table. There holding him bent down upon it, ſhe peppered him about the face and ears with the utmoſt violence. Patrick made many a ſtruggle to ariſe, but without effect, till Mr. John who ſtood by laughing and enjoying the diverſion, called out, "Pa-"trick, fight manfully for the honour of the houſe of "Owen." This exhortation added vigour to his arm, and after many ineffectual attempts, he at laſt diſen-

diſengaged himſelf from her graſp, and once more ſtood bolt upon the floor. To follow up her advantage, ſhe attacked him a ſecond time, but received ſuch a blow over the right eye, from the pithy arm of Patrick, as made her ſtagger ſome paces backward. This unaccuſtomed ſalute only ſerved to raiſe her fury, and recovering from the force of the blow, ſhe violently ſeized him by the throat. Now the battle began to rage—arms mingled with arms—blows met blows—breaſt was oppoſed to breaſt, and manfully was the floor conteſted. Now throwing her arms around his waiſt, ſhe attempted to caſt him down. Dreadful was the ſtruggle, but Mary clapping her knee behind his right leg, fairly overhauled him. She fell ſouſe upon him. The fallen hero was again encouraged to fight for the houſe of Owen, and certainly never man ſtood more in need of encouragement, for Mary now belaboured him moſt unmercifully. Patrick made one ſtruggle more—it was a brave one—he threw her from her poſition—her head clattered upon the ſtone-floor. But Patrick being nearly exhauſted, was obliged to pauſe, and his whole endeavour was to keep her undermoſt. Mary, whoſe courage always ſeconded her intention, was determined to give him no time to breathe, ſo ſeizing him by the noſe, ſhe nipped it ſo furiouſly, that he roared with the violence of the pain. Neither combatant being reſolved to yield, they tumbled about the floor, firſt one being uppermoſt, and then the other, when Sir Archibald, his wife and daughter, entered. Patrick no ſooner ſaw them, than he deſiſted from the conflict. Being gotten upon his legs before the company, he exhibited a ſorry ſpectacle of war and bloodſhed. His face was ſcratched, bruiſed and bleeding in a hundred places. His waiſtcoat and ſhirt were nearly torn off his ſhoulders, and they hung about his waiſt in a thouſand tatters. Mary's cap was off, her hair was hanging over her eyes, and ſhe was nearly diſmantled of all her upper garments. Her eye was black, but no blood diſplayed the puiſſance of Patrick's arm.

Sir

Sir Archibald, almoſt petrified with ſurprize, ſaid after a ſhort pauſe, "What is the meaning of all "this?"—"Meaning," exclaims the enraged Mary, as ſhe gathered the tatters of her garments about her, "I mean to fight it out." "And I mean, replies her valiant gueſt, "The honour of the houſe of Owen "ſhall never be tarniſhed by a woman. Come ſtew-"ard ſtand forth." Patrick was ſilent.

Again the worthy Baronet enquired the meaning of this ſhameful uproar. His Lordſhip immediately explained the cauſe, the commencement, the progreſs, and the termination of the battle, and avowed he never ſaw a fight better maintained in his life. "In-"deed, my Lord," ſays Lady Gray, ſmiling, "I "think theſe bagpipes of yours are very unfortunate "in their tones, and I dare venture to affirm, that "both theſe warriors are of my opinion."—"Truly, "Madam," replies the tattered champion, "it was "a wonderful tune, kings and queens have danced "to it, and had my maſter only kept playing I would "have thraſhed her in half the time. Muſic has a "ſtrange power upon my courage."—"Thraſh me," exclaims Mary, "thou thraſh me, thou meagre, "whey-faced loon, I'll fight thee over again, though "all the pipes in Scotland play the ſame tune over "thee." Patrick ſeemed not over anxious to accept the challenge, but very peaceably put his coat on.

Sir Archibald obſerved, he was not a little ſurprized, that ſo dreadful a combuſtion ſhould originate from ſuch a trivial matter. It was from accident that Patrick fell, therefore he was not culpable, as he had no intention to break Mary's pipe. The revenge ſhe took, was in no wiſe proportionate to the ſmallneſs of the offence. An apology would certainly have effected a reconciliation, and it was unjuſtifiable to proceed to ſuch ungovernable rage, and inhuman violence. This ſimple fray, addreſſing himſelf to his young friend, is juſtly emblematical of that war and bloodſhed, which have ſo frequently diſgraced the actions of man. One nation being ſituated a few degrees diſtant from another, has always concluded this a

ſufficient cauſe to ſeize upon the property, and foment the deſtruction of its neighbours. Wherever there is a contiguity of bounds, an oppoſition of intereſts, there muſt unavoidably ariſe ſome miſunderſtanding. A temperate enquiry will often adjuſt the buſineſs. This acccords not with the deſigns of thoſe who wiſh to embroil mankind, in order to aggrandize themſelves, and ſo the trifle is to be terminated by the point of the ſword.

This moral harangue was very little attended to by him to whom it was addreſſed, and Sir Archibald ſaying, they were going on a viſit to Roſehill, his Lordſhip immediately offered to accompany them. His propoſal was accepted, ſo they all ſet forward.

They found Miſs Welman at her uſual employment. She was embroidering an apron, where the operations of the needle ſeemed to vie with the beauties of the pencil. Her brother was in the ſtudy; being apprized of their preſence, he immediately joined them, and propoſed to the gentlemen a walk in the garden. Lady Gray took up a volume of South's Sermons, therefore the young ladies were at liberty to enjoy their own converſation. "Pray, my dear Miſs Gray," ſays Miſs Welman, "do you know a Mr. Andrews, "a Merchant in Newcaſtle?"—"Yes, very well, "he is our Grocer, and frequently dines with us. "He is a very worthy man, and Mrs. Andrews is a "moſt amiable woman."—"I ſurpoſe, Miſs Gray, "that Mr. Andrews has been under particular obli- "gations to your papa."—"The conſumption of "our houſe being very great, Mr. Andrews receives "a conſiderable ſum annually, and you know every "tradeſman is obliged to a good cuſtomer."—"You "won't underſtand me, Miſs Gray, this is rather "unkind."—"Underſtand you, my dear Miſs Wel- "man, I underſtand you perfectly well. Did you "ever know me prevaricate in any part of my con- "duct?"—"Come, then, be ingenuous. Did you "never hear of Mr. Andrews failing in buſineſs "ſome years ago, and being caſt into jail by a mer- "tileſs creditor?"—"I am aſtoniſhed at the intel-

"ligence,

" ligence, but I hope it is a fabrication of your own, " to ſerve ſome of your flirting ſchemes with which " you are now in the humour to teaze me?"— " With what a grave face, you little urchin, you can " tell an untruth—you, who have ſo often repeated " the ſtory in the preſence of Miſs Tulip, how " Mrs. Andrews was obliged to diſpoſe of her wear- " ing apparel to ſupply themſelves with daily food,— " how your father being informed of their diſtreſs, " with his uſual benevolence paid the debt, and ge- " nerouſly advanced him a ſum of money to begin " the world anew. What a ſly countenance you put " on, when you hear me repeat theſe things, and " look with as much ſurprize, as if you had never " heard them before."—" Indeed, you wrong me, " Miſs Welman, if you think I diſſemble; but I " hope, you only wiſh to tantalize me, for I am ut- " terly at a loſs to comprehend your meaning." Miſs Welman, though aſſured of her veracity, choſe to ſport a little with her curioſity, before ſhe recited the circumſtances of Mrs. Andrews's melancholy ſtory. They were both ſurprized at the confidence of Miſs Tulip, who could with an unbluſhing front, aſſert ſo notorious a falſity. They perceived the tendency of her malicious aſſurance, and pitied the depravity of her mind. They clearly perceived it was done with the infamous deſign of deſtroying that mutual intimacy, which ſubſiſted between them. The ſcheme was too ſhallow, being capable of a ready detection, by which they diſcovered and reprobated ſuch degenerate malice.

Lady Gray, who had overheard part of their converſation, and gueſſed at the ſubject, approaching, enquired the particulars of the ſtory. She ſaid, " all that related to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, was an " undoubted truth. You muſt pardon your papa " and me, my dear Lucy, if you think we have been " inattentive in never informing you of the diſtreſſes " of this worthy couple. Your papa never wiſhes " to publiſh thoſe benevolent actions, by which he " frequently alleviates affliction, and comforts the

" diſtreſſed; He concludes, that ſuch a conduct " would be mere oſtentation, and detract from the " merit of the action: it would often hurt the ſenſi- " bility of thoſe who were happy by his ſilence. " Miſs Tulip's behaviour in this inſtance is utterly " indefenſible. Let it be a caution to you, my dear " ladies, never to deviate from truth. It deſtroys " all belief, and ruins that confidence, which is the " very bond of ſociety. A liar, but above all, a ma- " licious liar, is an abominable character; it is a peſt " which ought to be avoided, to be branded with a " mark of infamy, and driven from all company, " where either truth or common ſenſe is to be " found."

The young ladies thanked her for this maternal admonition, and promiſed to remember it. They begged to be excuſed for a ſhort time, and ſo left the room. They retired to the ſtudy. " Here," ſays Miſs Welman, " has my brother been immured for " ſome days paſt, ſometimes reading, ſometimes " writing, that were it not for your friendſhip, my " dear Lucy, I ſhould certainly grow both moped " and melancholy in this ſequeſtered ſituation. See, " ſee, what have we here! a copy of verſes. He " has been poetizing, I proteſt. I always told you " he was a rhymeſter, and would be penning an ode " to the beamy luſtre of your blue eyes. Come, " you write faſter than I do, take theſe verſes, and " copy them."—" Excuſe me, my dear, I never intend " to ſteal any thing."—" Now, Lucy, you are ab- " ſolutely the oddeſt creature in the univerſe; what " with your rules of propriety, and forms of " decorum, I wonder, however you attempt to " walk, becauſe then you are obliged to move your " legs.—" Do hold your peace, you wild ape, is " is not this paper left here in confidence that no " body will pilfer its contents?" " Now, Lucy, I " inſiſt upon hearing none of your ſentimental " ſpeeches. I know, if I liſten to them, you " will convince me I am wrong; and, I aſſure " you, I do not mean to be convinced in this in-

" ſtance.

" ſtance. Therefore, do you keep peeping out of " that window, and when you ſee the gentlemen " coming along that walk, give me the alarm."— " If I do ſo, I ſhall then become an acceſſory in your " guilt, and therefore I will not promiſe you a punc- " tual obedience." Miſs Gray took her ſtation, and Miſs Welman began to write The door opened, and her brother entered. " Your moſt obedient la- " dies—ſiſter, what are you doing?"—" O you lit- " tle vixen, why did you not tell me he was com- " ing? I have not got the firſt ſtanza tranſcribed, " but I will keep the original," at the ſame time crumpling it in her hand, and putting it into her pocket. " I hope, ſiſter, you will reſtore that pa- " per?"—" Indeed, brother, I poſitively will not, " without you will give me a copy." Being obliged to comply, he ſat down, and preſently tranſcribed the " following Ode, which he reſpectfully preſented to Miſs Gray.

BEAUTY,

AN ODE.

I.

IN dulcet notes of beauty's luſtre ſing,
Which buoyant youth and tottering age admire,
Whoſe orient dyes the ſweets of incenſe bring,
Glow at her ſhrine, and light tho lambent fire.
Sweet is the bluſh which tips the roſy cheek,
Bright is the beam which decks the ſparkling eye,
Fair is the tint, and mild the ſnowy ſtreak,
Which faintly gleams where dazzling rubies lie;
Where elegance the blooming image moves,
Shrinks from the touch, and tells the wretch he loves.

II.

What fleeting viſions rack th' enraptured mind,
Which bends the knee, and courts her luring charms!
What ſoothing hopes, with ardent wiſhes join'd,
Win the gay neck, which reckleſs paſſion warms!
The ſmile of rapture, the deluſive glance,
Mounts ſoaring joy, and cheers the paſſive ſlave;
Grief plumes her wing, and boaſting arrogance
Swells for the hour, a mutual flame to crave.
Through life's wild maze, and chequered winding bleſt,
Care ſmooths her front, and ſorrow ſinks to reſt.

III.

Ah, heedleſs ſoul, own not this influence,
What wit could e'er decide true beauty's line?
The fair, the brown, aſſume a juſt pretence,
And in the black, her power's confeſs'd to ſhine.
The bluſhing roſe upon the ruddy cheek,
Attracts no more than the deep jetty hue;
Prevailing cuſtoms, different modes beſpeak,
And each ſees beauty in his favourite view.
Within no bounds the ſlippery imp's confin'd,
Some deem it ſhape, and ſome the turn of mind.

IV.

When flowery accents warp the guileful tongue,
Flow in ſoft cadence with deceptious art;
Sweet are the tones in wily pleaſance hung,
Lull the weak thought, and lock the credulous heart.
Too late the maſk, the flimſy veil appears,
The ſting, the honied poiſon's ſunk too deep;
In ſullen anguiſh, and in flowing tears,
Reflection bites, which flattery rock'd aſleep.
Dire jealouſy in moody madneſs reigns,
Growls grinning rage, and wildly clanks his chains.

V.

When wiſdom ſhines, and ſheds enlivening rays,
Glows in the breaſt, and warms the wondering ſwain;
What lovelineſs fair beauty then diſplays,
Gleams ſeraph ſmiles o'er envy's drear domains.
Her modeſt looks, with mild ſuffuſions ſpread,
Add to her charms an all-ſubduing grace;
Sweet innocence may in her eyes be read,
And baſhful truth beams on her cherub face.
Theſe virtues bud, have happineſs in ſtore,
When pleaſure palls, and beauty is no more.

" So,

" So, ſo, your very humble ſervant, Sir. You " have choſen a pretty ſubject for your ode, indeed; " Love and Beauty. What would I not give now " to ſee that face, which has given birth to ſuch rap- " turous ſtrains! Come, my dear Miſs Gray, let " me look at you—' her modeſt looks with mild ſuf- " fuſions ſpread'—it is actually ſo—what a modeſt " bluſh upon her cheeks!" " O you provoking ferret," ſays Miſs Gray, as ſhe flounced to the farther end of the room.—" Well, brother, I confeſs I admire your " poetry, but aſſure you I admire the object of it " more. Pray, when did you begin to dream upon " Mount Helicon! Oh, love is mighty fond of po- " etry, of ſhady groves and purling ſtreams! Why, " man, what makes you look ſo ſheepiſh, are you " aſhamed of your pretty ode? It is all harmony, " grandeur, and ſublimity. See, my dear Lucy, " how truly poetical this line is, ' Sweet innocence " may in her eyes be read.' Did I not tell you a " while ago, how he would be thrumming his lyre " to the luſtre of theſe pretty blue eyes?" " Indeed, " Miſs Welman, you are teazing," ſays Miſs Gray, " you are really inſufferable. Indeed, now,"—a deeper bluſh glowed upon her face—overwhelmed with confuſion, ſhe threw herſelf careleſsly into a chair. Mr. Welman walked out, and preſently after Miſs Gray was ſummoned to attend her parents. As ſhe aroſe from her ſeat, " indeed, you ſaucy flirt, I " will never forgive you for the confuſion you have " occaſioned me." " How then will you forgive that " rhyming fool, whoſe jingling lines ſet my tongue " in motion?"—" Your inſuperable curioſity"— " has diſcovered a pretty ſecret. Good morning,— " remember the ode."

CHAPTER XI.

CURIOSITY is ſometimes laudable, and ſometimes criminal. When it tends to the diſcovery of any uſeful truth, it prompts inveſtigation, and induces perſeverance. Many a difficulty which has puzzled human wit, many a doubt which has agitated the ſcientific mind, would never have been explored, if curioſity had not compelled the reſearch. Difficulty creates induſtry, and doubt gives birth to a variety of queſtions, which often terminate in the developement of truth. Hence thoſe gradual reſults, thoſe elaborate attainments, which in every age have aſtoniſhed, and benefited mankind. To this very uſeful quality of the human mind, man owes many obligations. It is always reſtleſs under any uncertainty. To diſſipate this uneaſineſs, every attempt is tried, and many ſchemes are fabricated. If ſucceeſsful in the purſuit, a real, though tranſient pleaſure enſues. This pleaſure no ſooner evaporates, than the ſource from which it originated, again ſtimulates to action. Hence, one of the chief cauſes of all human endeavours, is this reſtleſs quality, curioſity. Thus far it is laudable.

Sometimes a degree of culpability is appended to this reſtleſs diſpoſition of the mind. In this caſe, it is generally employed about trifles. It never attempts any undertaking, either great or praiſe-worthy. It is anxious to diſcover the motives of a neighbour's conduct, and a diſappointment in this ſilly purſuit, will be productive of much uneaſineſs. The ſolicitude diſplayed by many individuals in this worthleſs practice, demonſtrates the bent of a mind, which when rightly directed in its operations, might have produced ſome diſcoveries of general utility. When employed in purſuits of a private nature, which have no connection with public good, and diſcovery only gratifies a ſelfiſh paſſion; it is a miſapplication of that talent,

which

which might be engaged in more uſeful purpoſes. Hence it is laudable when well employed, and criminal when perverted by an evil inclination.

When the gentlemen came from the garden at Roſehill, Mr. Welman, upon ſome occaſion, walked up to his ſtudy. My lord John, probably without knowing why or wherefore, walked after him. Mr. Welman, not perceiving that any perſon was behind him, ſhut the door. His Lordſhip was ſo unpolite, as to ſtand to liſten. Not being able to hear diſtinctly the innocent raillery of Miſs Welman, he could not perfectly underſtand the ſubject. What he could not collect or comprehend, his malicious ingenuity was induſtrious to invent. The detached expreſſions of the lady he was ſolicitous to apply to a certain object. There being no perſon preſent, but one, to whom the application could be made, he concluded he could not be miſtaken.

Having fabricated his ſcheme, he took an opportunity one day, when alone with Sir Archibald at Stanner Caſtle, to obſerve, "he hoped to be excuſed "for the freedom he was about to uſe, as the infor- "mation he was going to give, ſo nearly concerned "the happineſs and intereſt of your family." This preamble excited the Baronet's attention, and he deſired him to proceed. "I have juſt cauſe to think, "Sir, you are totally unacquainted with a connection "Miſs Gray has formed, and I believe ſhe is on the "point of marriage."—"On the point of marriage, "my Lord; impoſſible!" exclaims Sir Archibald, in the utmoſt ſurprize. "What reaſons have you for "ſuch a ſuggeſtion?"—"I have incontrovertible "reaſons for what I aſſert, I have ocular demonſtra- "tion, and her own vows."—"Be ſo obliging, my "Lord, as to ſatisfy me, how you came by this in- "telligence."—"You remember, Sir, when we were "laſt at Roſehill, we walked for ſome time in the "garden. When we entered the hall, Mr. Welman "immediately left us, and walked up ſtairs. I fol- "lowed him, not knowing why I did ſo. He enter- "ed an apartment, and neglected to ſhut the door

" close behind him. I presently heard him speaking " in a low tone, and vowing eternal love and con- " stancy, which vows were returned with a mutual " ardour. Curiosity excited me to see the object of " his passion, when to my great surprize, I beheld " Miss Gray enlocked in his embraces." Sir Archibald looked very serious, and thanked him for his friendly information.

Lady Gray was extremely mortified at the intelligence. " She objected not to the gentleman, to the " connection with his family, nor to his fortune. It " was her daughter's ingratitude, and the gentleman's " duplicity; it was her dissimulation, and his seem- " ing ingenuousness, at which she was chagrined. " She had been indefatigable in the education of her " daughter; she had inculcated with unceasing care, " the principles of filial duty; she had instructed her " from a child in all those tender regards which she " owed to her parents, and fondly hoped, she had not " laboured in vain:—but now she was deceived. Her " hopes, which gave unfeigned pleasure whenever she " beheld her daughter, were altogether blasted. She " looked upon her as an ungrateful child, unworthy " of the unremitting solicitude which had for many " years wrung her maternal bosom. She had, with- " out consulting her indulgent parents, formed a con- " nection for life,—she had chosen a husband for " herself, without apprizing us of her intention, and " I think her culpable in the highest degree."— " My dear Lady," says Sir Archibald, " calm your " agitation, and compose your thoughts. Let us " not condemn our daughter unheard. If she has " deceived us, let us submit to the disappointment " with becoming patience, and conclude we have " been unfortunate in the culture of an ungrateful " soil. We have this consolation, of which neither " her, him, nor the world, can rob us;—we have " done our duty. The consciousness of this will " support us in the trying hour of separation, when " an only, though inconsiderate child, shall leave " the protection of her parents, to enjoy the affection

" of

" of a huſband. This is one of thoſe rubs, which " are very thick ſown along the path of life. We " muſt endeavour to ſurmount it as well as we can; " and though we are diſappointed by this undutiful " behaviour, let us never forget that ſhe is our child. " One ungracious ſtep ſhould never alienate the affec- " tions of a parent. She will always be our daugh- " ter. Her future conduct may retrieve the error of " her preſent folly. Let her be called."

Miſs Gray entered. It was in the morning, and ſhe had not that day ſeen her parents. According to her uſual cuſtom, ſhe walked up to her papa, and kneeling before him, aſked his paternal bleſſing. He heaved a ſigh, as he laid his hand upon her head, and pronounced his fatherly benediction. She aroſe, then kneeled before her mama,—" Riſe, Lucy," ſays Lady Gray, with a calm dignity in her manner, " and ex- " culpate yourſelf from a charge of the fouleſt ingra- " titude, before I give you my bleſſing this morning." The young lady roſe, ſurpriſed at the accuſation, and ſtood before her mama. A conſcious innocence could not at this preſent moment compoſe the agi- tation of her mind. The charge of guilt ſuffuſed her countenance with a gentle bluſh, which added to the tinge of her natural beauty. Lady Gray ſays, " Lucy, your father has ever been indulgent to you, " he has never denied you, from a child, the grati- " fication of any wiſh, which a duteous daughter " could aſk, or an affectionate father give. I have " been a tender mother, have watched over your grow- " ing years with all the anxiety of the warmeſt af- " fection, and led you up to maturity under the " guidance of a mother's hand; is it not then ungra- " cious in you to contemn the admonitions of your " parents; is it not undutiful to deſpiſe their care, " and ruſh with preſumptuous haſte into the moſt im- " portant concern of your life?" She pauſed. Miſs Gray looked upon her with an air of conſternation, and ſaid, " what means my dear mama?"—" So, " Lucy, you feign ignorance. It is a ſorry ſhift to " exculpate yourſelf from the charge of guilt. You

" look,

" look ſurprized, but I affirm you are guilty."—
" O, Madam, you are deceived," cries the young lady, ſobbing, and going to throw her arms around her mama's neck, " indeed, you are groſsly " deceived." Lady Gray put her gently away with her hands, ſaying, " ſtand off, Lucy, you " are ungrateful." " O, Madam, keep me no lon- " ger in ſuſpenſe. Inform me in what part of my " conduct I have been ungrateful."—" I have long, " Lucy, wondered at the unneceſſary frequency of " your viſits to Roſehill. Mr. Welman to be ſure, " is a captivating gentleman." The mention of Mr. Welman's name, with an inſinuation of the impropriety of her viſits, ſo viſibly affected the young lady, that her confuſion was manifeſt to both her parents. That crimſon bluſh, which is often an indication of guilt, and ſometimes the effect of accuſed innocence, now ſpread itſelf over her glowing countenance. She attempted to ſpeak—her words faultered, and were inarticulate. She caſt her eyes upon the floor, ſtood ſilent, and ſeemed to plead guilty to the charge. A flood of tears trickled down her cheeks. Sir Archibald roſe, and taking her by the hand, wiped away the drop as it gliſtened in his eye. He led her to a chair. After a ſhort pauſe ſhe ſaid, " indeed, Sir, I am in- " nocent, I am not conſcious of any crime. Do, " Mama, tell me of what you accuſe me." " Since " you are ſo unwilling, Lucy, to comprehend my " meaning, I aſk you, in plain terms, have you " not placed your affections on Mr. Welman, nay, " have you not even promiſed to marry him?"— " Indeed, mama, you are miſinformed—your confi- " dence is abuſed. Believe me, when I aſſure you, " I never heard a ſyllable from Mr. Welman on the " ſubject; if he had made any propoſal of this na- " ture to me, I ſhould immediately have referred " him to you for your previous approbation."— " Such a conduct, Lucy, would have been dutiful, " but I am apt to believe, you have deviated from this " line of rectitude. Anſwer me ingenuouſly, were " you not in the library the laſt time you were at

" Roſe-

" Roſehill ?"—" I was, Madam."—" Was not Mr. " Welman with you ?"—" He came into the library " a little before we came away."—" Every circum- " ſtance, Sir Archibald," obſerves Lady Gray, " corroborates the fact. I am fully convinced of her " undutiful behaviour, and hope you have not a " doubt of her culpability. It is a happineſs, on " which we may congratulate ourſelves, that we had " this intelligence of her thoughtleſs connection. " Since you have been ſo unduteous, it is incumbent " upon us to be more watchful of your future con- " duct. You muſt retire to your apartment, and " when your company is wanted, you ſhall be in- " formed of it." Miſs Gray aroſe, curtſied reſpect- fully to both her parents, and drowned in tears, haſtily walked out of the room.

She was juſt gone when Mr. Welman entered. Lady Gray being ſomewhat agitated at his preſence, walked out. After a ſhort interval of ſilence, and a little reſerve on the part of Sir Archibald, Mr. Wel- man ſaid, he hoped to have the pleaſure of their com- pany to morrow at Roſehill, and hoped they would do him the honor of dining with him. Sir Archi- bald replied, " it was always a pleaſure to me, Sir, " to wait upon you at all times. But there is a poſ- " ſibility, that the moſt diſintereſted friendſhip may " be miſplaced."—" I hope Sir," returns Mr. Wel- man, " that no part of my conduct has induced this " obſervation."—" Indeed, Mr. Welman, I have " ſome reaſon to cenſure a certain part of your con- " duct. If you will impartially examine it, I ſhall " freely truſt to your own candour and good ſenſe, " that you will not exculpate yourſelf, without a " charge of ingratitude."—" You confound me, Sir " Archibald ; whatever abominable vice may be in " my conſtitution, I hope, I ſhall always be able to " clear myſelf from the imputation of ingratitude."— " Your confidence will probably abate, when I in- " form you, that you have endeavoured to ſeduce the " affections of my daughter."—" Such a charge " from any other perſon, Sir Archibald, I ſhould

" have

" have deemed a moſt infamous ſlander, invented to
" deſtroy my character."—" That, Mr. Welman,
" will always append to a man's character, which he
" is not aſhamed to act."—" It is uncandid, Sir Ar-
" chibald, to criminate without an ability to ſubſtantiate
" the charge."—" Mr. Welman, be not ſo warm in
" the defence of your pretended innocence. I have
" known you from a child. I eſteemed your father,
" and when he died, conveyed this eſteem to the ſon.
" You have often acknowledged with ſeeming grati-
" tude the obligations you owed my attention."—
" And I yet acknowledge them, Sir, with unfeigned
" gratitude. You have been a father to me. You
" have led me up to manhood with a true paternal
" care, and ſhall I be ſo baſe, ſo infamous, as to be
" a villain! You wrong me, Sir Archibald, you
" ſhamefully wrong me, you know not the affections
" of a heart, that loves you as its natural parent!"—
" I have juſt cauſe to doubt the truth of your aſſeve-
" rations. Anſwer me one ſimple queſtion without
" prevarication. Have you not attempted to gain
" the affections of my daughter?" This direct queſ-
tion, and ſo home put, was ſo unexpected, that he
heſitated in his reply. The confuſion of his counte-
nance was heightened by his faultering articulation.
He hung his head, and was ſilent. Sir Archibald,
conſtruing this ſilence, though the innocent working
of an ingenuous mind, into a confeſſion of his guilt,
roſe from his chair, and with more indignation in his
countenance, than was uſual to the worthy Baronet,
ſaid, as he walked acroſs the floor, " I ſhall leave
" you, to ruminate on the baſeneſs of ſuch an action.
" It is a return I have not deſerved. When you are
" able to vindicate yourſelf from the infamy of this
" procedure, I ſhould be happy to ſee you, for I
" would be ſorry indeed, to ſuppoſe, you are either
" impenitent, or incorrigible." Sir Archibald left the
room.

After ſome minutes of profound aſtoniſhment, Mr.
Welman awaked, as out of a dream. He looked
around him, but no perſon was preſent. He inſtantly
hurried

hurried out of the caſtle, unconſcious of any crime, but with a mind perturbed with the moſt violent convulſions. When arrived at Roſehill, he immediately ſhut himſelf up in his ſtudy, and forbad the intruſion of any individual, except his beloved ſiſter. She was inconſolable at his diſtreſs, and never ceaſed to importune him, till he diſcovered the ſecret which tormented his mind. He proteſted, he was altogether innocent of the charge with which he was accuſed. Miſs Welman, whoſe penetration was very acute, perceived that ſome malicious perſon, with the deteſtable deſign of diſuniting the two families, had abuſed the credulity of the worthy Baronet. She ſaid, a little time would diſcover the ſcandalous perpetrator of this ſhameful buſineſs, when their wonted friendſhip would be eſtabliſhed on its former baſis.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME time after this unhappy diviſion between theſe two amiable families, Captain Tulip arrived at his country reſidence. He was accompanied by a Captain Corner, a young man about five and twenty years of age, who held a commiſſion in the ſame regiment. He was a gentleman of family and faſhion. Gay and elegant in his dreſs, polite in his demeanour, and endowed with a becoming aſſurance, he was eſteemed by many, a moſt agreeable companion. He was not devoid of good natural parts, but had been very aſſiduous to forget in the army, the learning he had acquired at college. Hence, his obſervations were in general, weak and ſuperficial. He ſtill retained ſome faint glimmerings of claſſical knowledge, and was vain enough to exhibit them, though frequently to the expoſure of his own ignorance. He laughed heartily at his own preſumption, and would obſerve with the utmoſt indifference, he once knew theſe things as well as any perſon, but they were too burdenſome to be retained, and he did not now think them of any real utility in life. He was a proficient in all the arts of gambling, of which acquiſition he was uncommonly vain. He had much diſſimulation, and a ſpecies of low cunning, of which he ought to have been aſhamed, but which he often practiſed with uncommon artifice, and aſtoniſhing ſucceſs. He was, what is vulgarly called a brave man. He was of a very irritable diſpoſition, and had fought a couple of duels, in which he behaved with the cooleſt courage. He was rather tall, of a prepoſſeſſing figure, and proportionately formed. Theſe requiſites gave him an intereſt with the fair ſex, of which he plumed himſelf to a high degree of vanity. His veracity had often been doubted, and not without ſufficient cauſe. He boaſted of connections which he never had, and which if real, common ſenſe, and common prudence, would have

have taught him to conceal with the profoundeſt ſecrecy. His effrontery was not eaſily abaſhed, and though his falſities were often manifeſt, it would ſometimes have been injudicious to tell him of his turpitude.

Sometime after his arrival in the north, Captain Corner came with the Tulip family to dine at Stanner-caſtle. Mr. Bruce, and the honourable gueſt at Fenwick-tower, were invited. Miſs Gray was remarked to be uncommonly ſerious. Mr. Bruce, with his uſual attention, endeavoured to diſpel that gloom of melancholy, which he perceived to hang upon her mind. He ſaw his attempts ineffectual, and was unable to develope the cauſe. He was unwilling to diſcontinue his efforts, leſt her apparent reſerve might throw a damp upon the cheerfulneſs of the company. His uſual freedom, as ſhe was convinced it proceeded from the pureſt motives, was received with the utmoſt civility. But her wonted ſmile, which threw a grace over every feature, her occaſional vivacity, which enlivened every ſpectator, were ſuperſeded by a placid ſedateneſs, and unaccuſtomed gravity.

This caſual change was obſerved by all the company, though none, except her parents, knew to what cauſe to attribute it. Mrs. Tulip, whoſe ſprightlineſs was generally engaging, addreſſing herſelf to Miſs Gray, ſaid, "Your ſerioufneſs I always admired, but "what occaſion is there at preſent, for that very grave "face? Now you look exactly, as if you were in "love. I remember, all the time I was ſighing and "ſobbing, for my dear turtle, I was conſtantly in this "moping condition." During this harmleſs raillery, Lady Gray fixed her eyes upon her daughter. Lucy looked very ſilly, and her agitation reſulting from this innocent charge was too obvious to the piercing eyes of her parent, who was well acquainted with the natural ſenſibility of the human mind. Recovering from the firſt emotions which this perſonal addreſs excited, ſhe replied, "is it not poſſible, Ma-"dam, for a young perſon to be grave, without being "in love? There are many ſubjects, there are many

"occurrences,

" occurrences, which may ſo entirely engroſs the " mind, that it will find little time, and leſs inclina- " tion, to devote to the frivolous amuſements of vi- " vacity and mirth."—" I was certain," returns Mrs. Tulip, " of ſome dry ſentimental remark, from this " young philoſopher in petticoats. But, my dear Miſs " Gray, I hope in the ſyſtem of your morality, there " is no crime appended to vivacity."—" None at all, " Madam, cheerfulneſs and good humour are always " acceptable. But ill-timed mirth, and noiſy vivacity, " have no other recommendation, than the laugh they " excite. They may be harmleſs, they may be cri- " minal, according to their purſuit and application. " When they are employed in the playful amuſement " of a vacant hour, when they wiſh to excite a laugh, " to diſſipate the heavy gloom of melancholy, or rouſe " the yawn of langour from its accuſtomed liſtleſſneſs, " they are not only harmleſs, but praiſe worthy. " When mirth is employed to ridicule the backward- " neſs of modeſty, or to laugh at the bluſh of inno- " cence; when it deſtroys that time which may be " applied to better purpoſes, by decrying the im- " mutable ties of morality, or the more ſacred duties " of religion, it is then criminal in the higheſt de- " gree."—" Do you hear, Captain Corner," returns Mrs. Tulip, " how the lady chops logic? Theſe " are ſentiments and diſtinctions, my dear Miſs, " which I never trouble my head about. Right or " wrong I laugh when the humour moves me, and " never before did I ſuppoſe there was any harm in " the buſineſs."—" But pray, Madam," ſays Captain Corner, " with all deference to the opinion of a " lady, I think you are too ſevere in your preſent cen- " ſures. You certainly would not have us to lead all " our lives with grave countenances, and long faces, " as if we were conſtantly in mourning for the death " of ſome near relation."—" No Sir, ſuch is not my " opinion. Had you attended to the diſtinctions I " have juſt now made, you would have ſeen the im- " propriety of your preſent obſervation. It is not the " ſimple practice, but the wilful miſapplication of it,

" which

" which I condemn. If I recollect aright, it is re-
" marked by a very wiſe man, the truth of whoſe
" maxims is very ſeldom controverted, that by the
" heavineſs of the countenance, the heart is made
" better."—" And pray Madam, ſhall I preſume to
" enquire, what wiſe man has made that very wiſe re-
" mark?"—" It is now, Sir, three thouſand years,
" ſince it was made, and its truth has been univer-
" ſally acknowledged."—" Indeed, Madam, I think
" it ought to be exploded univerſally for its antiquity.
" What have we to do with the opinions of thoſe
" who lived three thouſand years ago? I am con-
" fident, we are infinitely wiſer than they poſſibly
" could be."—" The ſame profound obſerver, Sir,
" of men and things, that I quoted above, ſays, there
" is nothing new under the ſun. If there be nothing
" new, of what acquiſition in knowledge do you now
" boaſt, of which they were ignorant?"—" Upon my
" word, Madam," returns the Captain, ſtroking his
chin, and diſplaying a very white hand, " upon my
" word, we are certainly wiſer than them. And as
" for the folly of the remark, I would not have be-
" lieved it, though it had been ſpoken by an angel.
" Do oblige me with the name of that author, who
" wrote this ſilly remark, that I may have the plea-
" ſure of laughing at his ſimplicity whenever I hear
" him mentioned."—" His name is well known, Sir,
" and his works cut a conſpicuous figure in the beſt
" and moſt popular book that ever was written."—
" Here, Madam, I ſhall beg leave to enter my pro-
" teſt. For beyond all diſpute, Hoyle's game of
" whiſt, is incomparably the beſt and moſt popular
" book that ever was written, and I am poſitive he is
" not the author of any of the maxims you have men-
" tioned, as I can repeat the whole book from be-
" ginning to end, without miſſing one ſingle ſyllable."
—" The name of Hoyle, Sir, I have heard men-
" tioned, but always with diſapprobation. I never
" peruſed the book, and am certain never will."—
" Never peruſe Hoyle, Madam, how do you expect
" to get through the world?"—By a careful peruſal

" of

" of the book I have quoted above, and by regulating " my conduct according to its precepts."—" O, do " oblige me, Madam, with the name of this favourite " book."—" It is the Bible, Sir."—" The Bible, " ha, ha, ha! And do you read the Bible, Madam? " it is positively the most unfashionable book that ever " was written. I have often heard it affirmed, it is " only fit for the perusal of parsons and old maids. I " absolutely swear, I would not give one copy of " Hoyle, for all the Bibles in the universe."—" You " are very merry, Sir, you condemn a book, with the " contents of which you seem to be totally unac- " quainted. This is inconsiderate; I have perused " Vida's beautiful poem on the game of chess, and " was both pleased and instructed by it. Hoyle, I " have been informed, gives a variety of rules how " the game of whist is to be played scientifically, and " which every gamester must perfectly understand. " Now, Sir, as gaming and honesty are distinct qua- " lifications, I never mean to peruse your favourite " author."—" But, Madam, do you think a gamester " is not an honest man?"—" My opinion is this, Sir; " Avarice is the sole motive to every species of gam- " ing. Now avarice and honesty are so incompatible, " I am confident, they can never harbour in the same " breast."—" Where did you learn that extrordinary " doctrine, Madam?"—" In the Bible, Sir."— " What, the Bible again, ha, ha, ha! I am very cer- " tain, since it contains such unfashionable opinions, " it amply deserves the fate it has met with, of being " exploded in all the polite circles of Europe."— " But, Sir, though you despise this book for its re- " ligious tendency, I wonder you, who are a soldier, " do not read it, in order to learn the art of war:"— " War, Madam, what any thing about the art of war " in the Bible!"—" Yes, Sir, you will there read of " towns besieged, nations destroyed, and innumerable " armies discomfited, by generals who commanded " only a handful of men. I dare venture to assert, if " you will make yourself completely master of the " rules which are there delivered, you will sooner be-

" come

" come a greater proficient in the military art, than if " you had all Vauban's treatiſe off by heart."—" You " aſtoniſh me, Madam. But is there any thing in the " Bible about the art of gaming?—" O, a great deal, " Sir. You will there perceive, how a party of " gameſters played for a whole kingdom."—" This " has determined me. I will read this wonderful " book, which I have heard ſo much flouted by all the " ladies and gentlemen of faſhion, with whom I have " the honor to be acquainted."—" May I hope, Sir," ſays Mr. Bruce, " that this determination will not be " forgotten. The peruſal will amply repay you for " the trouble, and believe me when I aſſert, the more " you are converſant with the contents of this un- " faſhionable book, the more you will be delighted " with them."—" You may remain aſſured, Sir," returns the Captain, " I will read it from mere curi- " oſity."

The converſation now became general, and the aſſiduous attention which Captain Corner paid to Miſs Gray, was viſible to all the company. She received his politeneſs with civility. She had too juſt a conception of propriety of behaviour, to appear inattentive to the endeavours of any perſon, whoſe wiſh was ſolely to pleaſe. He was profuſe of his encomiums of the pleaſures of London. He expatiated with much warmth on the variety of amuſements which the city afforded, and the unceaſing circle of paſtimes which inceſſantly courted enjoyment. " I have been in Lon- " don, Sir, have participated of thoſe amuſements, " with which you are ſo delighted. I always thought " there was too much uniformity in theſe exhibitions, " for a rational perſon to be long entertained with " them. They are expenſive, nay even magnificent, " and certainly it is a folly in the public, voluntarily " to contribute towards the ſupport of ſuch uſeleſs " performances. Except the theatres, the others " might be all annihilated, without any real loſs to " the community. You ſeem ſurpriſed at the peculi- " arity of my notions. You may laugh, if you pleaſe, " at my ruſticity. I can aſſure you, London is the laſt

" place

" place I would chuſe for my reſidence."—" Ah " Miſs," obſerves Mr. John, " London is certainly a " fine place. I wiſh I had your opportunities, I ſhould " ſoon be there."—" Would you like to ſee Lon- " don ?"—" Next to being a ſoldier, I ſhould eſteem it " my greateſt pleaſure."—" I may probably have it in " my power," ſays Captain Tulip, " to befriend you " in this buſineſs. I know ſome gentlemen who wiſh " to ſell their commiſſions, and an early application, " with recommendatory letters, would undoubtedly " obtain the preference."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIII.

AMBITION, which frequently agitates the mind of man, and gives riſe to a variety of actions, is always ſpecious, and often laudable. It looks upon mankind, pervades their actions, weighs their motives, and determines upon their propriety with the eye of examination. This, though not always performed with accuracy, gives a temporary pleaſure to the performer. He ſuppoſes, that he perceives the ſprings by which they are actuated, and if congenial to his own propenſities, immediately reſolves upon imitation. If prevented in the gratification of this wiſh, by any intervening incident, or obſtructed by deſign, the feelings which reſult from this diſappointment, will be pungent and corroſive. Hence that apparent chagrin, that evident concern, which convulſe the ambitious, under the inefficacy of any ill concerted project. They had formed the ſcheme, according to their own opinion, for the aggrandizement of themſelves, or the accompliſhment of ſome ſiniſter purpoſe. They had not deliberated on the poſſible uncertainty of the event, or foreſeen the impediments which were to be ſurmounted, and if unſucceſsful, they inſtantly conclude themſelves the moſt unfortunate of the human race. A little conſideration would rectify this miſtake. They would ſee, that meer perſonal happineſs, or rather a ſelfiſh intereſtedneſs, was the only cauſe which gave motion to all their proceedings. The completion of which, according to their narrow ſchemes, might have been detrimental to many individuals. This reflection is always ſtifled or overlooked. The ſimple gratification of an unruly paſſion is to be indulged, and whilſt this confers a temporary pleaſure, it will always be purſued with avidity. Ambition knows no limits. It ſpurns at all reſtraints. The legal barriers which impede its progreſs, are beheld

held with indifference, and broken with the utmoſt contempt.

The mind of the ambitious man, is always uneaſy. This reſtleſs paſſion, which has often convulſed the largeſt empires, and deluged the world with blood; which equally agitates the mind of the ſtateſman, and the philoſopher, is frequently obſerved to act with aſtoniſhing effect in every rank and ſtation of life. Though not ſo conſpicuous in the humbler ſpheres of ſociety; though not ſo efficacious to diſſeminate its baneful influence, it is ſtill exiſting, and wonderful are the efforts which it makes for the completion of its favourite projects. They who are devoid of this active principle, are ſurprized at its operations in others. They behold them with the utmoſt effrontery, laugh at the ſacred ties of religion, and deſpiſe every precept of morality. They ſee them without regret, tranſgreſs thoſe bounds of ſocial duty which a perſon who pays any regard to the laws of ſociety, eſteems as inviolable. They know not, that an ambitious man has no laws, but one, and that is the aggrandizment of himſelf. To this ſelfiſh purſuit, he devotes every hour, and ſacrifices every noble conſideration. Though tyrannical in his diſpoſition, he is the humbleſt of all ſycophants. He baſely cringes to the ſmile of power. He has the meanneſs to truckle to the command of another, whom he ought to deſpiſe. He chearfully lends his aſſiſtance to the ſubjugation of the multitude, and if he gain by the action, he enjoys his gain, without the leaſt ſting of remorſe. He looks upon mankind as his natural prey. He eſteems their joint intereſt, and private property, as ſo many unneceſſary impediments to the accompliſhment of his views. This concluſion prompts him to contemn them all, and provided he can eſcape with impunity, he will daringly attempt the extirpation of the whole. It is not preſumptuous to aſſert, that more evils have reſulted from this ſingle paſſion, than all the others in combination. Private individuals, and public ſtates, have felt its infernal power, and groaned beneath its inſuperable force.

Mr. John having taken every opportunity of expreſſing his deſire to be a ſoldier, and being informed by his ſervant Patrick, of Sir Archibald's generoſity, was anxious, in the company of the Baronet, to declare his diſſatisfaction at his preſent inactive manner of life. Sir Archibald heard him with a lively concern. He ſympathized with him in his imaginary diſtreſs. His ſenſibility was ever awake to the petitions of the indigent. He heard their complaints with affability, and was always ready to redreſs them. The backwardneſs of modeſt merit, he was peculiarly delighted to patronize. The induſtrious poor man, oppreſſed with want, and ſuffering under the rod of adverſity, never aſked relief from Sir Archibald, and went away diſſatisfied. The widow had often bleſſed his benevolence, and many an orphan was taught to liſp his name. The amiable diſpoſition of his lady was even an incentive to his liberality. The tear of pity had often wet her cheeks, on the recital of a melancholy ſtory. She relieved with pleaſure and generoſity; yet ſighed at the impoſſibility of relieving all, whom either deſtiny, or imprudence had made objects of her charity.

Sir Archibald, one day, conſulted Mr. Bruce, on the propriety of purchaſing an Enſign's commiſſion, for his Lordſhip. Mr. Bruce, who was ever ready to ſecond his benevolent intentions, obſerved, he thought it the moſt eligible ſcheme, that could be adopted. Since his father had not only been diſaffected to the government, but actually in arms againſt it, and was now under an act of proſcription, by which his eſtate would be confiſcated, and his titles forfeited; the loyalty of the ſon, might poſſibly make ſome atonement for the rebellion of the father. If ſo, and certainly it is not improbable, the family may not be treated with that rigour, which their preſent dereliction deſerved. Sir Archibald readily acquieſced in the opinion of his friend. Captain Tulip's intereſt was ſolicited, and a commiſſion purchaſed, and preſented to the enraptured young hero.

When equipped in his regimentals, and a ſword by his ſide, he ſurveyed himſelf with the utmoſt pleaſure. He ſtrutted to and fro before the mirror, and ſeemed perfectly delighted with his new accoutrements. "Patrick," ſays he, "I will tell you what; "theſe clothes being the garb of a ſoldier, I ſhall "uſe as my conſtant apparel. My yellow coat being "more appropriated to the appearance of a nobleman, "I ſhall preſerve for particular viſits. Therefore, "Patrick, do you take ſpecial care, that my beſt ſuit "is kept perfectly clean."—"Never fear, your ho-"nor, Patrick's diligence was never impeached. "The houſe of Owen ſhall never be tarniſhed by my "negligence."—"But Patrick, how do I look?"—"Look your honor! why you look, as fierce as a "turkey-cock!"—"Do you think, Patrick, I would "frighten a ſcore of Frenchmen?"—"Frighten a "ſcore of Frenchmen, your honor! why a hundred "of them, poor, half-ſtarved, ſnivelling dogs, would "run at the very ſhake of your head."—"Now "Patrick, examine, the point of this ſword."——"Good, your honour! It would run through a barn "door."—"Do you think you could run it through "a Frenchman?"—"Ay, through a thouſand, my "Lord."—"Very well, Patrick, when we go to the "wars, you ſhall be furniſhed with juſt ſuch ano-"ther."—"Go to the wars, your honor? You cer-"tainly do not mean to go and fight the French?"—"To be ſure, I do, what is the uſe of a ſoldier, if "he refuſe to fight!"—"But my Lord, I always "hated the ſmell of gunpowder. I have a particular "averſion to the ſight of a gun. And though all "the pariſh knows, I am as bold as a lion, and have "a heart of flint, yet I am known to tremble at the "ſight of a gun."—"Indeed Patrick, I am ſadly "afraid, thou art a coward."—"A coward, your "honor! No, no, you do not know Patrick Harle, "or you would not ſay ſo. Let any Frenchman, "let any Engliſhman call me a coward, and that fiſt "ſhall ſplit his jaw bone. With theſe very knuckles, "I have ſplit an oak table; and as for a croſs buttock,

" my lord, there is not a man in England can ſtand " before me. Patrick Harle's well known for his " valor."

This dialogue wherein Patrick expreſſed his averſion to a gun, and extolled his own perſonal courage, was overheard by Sir Archibald, the ladies, and Mr. Bruce. " Well Patrick," ſays the Baronet ſmiling, as they appeared before the two heroes, " I am ſorry " you have ſuch a natural antipathy to the ſight of a " gun. When the muſkets are cracking, the cannons " roaring, and the air ſo thick with the ſmoke of " gunpowder, that you cannot diſtinguiſh a red coat " from a white one; what will become of you then " Patrick, if you turn your back, at the ſight of " your enemy's gun? Inſtead of ſhrinking into a cor- " ner, or running away, you muſt immediately ſeize " the gun with one hand, and run him through the " body with the other. And probably the very next " minute, your own head is taken off by a cannon " ball."—" Good Lord deliver us, Sir, ſays Patrick " Harle, from ſuch ſights."—" Why Patrick, ſays " Miſs Gray, you are not afraid? You know you " are as bold as a lion, and have a heart like flint." " —Ah, Miſs, Miſs," replies Patrick, trembling in every nerve of his body, " what avails it, if I had " the courage of David, and the ſtrength of Goliah, " a cannon ball would ſoon cool my courage, and " level me with the rankeſt cowards." Sir Archibald ringing the bell, deſired the ſervant to bring a jug of ſtrong ale. " Here Patrick," ſays the Baronet drink- " ing, here's to your ſucceſs, during your firſt cam- " paign." After the ſecond gill, Patrick began to brandiſh his maſter's ſword, and no ſooner had he drunk the third, than he exclaimed, " I'll wager, Sir " Archibald, I'll kill a man!"—" Now you talk like " a ſoldier, Patrick." He ſtrutted up and down the room with a very important air, and familiarly ſlapping the Baronet over the ſhoulder, " I'll wager, Sir Archi- " bald, I'll kill two men."—" That is right Patrick, " you are not afraid of gunpowder?"—" Afraid of " gunpowder, Sir? I would as ſoon take a cannon by

" the muzzle, as a Frenchman by the beak." At the ſame time ſeizing his Lordſhip by the noſe, and pulling it moſt furiouſly. " Mercy, Patrick, mercy," roars his maſter, " I am no Frenchman!" " I would " ſhake him," replies Patrick, " juſt like an old wig." The novelty of the ſight, and Patrick's temporary courage, which impelled him to this unexpected attack on his maſter's beak, threw the ſpectators into ſuch a burſt of laughter, that it was ſome time before they could condole with his lordſhip, and congratulate him on the ſecurity of his gnomon.

This affair being amicably adjuſted, the two heroes took their leave. Patrick could do nothing but vaunt of his preſent proweſs, and future conqueſts. He ſaid, ſince he was now become a gentleman, and ſoon to be a land-ſteward, he was determined to ſay amen no longer. " That is a noble reſolution, Pa- " trick," replies his Lordſhip, " I think it derogatory " to the honor of the houſe of Owen, to ſuffer any " of its domeſtics to continue in ſo humble a ſtation. " You ſhall have a cockade at your hat, and a ſword " by your ſide, and ſhall, for the future, live without " working"—" Bravo, bravo, ods buds, your honor, " I ſhall be as great as your mighty ſelf. What, " live without working! Patrick Harle, thy fortune " is made, and thou art the firſt of thy generation " that ever eat his bread without earning it by the " ſweat of his brow."

During this agreeable converſation, they arrived near the manſion of their honeſt hoſt. They were walking through a paſture field, and John Dixon's milch cow ſtood acroſs the path way. " Patrick!"— —" Here, your honor."—" Come draw my rapier, " and whip it through the guts of that unmannerly " beaſt." Patrick drew the ſword, and after brandiſhing it three or four times around his head, advanced intrepidly to execute his maſter's commands. The poor innocent creature ſhewed not the leaſt ſymptom of fear, at the ſight of the dreadful weapon. Patrick's arm was raiſed, and he was in the attitude of ſtriking, when the harmleſs, inoffenſive animal turned

turned her head towards him, and ſeemed to ſay, what ill have I done thee? Patrick immediately recognized her to be the property of his friend. "Silly "thing," ſays he, "thou waſt very near thy latter "end, but never let me injure my neighbour."—"Be "not afraid, Patrick, you don't ſmell gun powder, "do you?"—"No, your honor, but I ſee my neigh-"bour's cow,"—"She has inſulted me, Patrick, by "ſtopping my road, and what ſoldier will ſuffer him-"ſelf to be inſulted? I am determined to be re-"venged, give me my ſword"—"I hope your honor "will not kill John Dixon's cow?"—"She has in-"ſulted me, Patrick, and ſhe ſhall pay for it." So taking hold of her tail with the left hand, and graſping the ſword with the right, he cut it off by the rump at one ſingle ſtroke. He held the trophy in his hand exultingly, and then bid his ſervant carry it home. Patrick took it reſpectfully, and throwing it careleſsly over his ſhoulder, they both walked forward.

They ſoon met Mary coming along the path, with a pail under her arm. She was very quick ſighted, and immediately eſpied the unfortunate trophy, as it hung dangling over Patrick's ſhoulders. She flew at it with the velocity of a ſparrow hawk, and perceiving at the firſt glimpſe, from whence it had been taken, ſhe threw her pail with all the violence imaginable, at the ſuppoſed culprit's head. She did not miſs her aim, and he ſtaggered ſeveral paces backwards. Patrick's courage was already ſcrewed up to the higheſt pitch, and he prepared to revenge this unprovoked aſſault. But Mary graſping the tail with both her hands, belaboured his head and ſhoulders ſo unmercifully, that the triumphant champion perceiving the doleful plight of his poor 'ſquire, drew his rapier, and manfully ruſhed in betwixt the combatants. "It was I, Mary, "it was I, who did the mighty deed," exclaims the doughty champion. "On me, on me, wreak your "vengeance!"—"What, Sir," replies Mary, "was "it ſuch a mighty deed to cut off my poor cow's tail?" "—She inſulted me, Mary, ſhe blocked up my road. "Would you have a ſoldier inſulted, the defender

"of

" of the nation, who muſt fight when you are in " bed, and muſt he not take his revenge even on a " cow? Had it been a lion I would have done the " ſame."—" So your honor would," returns Patrick, " for your arm has the ſtrength of a weaver's beam " in it."

Mary not properly comprehending the nature of the inſult which her cow had offered to his lordſhip, took the tail next morning, which his proweſs had diſmembered from her body, and walked to Stanner-Caſtle. She enquired for Sir Archibald, and was immediately introduced to him. She had the diſmantled member of her cow, rolled carefully up in her apron. She made a very low curtſey, and with a long and ſorrowful face, taking it in her hand, ſhe bade his worſhip look at it. " What have you got " there, Mary, a large eel?"—" Ah Sir," replies Mary, blubbering and ſobbing like a well whipped child, " it is an eel that will go near to ruin me. " O Sir, look at it, it is nothing elſe than my poor " crummey's tail; a better creature was never milked " by a woman."—" What, Mary, in the name of " wonder, has induced you to cut it off?"—" Me, " Sir, cut it off! I never had the heart to kill a louſe. " It was cut off laſt night, by Mr. John, with his " ſword, becauſe he ſaid, ſhe had inſulted him, and " no ſoldier could put up with an inſult."—" This " is a piece of unlucky buſineſs, Mary; had it been " done by Patrick, I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed " at it, for he was laſt night in a ſlaughtering humour." " —" O Sir I ſhall be totally beggared!' and again ſhe howled in a piteous manner. Her unuſual clamour brought the two ladies into the room, to whom ſhe repeated her unfortunate ſtory. Lady Gray obſerved, it was a piece of unjuſtifiable wantonneſs, and ſhe hoped, Sir Archibald would take the firſt opportunity to ſhew him the impropriety of ſuch an action. " Indeed, Madam, I am ruined." Her ſorrowful complaints touched the ſenſibility of Miſs Gray. Turning to Sir Archibald, ſhe ſaid, " Papa, " if you pleaſe, I will at preſent forego my new ſilk

" ſacque,

" ſacque, if you will allow me to give Mary the five " guineas, which yeſterday you gave me to buy it." Mary claſped her hands in an ecſtacy, as ſhe received the money, whilſt the worthy baronet and his lady, looked upon their daughter with a ſmile of complaeency, and lovingly gave her the kiſs of reconciliation.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIV.

FRIENDLY intercourſe betwixt thoſe families, who live contiguous to one another, is what conſtitutes an agreeable neighbourhood. They who live in the country, having no great variety of company, are often ſtinted in their choice. But, if variety be wanting, and a conſtant ſucceſſion impoſſible, this imaginary want is often ſupplied by real chearfulneſs and good humour; by a hoſpitable reception, and unfeigned friendſhip. Such an agreeable intercourſe, not unfrequently gives the country a preference to the town. The inceſſant noiſe, the continued buſtle, the ſucceſſive variety of amuſements, and the conſtant calls of paſtime, which frequently diſtract much more than they pleaſe, are deemed by ſome, to be poor equivalents, for the calmneſs and tranquillity of a ſequeſtered ſituation. Here the ſtudious may purſue their favourite employment with uninterrupted quiet. The temperate may enjoy the pleaſures of retirement amidſt the peace and ſerenity of a rural proſpect. Here the buſy and the vain, the ambitious, and the opulent, when cloyed with artificial pleaſures, and palled with an unmeaning repetition of uniformity; when fatigued with the enjoyment of confuſion, and palled with the ceaſeleſs rotation of the ſame ſcenes; here they retire with precipitation to taſte thoſe placid ſweets, which a country habitation affords. They wiſh to recruit their jaded ſpirits, to give freſh vigor to their exhauſted ſtrength, and to obtain a deſire, which long had been extinguiſhed, for a renewal of thoſe enjoyments, which they annually loath and deſpiſe. This occaſional ſequeſtration from the buſtle of the world, this unwilling retirement from ſcenes which can be no longer enjoyed, is of infinite ſervice to many, who have no merit in the action. It is not always ſpontaneous, but often compulſatory. This detracts from the merit of that ſelf-denial, which is exerciſed from motives

motives diſparaging to worthy actions, and which demand reprehenſion, but no applauſe. Happy retirement! how often art thou courted, when all the noiſy pleaſures of life are become taſteleſs and inſipid!

The Tulip family having received an invitation to dine at Roſehill, came very early, in order to enjoy the pleaſure of a walk in the gardens, which Mr. Welman had laid out with great taſte and judgment. He had an exquiſite fancy in rural beauties, improved by a cloſe imitation of what was juſt and natural. He read much, and digeſted what he read. He admired the elegant deſcriptions which the ancients have given of their gardens, and the magnificence which they exhibited in theſe expenſive amuſements. He obſerved their taſte was not always natural. He thought it was more their ſtudy to diſplay the wonderful, than to delineate what was proper. He ſaw there was more of pomp and extravagance, than of beauty and order. The luxury of deſcription was more than over ballanced by the irregularity of the parts. A garden ſuſpended in the air, might excite ſurprize, but ſtill it was unnatural. It might raiſe aſtoniſhment, at the immenſe expence by which it had been erected, but it would never command applauſe from an accurate obſerver of the works of nature. Being converſant with the productions of the claſſic authors, he judiciouſly ſelected what was beautiful and natural, and reduced it to experience beneath his own inſpection. The elegant villas of the ancient Romans, thoſe imperial maſters of the univerſe, to which they retired from the uſeleſs pomp of triumph, and the more uſeleſs parade of conqueſt, were familiar to his view. The luxurious groves, and magnificent canopies of Aſiatic effeminacy, where manhood was emaſculated by eaſe, and modeſty ſuperſeded by the wanton ſallies of riot and debauchery, were known to his curious obſervation. From theſe inexhauſtible ſtores of entertainment and inſtruction, he had matured his judgment, and formed his taſte. Hence the elegance of his rural retreat, was admired by all who had the curioſity to viſit it.

The illiterate were ſurprized at the beauties of the ſcenery, whilſt the more intelligent applauded the induſtry, taſte and knowledge, of ſo young a man.

As they walked through the delightful ſcenery, Captain Corner attached himſelf aſſiduouſly to Miſs Welman. Mr. John, who was of the party, by the ſide of Miſs Tulip, went down a ſeparate avenue. The Captain, as uſual, was diffuſe in his praiſes of the metropolis, and wondered how any young lady of taſte and ſpirit, could immure herſelf in a country houſe, without any other companions, than what flitted through the air, or grazed in the paſtures, and with no other proſpects, than trees, fields, and hedges. "Your ſurpriſe would ceaſe, Sir," replies the lady, "would you riſe with the ſun, and liſten to the "untaught melody of the groves."—"Riſe with the "ſun," exclaims the Captain, "my dear Miſs Wel-"man, would you have me ſo thoughtleſs, and ſo "vulgar! I willingly reſign that pleaſure to the far-"mer and his plough-boy."—"It is a pleaſure, I aſ-"ſure you, Sir, at once healthy and delightful."—"I "preſume, Madam, you enjoy that pleaſure frequent-"ly, for that glow of beauty which tinges your cheek, "beſpeaks at once health and delight."—"If it be-"ſpeaks health and delight, it does not warrant flat-"tery, Sir."—"Believe me, Miſs Welman, there can "be no flattery when truth dictates the expreſſion."—"Though the expreſſion may be true, it is not pru-"dent, Sir, to make it, as the aſſurance may make "the owner vain."—"Who would not be vain, my "dear Miſs Welman, of ſuch unequalled charms?"—"Certainly, Sir, you conclude me, not only to be in-"ſufferably vain, but likewiſe unaccountably fooliſh, "or you would never preſume to addreſs me with ſuch "fulſome diſſimulation."—"I vow, Madam, I diſ-"ſemble not, I ſpeak the real dictates of a heart, "alive, and ſenſible to all your worth." Fixing her eyes ſteadfaſtly upon his face, ſhe ſays, "and pray, "Sir, how many ladies have heard the ſame language "from you? Though young, you may think me

"vain,

" vain, and delighted with the praiſes of what I do " not poſſeſs; but be aſſured, I know enough of the " artifice of mankind, to make me cautious in believ- " ing, and diffident in truſting the aſſertions of a " ſtranger." The ſteady tone with which this was ſpoken, ſomewhat abated the ardor of his addreſs, though he was not abaſhed at the ſuppoſal of his falſe expreſſions. " I admire, Madam," replies the Captain, " the prudence by which you are actuated; and " though I be a ſtranger, may I not be ſenſible to your " charms, and declare my admiration of that beauty, " whoſe power I feel and adore?"—" A more modeſt " addreſs, Sir, would ſooner have convinced me of the " ſincerity of your intention, than all the fervor of this " rapturous declaration. However you may think to " pleaſe, depend upon it, you will the leſs convince " me by this manner of proceeding. I am certain " you have learned to make love, as a parrot learns to " talk. It repeats the few expreſſions it has been " taught."—" O my dear Miſs Welman, how cruel, " how inſenſible to my ſufferings! Can you delight " to play with my torment!" The ardor of his manner, and the eagerneſs of his expreſſion, attracted her attention, when ſmiling with her peculiar archneſs, ſhe ſaid, " I perceive, Sir, you act your part inimitably " well. Mere words will not convince me of my " conqueſt, and were it real, it is probably not worth " the poſſeſſion." This piercing ſarcaſm was humiliating to his vanity. He eyed her with a ſerious look, and recovering from his ſurprize, articulated in a low tone, " What wanton coquetry!"

He was ſilent for ſome time, as they walked among a promiſcuous aſſemblage of flowering ſhrubs. The note of the blackbird, ſo ſweet and melodious, was poured from the branch of a bending laylock. " Hear, " Sir," ſays Miſs Welman, while a gleam of joy ſmiled upon her countenance, " hear the wild notes " of that rural ſongſter. How low, how tuneful; " now, how ſhrill, how various! There is much " more pleaſure in attending to the artleſs ſimplicity " of his untaught ſong, than to the fabricated cadence

" of

" of a lover's pipe."—" You are a cruel conqueror, " Miſs Welman, thus to glory in your power. Be " not over confident; and though you deſpiſe me in " all the wantonneſs of exultation, becauſe I love " you; the day may come, when you may feel as " much for another, as I feel for you this moment." —" I believe, Sir, that day is already come, and I " feel no unhappineſs. If ever I love, I think I know " my heart ſo well, that it will ſcorn to diſſemble a " paſſion to which it is a total ſtranger."

Mr. Welman, and the reſt of the company, joined them. They ſauntered along a gravel walk, decorated on each ſide with an infinite variety of fragrant flowers. They were all cheerful, gay, and lively, ſave Captain Corner, who ſeemed thoughtful, and ſullen. He dangled by the ſide of Miſs Welman, and whether ſhe walked forward, or loitered behind, he was attentive to all her motions. She ran nimbly towards a roſe-buſh, among the branches of which ſat a pretty warbler. It was a ſprightly goldfinch. The beautiful tints of his plumage were bright and ſhining. His ſong was ſweet, and his motions familiar. The nearer they approached, he raiſed his notes the louder. He ſeemed not to be affrighted, as they ſtood around him, and liſtened to his tune of the wildeſt harmony. All ſeemed enraptured at the muſic and boldneſs of the little ſongſter. Captain Corner alone expreſſed no admiration, but cautiouſly advancing behind the little innocent, knocked it off the ſpray with a ſtroke of his cane. Miſs Welman ſcreamed—her viſage grew pale, and ſhe darted ſuch a look of indignation on the face of the doughty hero, as ſeemed to appal him, for he caſt his eyes upon the ground, as conſcious of his heedleſs inhumanity. Her brother took up the breathleſs ſongſter; he laid it on the palm of his hand—it fleckered in the agonies of death, while the tear of pity trickled down Miſs Welman's cheek. It gaſped two or three times—fleckered again, then cloſed its eyes, never more to open. She took it in her hand, examined the brightneſs of his plumage, then looking on the Captain, ſaid, " O Sir, but you

" have

" have a hard heart. What proweſs was there in " killing this harmleſs bird! I have fed him theſe " many months with my own hand—he picked from " my fingers, and was ſo familiar as to perch upon my " arm. Pretty thing, what availed all thy beauty, " what availed the melody of thy ſong! How em- " blematic, in thy death, of many of my own ſex! Not " aware of the villainy of man, they liſten to the tale " of ruin. They believe his proteſtations, and be- " come familiar with their deſtroyer. This familiarity " induces confidence. They rely upon his honor. " His honor is an airy bubble." As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, ſhe caſt her piercing eyes upon the Captain with a ſteady glance. They were too penetrating, and he turned away, confuſed, from the keenneſs of their fire. She ſaw him abaſhed, and advancing towards him, took him by the ſleeve, and deſired him to go with her. She led him to a laburnum full of bloſſom. Taking hold of one of the branches, ſhe gently bent it downwards. " Look there, Sir," ſays ſhe, " and bewail the havoc of your valour. There ſits " the tender mate of the little ſongſter you lately mur- " dered. Obſerve, ſhe is not afraid of me. I will " take her off the neſt whereon ſhe ſits. See, there " are four young ones! Poor orphans, you are not " conſcious of your loſs! If you were, how would " you revile this inhuman murderer of your father! " He was wanton in his cruelty! He deprived you " of your parent, and had no cauſe to be cruel. Here, " Sir, behold this little widow! A widow by your " inconſideration! Can you ſuppoſe, that this little " creature, with all her care, with all her induſtry, " can provide for theſe four helpleſs young ones? If " her labor be inſufficient, they muſt inevitably periſh " with hunger. Thou ſhalt not fly far for their daily " ſuſtenance. How applicable is thy hard caſe to the " fate of many a worthy woman! Suppoſe, Sir, " you were married, and married to a woman you " loved. Suppoſe your whole ſubſiſtence was de- " pendent upon your life. If after a few years of con- " nubial happineſs, when you had the pleaſure of be-

" holding

" holding your little offspring playing around you,
" and fondly liſping out your name; if you ſhould
" meet with the ſtroke of fate, either on the field of
" honor, or from the hand of an inhuman ruffian,
" what muſt be the feelings of your widowed mate!
" What her ſenſibility, when ſhe looked upon her chil-
" dren, now weeping for their father, whoſe unuſual
" abſence they now lament! Deprived of your af-
" fection, bereft of every mean for the ſupport of her
" children, except her own induſtry, ſhe ſheds over
" them the unavailing tear of pity, and endeavours to
" huſh them to ſilence, perhaps when they are crying
" for a mouthful of bread. There," placing the pa-rent bird upon the neſt, " ſit over thy orphan family;
" it ſhall be my care to provide for your future wants."
Mrs. Tulip, attentive to this deſcription of matrimonial woe, was ſuffuſed in tears. Her daughter, alive to the tale of ſorrow, had turned around, and freely indulged in the genial flow of ſympathy. The Captain ſaid,
" tho' I regret the action which deprived the little
" creature of his life, yet, Madam, I am partly hap-
" py, in having afforded an opportunity to your de-
" ſcriptive powers, to diſplay a ſcene of domeſtic ſor-
" row, which I ſhall humbly pray to God, to avert
" from your boſom." She curtſied to the compli-ment, but made no reply. The bell rang for dinner.

After dinner was over, and the cloth removed, the unhappy fate of Miſs Welman's favourite warbler was forgotten, amidſt the vivacity of a promiſcuous con-verſation. Mr. Welman was obſerved to be graver than uſual, and occaſionally abſent in his replies. Mrs. Tulip ſaid, " ſhe was certain he was in love." Her huſband laughed heartily at the obſervation, whilſt he replied, " what, is it an infallible ſign of this won-
" derful paſſion to look grave, and ſit moping, as if you
" were under the ſevereſt affliction?"—" O, my dear,
" have you forgotten the many melancholy days, and
" ſleepleſs nights, which you paſſed previous to your
" matrimonial happineſs?"—" Forgot them, my dear!
" nothing is ſo eaſy as to forget what has never hap-
" pened!"—" Nay, indeed, Sir, this is downright
" diſſimulation."

" diſſimulation."—"Nay, indeed, Madam, it is down-
" right truth. You would not have a ſoldier to be that
" puny, whining thing, called a lover? All his thoughts
" are employed upon a nobler purſuit."—" And pray,
" my dear Captain, what is that noble purſuit?"—
" It is a good eſtate, my dear wife, a very neceſſary
" appendage to a life of warfare."—" O, you are a
" provoking devil! yet you cannot convince me, but
" it was my dear perſon, that was your principal mo-
" tive for entering into the marriage yoke. If I
" thought otherwiſe, it ſhould be my ſole delight to
" torment you during the remainder of your con-
" nubial warfare."—" Now you begin to threaten me,
" but I will wage no war with ſuch a determined vi-
" rago."—" Thus, ladies," returns Mrs. Tulip, laughing, " you ſee the behaviour of thoſe impudent
" creatures. Prior to marriage, they are fawning to
" a degree of ſervility; but after the happy knot is
" tied, they are overbearing to a degree of tyranny.
" If I were to marry again, I would poſitively have it
" inſerted in our contracting articles, that my turtle
" ſhould never ſpeak without my previous leave."—
" Such an injunction, Madam," obſerves Mr. Welman, " would be an inſufferable hardſhip, and pro-
" bably the petitions for leave, might actually be more
" irkſome than any occaſional petulance, which he
" might be ſo incautious as to exerciſe. The matri-
" monial bond is a very cloſe one; it is the union of
" two rational beings in a mutual contract for life.
" This weighty conſideration ſhould make them par-
" ticularly obſervant of thoſe duties, which they owe
" to each other. A very little attention will convince
" them, there are many things in the behaviour of
" both, which require forgiveneſs. If the huſband
" marry for love, he is ſoon convinced, that his part-
" ner is not all perfection. If he marry for money,
" however his avarice may be gratified, he is often
" compelled to connive at many imperfections, to ſuffer
" the uneaſineſs of reſtleſs caprice, which is the juſt
" reward of his mercenary ſacrifice. The caſe is
" ſimilar with the wife; a mutual forbearance is in-

" diſpenſably

" diſpenſably neceſſary in the matrimonial yoke. The " huſband ſhould conſider, he has married a woman, " and not an angel, and to inſure a certain degree of " happineſs, ſhould pardon, when he might condemn; " ſhould ſometimes command, but never tyrannize. " Let him be aſſured, that woman lives not, who " will not be ſooner gained by complaiſance and af- " fability, than by moroſeneſs and ill-nature."— " Pray, Welman," ſays the Captain, where have you " learned this ſentimental lecture? Take my advice, " go preach the ſame doctrine to Miſs Gray. The " congeniality of your diſpoſitions will ſoon form an " union."—" Indeed, Captain Tulip," obſerves Miſs Welman, " however contemptible you may ſuppoſe " the underſtanding of women to be, it behoves us to " ſtand up in the defence of our natural rights. If you " treat us like puppets, and think we are to be moved " by a mechanical motion, and that motion directed " by unfeeling maſters, you muſt expect to meet with " diſdain, inſtead of affection, and experience diſap- " pointment, but never love."—" Upon my word, Cor- " ner," returns the Captain, " I muſt ſound a retreat; " the conflict becomes too warm, and I have no ſecond " in the unequal conteſt, for you are as mute as any " dying ſwain in the kingdom."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XV.

THE imputation of ingratitude corroded the peace of Mr. Welman. He frequently framed the reſolution to attempt a vindication, and as often retracted it. The reflection, that he was ſtigmatized by the man he eſteemed moſt, gave him much real uneaſineſs. He clearly perceived, that Sir Archibald was miſinformed, that ſome perſon, through a malicious deſign, had abuſed his confidence, poſſeſſed him with an idea, that he was unworthy of his friendſhip; and what was moſt grating, he conceived that the worthy Baronet deſpiſed his connection. Tortured with theſe diſagreeable reflections, and fabricating many an ideal ſcheme, to exculpate himſelf from the heinous charge, he found himſelf to be more nearly intereſted, than he lately ſuſpected, in a ſpeedy reconciliation with his amiable neighbour. He knew his temper was forgiving, his underſtanding clear, and thought he ſhould have no difficulty in convincing him, that the charge was groundleſs, if he were permitted to plead his own cauſe. But he was totally ignorant of what had paſſed at Stanner Caſtle, ſince Sir Archibald had unjuſtly accuſed him. All communication betwixt the families had ceaſed from that day. The high ſenſe of honour, by which the Baronet regulated his conduct, prevented him from making any advances towards a reconciliation with a perſon, by whom he ſuppoſed he had been injured. He was conſcious of that candour and ingenuouſneſs in his friend, that if he had been convinced, he had made a falſe imputation, he would immediately have acknowledged his error. In this perplexing uncertainty he knew not how to act. He had no intimate to conſult. His ſiſter ſympathized with him, but reſented his ungenerous treatment. She had never ſeen Miſs Gray, ſhe had never attempted to ſee her, ſince ſhe knew that her brother was accuſed

cuſed of diſingenuous behaviour. She believed his aſſertion, and confided in his innocence. She adviſed him with earneſtneſs to wait with patience, and let the firſt advance to a renewal of their friendly intercourſe, come from that quarter, by which it was at firſt interrupted. When that was once done, let the whole be forgotten, and buried in oblivion.

Her counſel was good. He loved his ſiſter, and reſpected her advice, but ſhe little knew the unhappy ſtate of his mind. His wonted peace was fled. His former tranquillity which he had hitherto enjoyed, was broken and deſtroyed. He was a ſtranger till of late, to the bias of his own heart. While friendſhip ſubſiſted between the families, and he was admitted to a familiar converſation with each individual of his amiable neighbours, he was moſtly unconſcious of that paſſion, which was lurking in his boſom. No ſooner was he prohibited from ſeeing and converſing with the object of his affections, than he perceived there was a dormant cauſe, which would create him the moſt pungent anxiety. For ſome time he was ſilent under the preſſure of his recent affliction. But obſerving it increaſe, and that inactivity would never liberate him from it; he formed a reſolution to ſee the object of his deſire, and hoped from the amiability of her diſpoſition, that ſhe would have no pleaſure in adding to his ſorrow. This determination he communicated to his ſiſter, and intreated her aſſiſtance to procure an interview. Though ſhe pitied his caſe, ſhe abſolutely denied his requeſt.

Perceiving he muſt ſolely rely upon his own efforts to extricate himſelf from his preſent difficulties, he determined to have an interview with Miſs Gray. He was perfectly acquainted with her favourite walks. He knew ſhe frequently retreated into the thickeſt ſhades of the plantations, and there amuſed herſelf for hours in the peruſal of her favourite authors. But, then, he likewiſe knew, ſhe was ſeldom unattended. He might be diſcovered in theſe attempts, and this would convince Sir Archibald, not only of his ingratitude, but alſo of his duplicity. He had denied the charge,

charge, he had disavowed the accusation, and to be detected in the lady's company, or to be seen in any place, which might create a suspicion, that he desired to see her, would infallibly ruin him in the Baronet's opinion. He sometimes thought of soliciting his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, but even this, he objected to, as it would confirm a pre-conceived opinion, and be an open declaration of what he had so recently denied.

Being determined on a private interview, he often retired, at her wonted hours of walking to those sequestered haunts, where he knew she delighted to meditate. He was often unsuccessful, and went away disappointed. One evening as he wandered among the trees, and explored every avenue, whilst the sun shot his golden beams through the clusters of the branches, which partial light cast a deeper brown on the neighbouring shades, he espied his beloved Lucy, sitting in an arbour, and reading with the utmost attention. Though desirous of an interview, which he had sought for some time with the greatest anxiety, and on the issue of which, he ultimately grounded his hopes of future happiness; he saw that interview within his reach,—he saw the object, on whom centered all his hopes, and all his wishes, whilst irresolute, and timid, he looked upon her, and sighed at a distance. He stood for some time, and was afraid to approach her. He blamed his present timidity, he saw the folly of such conduct, but he could not master it, or emancipate himself from the shackles of pervading fear. Ashamed of such backwardness, and dreading to lose so favourable an opportunity, he advanced to within a few yards of the place, where she was sitting. Intent upon her book, she beheld him not. She was dressed in a white muslin robe. Her flaxen hair hung in loose curls upon her neck. An opening rose bud blushed upon her bosom. He gazed—he admired—he sighed. He advanced nearer —She raised her eyes. A crimson blush overspread her countenance——she rose from her seat, saying, "Mr. Welman!" She cast her eyes upon the ground,

and

and a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued. She cloſed the book and prepared to depart. This rouſed him from his lethargy and he ſaid, "may I preſume to enquire, what author has been employing your thoughts?"——"It is, Sir, a French edition of Pliny's Epiſtles. But may I preſume to enquire, Mr. Welman, what has brought you hither?"—"I have Madam, a moſt preſſing motive.—No leſs, believe me, than to ſee yourſelf."—"That, Sir, is no novelty."—"It has of late been ſuch a novelty, that I find myſelf extremely happy in the preſent gratification."—"You chuſe to be complimentary, Mr. Welman, this evening,"—"I chuſe, Madam, to ſpeak truth. I have ſought this interview with anxiety, and ſhould be ſorry to pervert it by unneceſſary trifling, or unmeaning compliment. Some perſon, through malice, or inconſideration, has abuſed the confidence of your worthy father. He has accuſed me of ingratitude. This accuſation has driven me from your company, and convinced me how dearly I love you."—"Mr. Welman! not a word more on that ſubject."—"O why, why, my dear Miſs Gray?"—"I have promiſed my father, and that promiſe I muſt ſolemnly obey, that if ever you mentioned one word on the ſubject, I would immediately refer you to him. His approbation ſhall regulate my conduct. At preſent you have incurred his diſpleaſure, and I think, you ought not to be ſeen here."—"I know, Madam, I have incurred your father's diſpleaſure, but how, I am at a loſs to conjecture. This is the firſt time, I ever declared that I loved you. The declaration has made me happy. It has ſomewhat alleviated that heavy load of grief, by which I was oppreſſed. Nay, frown not, ſay, you hate me,—ſay you will never liſten to my paſſion—ſay, you will ſooner die, than be mine, and denounce my unhappy fate. For I am not only unhappy, but miſerable."—"Mr. Welman, you know what I have promiſed. Would you compel me to break that promiſe? Would you oblige me to falſify my word to the beſt of pa-

"rents?

" rents? I muſt be gone." " No, no, my angel, ſtop. " Do not plunge me, by thus leaving me, into the " abyſs of deſpair. I am already, believe me, miſe- " rable enough." He took her gently by the hand. She drew it from him, and looking him ſteadfaſtly in the face, ſaid, " Mr. Welman!" Their eyes were the beſt interpreters of their preſent feelings.—The glow of ſympathy was viſible in both their countenances. Again he took her hand, and gently preſſing it, ſaid, " ſhall I be miſerable! My happineſs, or miſery, is in " your power." She was ſilent—her eyes fixed upon the ground. Their confuſion was reciprocal, and in his attempts to ſpeak, his words faultered, and were quite inarticulate. He preſſed her hand—ſhe drew it away. " Mr. Welman! I muſt begone. My " duty will be impeached a ſecond time. You know " already, and I have declared to you I can liſten to " you no longer."—" But my dear Miſs Gray, may " I hope, you will not deſpiſe me! May I expect " another interview!"—" No, Sir, not of this kind. " I truſted you had more diſcretion, than thus to en- " deavour to make me undutiful. I love my parents, " and no conſideration, no attachment in life, ſhall " compel me, to deviate from that duty, which I " owe, and ought invariably to pay them."—" I " honour your parents, Madam, and if it were not " too preſumptuous—O forgive me, when I ſay it, I " ſhall know no happineſs, till I can call them mine!" Again, ſhe caſt her eyes upon his face, and there read in very legible characters, the agitation of his mind. She made no reply and he continued. " This decla- " ration of my love has mitigated my diſtreſs. I " have long, previous to this hour, been actually un- " happy; been tormented with ſuſpence, and lately " overwhelmed with deſpair. This has produced my " preſent reſolution. You now know my paſſion, and " may I hope, you will not deſpiſe me for it?"—— " I ſhall not deſpiſe you, be aſſured; but I cannot " approve the manner you have taken to declare it. " You ſeem to be aſhamed of the object, who has " gained your affection; you ſeek her out by ſtealth,

" and

" and in ſecret"—" O! rack me not with ſuch " uncharitable reflections. I knew not how to act, " I acknowledge the impropriety of my preſent avowal, " but your father drove me to it."—" The acknow- " ledgment of an error is a ſure ſymptom of amend- " ment. Will you therefore promiſe, to touch no " more upon this ſubject, till you have obtained my " father's permiſſion."—" Yes, my angel, I promiſe " you moſt ſolemnly, I will be guided by your pru- " dence, not only in this affair, the moſt important of " my life, but in all others, in which you will con- " deſcend to direct me."—" Remember your pro- " miſe, Sir, and take heed you do not violate it. " Your preſent demeanor demands an apology, both " on the ſcore of friendſhip, and of love."—" Believe " me, Madam, I am willing—I am anxious to make " any you may require. Friendſhip may require one, " but love demands no other than this,"—at the ſame time ſaluting her,—" and thus, my life, I make " my apology." Though novel, and unexpected, it was not unwelcome. She was above diſſimulation, and attempted not to frown, when ſhe was not diſ- pleaſed. He held her cloſe enlocked in his embraces. They were both ſilent, and ſeemed for a while to for- get their ſituation.

From this ſweet and pleaſing reverie, they were arouſed by a very unwelcome intruſion. Sir Archi- bald and Lady Gray, with Mr. Bruce and his Lord- ſhip, had ſtrayed into the wood in ſearch of the youth- ful wanderer. They had advanced unperceived, within a few yards of the arbour. They heard diſ- tinctly the laſt aſſeverations of Mr. Welman, and were not a little ſurprized at his preſumptuous famili- arity. Sir Archibald approached, and ſaid, " Mr. " Welman!" the agreeable trance was broken in an inſtant. Looking round, they were covered with confuſion; their eyes wandered, and found no object on which to fix. The Baronet, calm and ſteady in all his actions, ſaid, " Your ingratitude, Sir, which " you endeavoured to palliate, is now apparent. " Your duplicity, which you attempted to excuſe, is

" demon-

" demonſtrated, and your diſhonourable behaviour
" will admit of no palliation. I think I have not de-
" ſerved this from you. If your intentions were ho-
" nourable, and my daughter the object of your af-
" fections, what prevented you from acquainting her
" parents with your deſigns? If it was your deter-
" mination to be connected with my family, and ſuch
" a connection would not have diſgraced you, what
" hindered you from informing me of your reſoluti-
" on? If you loved my child, and was not aſhamed
" of your paſſion, what impediment deterred you
" from apprizing me of your intentions? She was
" always dutiful, but you have polluted her mind.
" You have poiſoned her good reſolutions, and taught
" her to diſregard her parents. You have been aſſi-
" duous to lead her aſtray. You have perverted her
" from the path of diſcretion, and ſucceeded in
" your wicked ſchemes. O, Welman! you have
" deceived me. You have injured me in a tender
" point. I think I have not deſerved it from you.
" You Lucy, have been undutiful; I believe, at leaſt
" I hope, this is the only inſtance of your folly. I
" hope you will never more ſee that ungrateful youth,
" till he repent of his baſeneſs."—" O, Sir, may I
" preſume"—" Not a ſyllable, Sir, you have already
" proteſted, and by that inſidious proteſtation, you
" have deceived me."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE are ſome inſtances wherein a little indiſcretion is almoſt unpardonable. Though no previous deſign was apparent, no ill intention diſcovered, the effects of ſome actions are productive of much uneaſineſs and diſcontent. A little conſideration would often remedy, or prevent this evil. The longer it is ſuffered to continue, the more inveterate it grows, and what at firſt was a trivial circumſtance, may become a very ſerious affair. One incident adds to another, and not unfrequently confirms ſuſpicion in a preconceived opinion. When opinion is once corroborated by an unexpected fact, when it is ſtrengthened by ocular demonſtration, though only true in part, it readily believes as inconteſtible realities, what it had conceived as imaginary phantoms. Thus ſuſpicions are realized, and officious informations confirmed. Thus indiſcretion, the offspring of thoughtleſſneſs, too often continues, till it become criminal, and what was performed unintentionally, may create much future diſquiet. It is often eaſy to diſcern what is improper, and not difficult to avoid it: but ſometimes improprieties will occur, which require an indulgent interpretation. This is not always afforded to the agent, and thus he incurs, in the opinion of ſome, a degree of culpability. It is certainly a difficult taſk, for a young man, to ſteer his courſe, unblameably and innocently, through that cumbrous load of formalities, which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in the different ranks of life. A trivial indecorum may be too much reprehended, while a real fault may be rewarded with applauſe.

In many inſtances, it is eaſy to be deceived, and eaſier to be impoſed on. A good diſpoſition, a benevolent heart, conſcious of the uprightneſs of their own intentions, behold any deviation from the path of

of rectitude, as a crime of the deepeſt dye. What is occaſional, is too often conſtrued into deſign. Hence experience demonſtrates, that not unfrequently the ſtricteſt friendſhip is divided by an innocent occurrence; and friendſhip will haſtily conceive an enmity, which future time, and the moſt amicable interference, will never effectually conciliate.

When Sir Archibald, and his party, arrived at Stanner Caſtle, for Mr. Welman had ſlunk from their preſence like an impleaded convict, they entered the drawing-room. The Baronet obligingly deſired all to be ſeated, except his lovely daughter. She ſtood before him, trembling with fear, and agitated with ſorrow. Her downcaſt eyes were fixed upon the floor, and ſhe ventured not to raiſe them to look upon her indignant parent. The perturbation of her mind had flufhed her cheek with crimſon, and thrown an additional beauty over the preſent compoſure of her features. "Lucy," ſays Sir Archibald, "will you "be ſo ingenuous, as to anſwer me, without prevarication, a few plain queſtions?"—"Yes, Sir, indeed I will, I never deceived my parents, I never "wiſhed to deceive them, nor will I attempt to deceive you in this inſtance."—"Did you meet Mr. "Welman to-day by appointment?"—"Upon my "honor, Sir, I did not."—"Have you ever ſeen him, "ſince the laſt time I ſpoke to you, and cenſured his "demeanour?"—"I have not, indeed, Sir."—"Have you ſince that day, heard from him, either by "meſſage or by letter?"—"No, Sir."—"Have you "ſeen Miſs Welman, or have you received any meſſage from her?"—"I have neither ſeen her, nor received any meſſage from her."—"This is ſurpriſing, "but take care, Lucy, you do not prevaricate. You "recollect, you told me, the only time I ſpoke to you "upon the buſineſs, that Mr. Welman had never "ſpoken to you on the ſubject of love, has he this day "touched upon that topic? My queſtion is plain and "candid, I expect your anſwer will be ſo too."—"I "ſaid juſt now, Sir, I would not even attempt to deceive you in this inſtance, and I hope you will credit

" the aſſertion. Mr. Welman has this day declared " his intentions very openly and ingenuouſly. I could " not avoid hearing him, but exacted a promiſe, that " he would never preſume to mention the ſubject " more, till he had firſt obtained your permiſſion."— " Take heed, Lucy, what you ſay, be not diſingenuous, " I would rather have you diſobedient, than have you " a liar."—" Here, my honoured father, upon my " bended knees, I ſolemnly aver, that every word I " have ſpoken is the real truth. Let me not riſe from " this ſupplicating poſition, without you are thoroughly " convinced of my innocence. I am neither diſo- " bedient, nor am I a liar. What I have heard, I was " obliged to hear, and in ſuch an exigence, I hope no " guilt will append to me." Sir Archibald looked at his lady, who ſaid, " as I never had any cauſe to " ſuſpect the veracity of my child, I am willing to be- " lieve her in this inſtance. There is a degree of cul- " pability in the caſe, but I hope her deportment has " merited no part of it."—" Riſe, Lucy," ſays the Baronet, " I think you have exculpated yourſelf from " the charge of diſobedience. It is poſſible, a perſon " may be ſurpriſed into an act of impropriety. In ſuch " an inſtance, there is no blame. It is even probable, " this may frequently recur. But the leaſt ſuſpicious, " will be apt to ſuppoſe in this caſe, there was deſign, " more than incident; contrivance, more than chance. " You know, Lucy, I have been ſubject to impoſi- " tions. The artful and the wicked, have ſometimes " deceived me. I hope your obſervations on the in- " famy of ſuch conduct, will have its proper effect on " your determinations. I hope you will contemplate " ſuch abominable practices, and profit by your know- " ledge of them. It is eaſy to imitate, it is eaſy to " cenſure them; but to reprobate them with ſuch a " reſolution, to deſpiſe them with ſuch a becoming " fortitude, as to amend our own lives by the depra- " vity of ſuch examples, is a piece of chriſtian heroiſm, " not always practiſed by the world. I hope, Lucy, " you will ever remember, there is an hereafter. I " hope you will always recollect, in every occurrence

" of

" of your life, as well in the moſt trivial, as in the " moſt important, the inſtructions you have received " from your parents. You will find them verified in " the page of ſacred ſtory. Let theſe teach you what " you owe to thoſe who gave you being; who watched " over you with unceaſing care, in the helpleſs years " of infancy; who with diligence and affection have " tenderly led you up to maturity, and pointed out the " path in which you ought to move. Let theſe have " their due weight on your mind, and you will ſeldom " deviate from the line of your duty." He ended, and Miſs Gray ſtepping to her parents, affectionately kiſſed them both, ſaying, " God bleſs my papa and mama, " if I have erred, I have erred unintentionally, and " therefore hope I may implore forgiveneſs." They each took her by the hand, and Lady Gray ſaid, " Lucy, you are our only child. We are advancing " into the vale of years. Our chiefeſt ſolace depends " on you. I hope you will not willingly deſtroy that " peace of mind, which we have enjoyed in thoſe days, " when your diſobedience was no fault. You can " now diſtinguiſh betwixt virtue and vice, betwixt " right and wrong. Therefore, remember, my child, " and let my words make a due impreſſion on your " mind. Our happineſs in this world, depends upon " the choice you make. I hope you will not attempt " to overwhelm us with ſorrow, nor cloud the remain- " der of our days with the darkeſt ſhade of grief. We " love you tenderly, Lucy, therefore let it not be " your ſtudy, that when our grey hairs come, if they " ever come, to tinge them with affliction, and bring " them to the grave with ſorrow." Miſs Gray concealed the emotions of her heart on her mother's boſom. It was too full for utterance: her Ladyſhip wiped away the tears which trickled down her chee Sir Archibald turned to the window, then lookin Mr. Bruce, they both walked out of the room.

After Miſs Gray was recovered from thoſe ſi tions, which agitated her mind, ſhe was ſeat mama. After a pauſe of ſome minutes, his who had been a ſilent ſpectator of the affec

ſaid, "Upon my word, ladies, you have almoſt made "me weep. You have brought into my mind, the "admonitions of a dying parent, which I hope I ſhall "never forget. But, Miſs Gray, it is ſomewhat odd, "that Mr. Welman ſhould make love to you, whether "you would or not. Could you not have run-away?" The impertinence of the queſtion, excited a ſmile on the placid countenance of the young lady, but no reply. "But, to be ſure," continued he, "if the gen-"tleman held you faſt, you were then"—"At ano-"ther opportunity," replies Lady Gray, "I ſhall "thank you for your comments. At preſent, my "Lord, I ſhall beg the favor of you to deſiſt."

The two gentlemen had walked into the garden, and were deliberating on the conduct of Mr. Welman. Sir Archibald obſerved, "I never could have believed "that Mr. Welman would have behaved with incon-"ſiſtency. He has deceived me in every part of his "character. He was always thoughtful and ſerious, "but I never concluded he was artful and deſigning. "I always ſuppoſed him to be open, candid, and in-"genuous; but I never ſuſpected he was diſſembling, "and hypocritical. He always pretended to regard "me, as his father, and I was unſuſpicious enough "to believe him; but it is a bad ſymptom of a dutiful "ſon, to endeavour to ſeduce my daughter. This "opinion may be uncharitable, it may be falſe, but "the incidents which have lately happened, will ſuf-"ficiently corroborate it. Yet I hope, he cannot "have the audacity, he can never be ſo accompliſhed "a villain, as to wiſh to ſeduce her from the paths of "virtue, though he may from the path of duty. Even "this is unjuſtifiable, it is infamous in a man, who I "have eſteemed and nurtured as my own ſon. It is evident, he is aſhamed of a regular connection, or he ould not have acted in this clandeſtine manner. I nothing to vindicate his conduct, and muſt con- him to be;——I feel myſelf grow warm. Mr. e, what would you adviſe me to do in the bu-

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" It is a very delicate point, Sir. Mr. Welman is " undoubtedly reprehenſible. I can ſee no cauſe for " his illicit practices, except a youthful baſhfulneſs. " This may have prevented him from acquainting you " with his deſign, in that regular order, which pru- " dence would have dictated; and therefore he de- " termined to make his firſt appeal to the affections of " the lady. I am perfectly convinced of the inno- " cence of your daughter. I am certain, ſhe wiſhes " not to deceive you. The future behaviour of Mr. " Welman muſt determine your opinion of him. I " think he has not a bad heart, and hope he has deviated " unintentionally from that propriety of conduct, which " he will cheerfully condemn, when he ſees the incon- " ſiſtency with which he has demeaned himſelf. At " preſent, the beſt method to diſcover his real inten- " tions, will be to leave his future operations totally " to himſelf. By this conduct in you, he will be al- " together unembarraſſed. And according as he com- " ports himſelf, his guilt, or his innocence, will be " manifeſted. To expoſtulate with him on the oc- " caſion, if he have any ſiniſter deſign in agitation, " will only make him more circumſpect. Therefore, " to ſeem indifferent about the matter, and leave Miſs " Gray at her uſual liberty, confiding in her integrity, " will probably be the readieſt mean to unravel the " myſtery."—" I ſhall follow your advice," returns Sir Archibald, " in this inſtance, becauſe I think it juſt " and rational."

The ladies now advanced, accompanied by Captain Tulip, and Captain Corner, who had come to invite the family to dine at Tulip-houſe, on Thurſday next. Having accepted of the invitation, they walked for ſome time indiſcriminately among the paths of the ſhrubbery. Captain Corner, as uſual, attached himſelf to Miſs Gray, and while ſhe expatiated on the opening beauties, and delicious fragrance of the flowering ſhrubs, he ſaid, " if it were not for the pleaſure " they yielded her, and the judicious remarks ſhe had " made on their latent qualities, they were not worthy " of the leaſt attention." She curtſied to his compli-

ment,

ment, but ſmiling, replied, "ſhe wondered at his "want of taſte, in the midſt of ſuch natural gaiety." —"You need not wonder, Madam, that I do not ad- "mire the beauty of theſe flowers, when you are pre- "ſent. It would be miſapplying my admiration."— "You gentlemen, who are accuſtomed to mingle in "all the buſtle of life, are ſo prone to praiſe and flat- "ter, that it becomes familiar, and you are not ſen- "ſible when you are guilty of the crime."—"Guilty "of the crime, Madam!" laying his hand upon his heart, "upon my ſoul, I adore you." She eyed him with a ſteady look, and pointing with her finger to the heavens, ſaid, "there, Sir, pay your adoration. No "mortal can be worthy of it." She walked haſtily from him. He ſeemed to be ſomewhat confounded, but recovering from his ſurprize, immediately joined the company.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVII.

IF Mr. Welman was unhappy from the firſt accuſation of Sir Archibald, he was doubly ſo from the late unfortunate detection. He was conſcious of having acted with a ſeeming duplicity, though he had no ſuch inſidious deſign. He ſaw he had forfeited the good opinion of one of the worthieſt of men, without a ſettled intention of incurring his diſpleaſure. He knew the many obligations he was under to his honoured friend, was ever anxious to acknowledge them, and fearful of diſobliging his candid beneſactor; yet by a trifling inattention to that propriety of conduct, which prudence will ever exact, he had deſervedly brought upon himſelf ſuſpicion and diſeſteem. This reflection was corroding. He condemned his apparent folly, and wiſhed to retrieve the good opinion of the Baronet, which he held in its true eſtimation.

In this dilemma, racked with diſcontent and tortured with deſpair, he frankly unboſomed himſelf to his amiable ſiſter. She freely repreheaded his raſhneſs, though ſhe ſmiled at the motive which had induced it. "She is worthy of your love, brother, "worthy of all your attention, but you have acted "improperly. You have certainly intruſted ſome in- "diſcreet perſon with the ſecret of your paſſion, and "he has divulged it to your prejudice."—"No, "believe me, I never did, Siſter, this is what amazes "me Sir Archibald told me, he was informed of "my attachment to his daughter. His information "confounds me. But what, Siſter, would you ad- "viſe me to do in this unlucky exigence? Shall I "go and confeſs my error?" Will you go, and plead "my apology? Or ſhall I ſolicit the friendly inter- "ference of Mr. Bruce?"—"I would, Brother, "were I able, adviſe you to the moſt eligible ſcheme.

"Should

" Should you go, you would aſſuredly ſuffer ſome " mortification, either from the obſervations, or the " diſreſpect of her incenſed parents: this would be " diſagreeable to you. Should I go, the ſeverity of " their remarks on your manifeſt indiſcretion, might " inflame the irritability of my temper to ſuch a de- " gree, as might provoke me to retort with ſome haſty " and unbecoming expreſſions, by which the breach " would infallibly be made wider. To apply to Mr. " Bruce for his friendly mediation, would be confeſ- " ſing your own inability for the taſk. He is a good " man, and his benevolence univerſal, but let his in- " terference be a reſource, when your own applica- " tion has failed. My advice is, ſit down immedi- " ately, rack your genius for the moſt proper ex- " preſſions, and frame an apology for your late incon- " ſiſtency. Write to him with ſubmiſſion, tinctured " with dignity, with humility for having acted wrong, " but without any meanneſs, which would demon- " ſtrate a degenerate mind. Reſtore me to the com- " pany of my dear Lucy, or I ſhall not readily pro- " nounce your pardon."—" Upon my word, Siſter, " you are a perfect caſuiſt, and whether your dicta- " torial advice ſucceed or not, I ſhall follow it in this " inſtance; therefore, Madam, with all deference, " I beg the pleaſure of your abſence." He immedi- ately began, and wrote the following letter:

To Sir ARCHIBALD GRAY,
STANNER CASTLE, BART.

' SIR,

' HAVING long experienced the favour of your ' friendſhip, I am ſorry, that any part of my conduct ' ſhould have induced you to alter your opinion. ' You have known me long. I have endeavoured to ' regulate my actions by your precepts. I have at- ' tempted, as far as my humble capacity was able, to ' tread in the path, which your admonitions and ex- ' ample, have pointed out to me. I hope, I have not

' been

'been altogether unſucceſsful. You have applauded
'my diligence, you have recommended my regularity.
'They ſhall terminate, though hereafter I be deprived
'of the ſource, to which I am ſolely indebted for
'their origin. I owe this to myſelf, and at the ſame
'time frankly acknowledge your corrective care. I
'am not ungrateful, I never was ſo, and whilſt I am
'a ſojourner in this probationary ſtate, I hope I never
'will be. It is a rank weed. It grows in many a
'clime. It is contrived, and practiſed, but never
'owned. The deformity of the vice is ſo hideous,
'the depravity of the mind which hatches it is ſo in-
'fernal, that the myriads who daily practiſe it, are
'always aſhamed to own its influence. No condem-
'nation of the vice, however vehement, will excul-
'pate the perſon who is guilty of it. This is one of
'thoſe inconſiſtencies ſo frequently to be met with
'among mankind. Few are ſo ingenuous as to ac-
'knowledge an error, though multitudes are daily
'arraigned for the commiſſion. The candour I have
'imbibed from your inſtructions, the prudence you
'always inculcated, compel to me own, with
'ſome degree of ſhame, that I have erred in my de-
'portment towards you. But I hope, my error is
'pardonable. It proceeded not from any fixed de-
'ſign, it originated not from any malevolent inten-
'tion, by which I meaned to convey either inſult or
'diſreſpect. Far be ſuch thoughts from me. Indiſ-
'cretion alone was the ſource of my conduct; I now
'ſee it in its proper light, and lament the weakneſs
'which complied with any of its ſuggeſtions. I con-
'feſs, I have long felt the power of Miſs Gray's ac-
'compliſhments; and what I now diſcover, ought, in
'propriety, to have been diſcovered a little ſooner.
'Believe me, honoured Sir, it was more baſhfulneſs
'that deterred me from apprizing you of my unhappy
'ſtate. For unhappy I have long been, and long
'muſt I continue ſo, without you condeſcend to for-
'give my indiſcretion, and reſtore me to your for-
'mer favor and friendſhip. Whether you deem me
'worthy of a nearer connection, than that in which

'we have hitherto lived, I ſhall not now take upon 'me to determine; but this I am certain of, without 'your forgiveneſs, my future days will be embittered 'with the gloom of anguiſh, and the undying pang 'of diſcontent. Only canvaſs my conduct, in this 'unlucky inſtance, with your accuſtomed liberality, 'and ſurely you will not utterly reprobate an un-'happy youth, who eſteems, loves, and honours 'you.

I am,
revered Sir,
Your unfortunate Friend,
J. WELMAN."

Having finiſhed his letter, and aſked his ſiſter's opinion of its contents, ſhe ſaid, " indeed, brother, " you are in ſome parts of it too ſubmiſſive, yet if it " have the deſired effect of accompliſhing a reconci-" liation, I ſhall acknowledge you a complete maſter " of epiſtolary compoſition. Let it be ſealed, and " ſent by your own ſervant."

When Sir Archibald received the letter, he was in the drawing room, with Lady Gray and Mr. Bruce. " Where does it come from," ſays he, as the ſervant preſented it —" It was brought by Mr. Wel-" man's ſervant."—" From Mr. Welman!" exclaimed the Baronet, " it is his, I know his writing." —" Indeed, Sir," ſays Lady Gray, " I think this " aſſurance in Mr. Welman, altogether unpardona-" ble. He meditated and practiſed an inſult on the " family, and now he writes, either to juſtify or " palliate his conduct. Whatever be the motive of " his writing, or the ſubject of his letter, I am " clearly of opinion, it ought to be returned to him " unopened "—" Indeed, my dear," replies Sir " Archibald, " I coincide with you perfectly in this " inſtance. The opening and peruſing this letter, is " paying more reſpect to Mr. Welman than his con-" temptuous behaviour deſerves. What think you, " Mr Bruce?"—" Since you are ſo condeſcending, " as to aſk my opinion on this very delicate ſubject, " I ſhall

" I ſhall give it without heſitation, and hope you will " excuſe me, if I don't acquieſce with your preſent " deciſion. Mr. Welman is a young gentleman, " you have long eſteemed as your own ſon. He " was long deemed worthy of this eſteem. He has " erred moſt egregiouſly, but ſtill his error is par- " donable. To deny him a perſonal addreſs, to re- " fuſe to read his ſentiments in a friendly epiſtle, is " abſolutely depriving him of every method, by which " he can exculpate himſelf. I think it juſt, Madam, " I think it equitable to hear his apology. If he at- " tempt a vindication, I ſhall be afraid of his peni- " tence. If he confeſs his indiſcretion, he is already " what you could wiſh him, ſufficiently tormented " for his folly, and capable of amendment. Hence, " Sir, I conclude, you ought to read his letter, whe- " ther you anſwer it or not." The opinions of this worthy clergyman, were always received with deference by this amiable family. The letter was opened, and candidly peruſed. The ſentiments which it contained declared expreſsly the contrition of his mind. Sir Archibald ſaid, " I am happy I " did not return this letter unopened."—" It is pro- " bable, Sir," obſerves Lady Gray, " his recanta- " tion may not be real."—" I hope not, my dear, " let us not be illiberal. He is a young man; the " impetuoſity of his paſſions, or the concluſions of " his judgment, may have led him aſtray. Now, " when he is ſenſible of his error, ſhall we refuſe to " admit of his repentance?"—" Very well, Sir," returns Lady Gray, " act as you pleaſe in this exi- " gence, and let not your credulity be impoſed on by " the artifice of this young man. I think he ought " to perform penance, before he be admitted again " into your confidence."—" That is exactly what " I propoſe myſelf. I mean not to write to him at " preſent. I mean not to acquaint him, that I am " thoroughly convinced of his penitence, but ſhall " by my ſilence and ſeeming diſregard, keep him in " ſuſpence, till he have ſufficiently teſtified his pre- " tended contrition."

Miſs

Miſs Gray entered, and being informed of the reception of a letter from Mr. Welman, a viſible emotion appeared on her countenance. The flutter of her ſpirits was apparent on her face. She grew pale, and faultered in her anſwer. The letter was given her to read; the contents of it ſerved greatly to compoſe her agitation, and ſhe ſaid, "I hope my "papa and mama will be ſo candid, as to conſtrue "his ſentiments in their literal meaning."—"So, "Lucy," replies Lady Gray, "Mr. Welman has "found an advocate to plead his cauſe." This obſervation, with the keenneſs of her mama's eyes, ſo totally diſconcerted the young lady, that ſhe was unable to make any reply. She coloured much—caſt her eyes upon the carpet, while the letter dropped from her hand. Her parents looked at one another with ſerious concern. They eaſily gueſſed the cauſe, but prudence interdicted an immediate diſcovery.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT too often happens, that a trifling miſunderſtanding between two individuals, will totally interrupt the convivial pleaſure of a whole company. A conſciouſneſs of miſbehaviour, or ill treatment, commands the ſilence of one party. Innocence and a conviction of the rectitude of his own intention, compel the other to a diſtant reſerve. Hence that ſullenneſs, which by a ſympathetic influence deſtroys the ſerenity of the multitude. It is always inconſiderate in any perſon to diſcover, in a mixed company, the leaſt ſymptom of diſcontent, or prejudice againſt any individual who is preſent. This, though directed againſt one, is an inſult to the whole. They aſſociated with the intention of participating of thoſe ſocial pleaſures, which reſult from the friendly intercourſe of ſeveral perſons. To be diſappointed of this intention, is not only diſagreeable, but afflictive to many. It deprives them of a real enjoyment. It too frequently obliges them to become parties in thoſe quarrels, which they were anxious to avoid, and in which they were no otherwiſe intereſted, than as acquintances or ſpectators, and who wiſhed to adviſe the principals to diſcontinue their antipathy. They are often miſtaken in their concluſions. They were not ſufficiently apprized of the feelings of their own minds. They frequently irritate, but ſeldom appeaſe, by an officious interference. And thus a whole neighbourhood becomes involved as parties, in the private miſunderſtandings of ſome litigious individuals.

This unhappy breach in the peace and quiet of contiguous families, will ſeldom happen, when prudence reſtrains a repetition of inſult, and good nature determines to ſuffer innocently, rather than by an unneceſſary vindication of particular incidents, involve the matter in inextricable difficulties. This endearing behaviour will ever enſure the applauſe of all who are capable

capable of determining between rudeneſs and complacency, between folly and civility.

When Sir Archibald and family arrived at Tulip Houſe, they were uſhered into the drawing-room. Here they were received by the owners of the manſion, and Mr and Miſs Welman. After the uſual ceremony, they were again ſeated. Miſs Gray and Miſs Welman looked at one another. Their eyes brightened with joy, and though they were ſilent, their mutual pleaſure was apparent to all the company. They had been longer ſeparated of late, than for many years before. This ſeparation was not voluntary. It was not the effect of caprice. It did not reſult from any pique, which too often has no other foundation than hearſay or whim. It aroſe from an act of impropriety, and was perpetuated by inconſideration.

The company was ſilent; their attention was attracted by the pleaſure which beamed on the countenances of the two young ladies. Their feelings were reciprocal. Miſs Gray looked at her mama—after a ſhort pauſe, ſhe aroſe from her ſeat. The motions of Miſs Welman were regulated by thoſe of her dear friend. Advancing a few paces, they ruſhed into the arms of each other. Lady Gray looked at the Baronet; he was ſedate and compoſed, eyeing the two lovely friends enlocked in the embraces of the fineſt ſenſibility. Lady Gray was moved. The emotions of Sir Archibald were viſible to the company. The young ladies, hand in hand, looked ſweetly on the face of one another—the tears trickled down their cheeks—they ſpoke not. Sir Archibald aroſe, approached the lovely friends, and taking the hand of each, kindly ſaid, "Friendſhip is a godlike pleaſure. "It evidently beſpeaks the goodneſs of the heart: "It is a virtue utterly unknown to the vicious, and "can only be enjoyed by thoſe, who are governed by uprightneſs of intention, and rectitude of "conduct. May your friendſhip be as laſting as your "years. May it be uninterrupted, either by the malevolence of deſign, or the event of any ſiniſter in-

"cident.

" cident. I ſay again, a bad heart can never be ſuſ-
" ceptible of the fine feelings of a real friendſhip."

He led them to the ſofa— they ſat down, over-powered with the exquiſite happineſs of the preſent moment. " Well, Sir Archibald," ſays Mrs Tulip, " laughing, is the curtain dropped at the concluſion of " the farce? I declare, I was utterly at a loſs, whe-" ther to laugh or weep at the tender emotions of the " pretty actors. Pray, ladies, do you play the ſame " delightful ſcene at every interview?"—" Frequently, " Madam," replies Miſs Gray. " The joy of two " youthful hearts, united by the ties of the tendereſt " friendſhip, will always overflow, and manifeſt itſelf " in an unexpected meeting, by the ſweeteſt feelings " of a warm ſenſibility."—" Indeed, Miſs Gray, I " ſcarcely comprehend your meaning, I am united in " a very ſtrict bond to my dear turtle. We are often " ſeparated. When I meet with him, after an ab-" ſence of ſome months, I am overjoyed to be ſure, " but then I gaze upon him, I laugh at my preſent " happineſs, and kindly chide his long abſence. As " for you, ladies, who enjoy the company of one ano-" ther every day, and at the next interview, can have " little to feel, and leſs to ſay, I think ſuch an exhi-" bition romantic in the extreme."—" Ah! Mrs Tulip," returns Miſs Welman, " I am afraid you have yet to " feel thoſe fine ſenſations, which are the genuine re-" ſult of a real friendſhip. To laugh is not the off-" ſpring of ſenſibility, however it may be of love."—" Indeed, Madam Sentiment," retorts Mrs. Tulip, " I always thought it a very great pity, that you two " ladies were not born two centuries ago, when chi-" valry was in all its glory. What pleaſure muſt have " accrued, when cloſely impriſoned in an enchanted " caſtle, and guarded by a monſtrous giant, a bold and " amorous knight-errant appeared before the gates, " and liberated the ſighing captive. What a ſubject " for tears, ſelings, and ſenſations!"—" Yes, Ma-dam," ſays Miſs Gray, " had we lived in thoſe days, " probably we might have ſailed with the torrent; but " as our lot has fallen in the preſent age, when hy-

" pocriſy

" pocriſy rears an unbluſhing front, and true friend-
" ſhip is ſcarcely known, we may deplore the un-
" happineſs of our deſtiny, and lament the degene-
" racy of thoſe days, when diſſimulation is a virtue,
" and avarice an accompliſhment." Mrs. Tulip co-loured, bit her lip, and was preparing a rebuke, when a gentleman was announced. He was introduced by Capt. Tulip, as a Rev. Mr. Taylor. He was about 30 years of age. He was tall and thin, with the look of mortification depicted on his countenance. He was a native of Worceſter; had been educated at Oxford, and was come to the North, to officiate as Curate in the pariſh of Middleford. He bowed reſpectfully, but aukwardly to all the company. His entrance concluded the converſation of the ladies, which ſeemed to be tending, by the ſarcaſtic obſervations of Mrs. Tulip, to a ſpeedy, and diſagreeable altercation.

A ſullen ſilence enſued for ſome minutes, when they were alarmed with a clamorous noiſe, which not only attracted the attention, but excited the curioſity of the company to diſcover whence it came. On going to the front of the houſe, they perceived a man, mounted on a grey galloway, coming towards them in a full gallop. He had loſt his hat and wig—was holding with one hand by the mane, and with the other by the crupper. When he came to the front door, where the company were ſtanding, the galloway ſtopped on a ſudden, and the rider was nearly unhorſed. Before the Captain had time to enquire the cauſe of his appearance, the gate which entered into the avenue, at the diſtance of three hundred yards from the houſe, flew open, and a numerous cavalcade proceeded forward. They heard diſtinctly, the ſound of muſic. The galloway ſnorted—pricked its ears, and looking around, it darted acroſs the lawn, as faſt as it could run. The rider frequently called out for help. But what with amazement, and what with laughing, no perſon attempted to relieve him from his danger. He ſcampered about the lawn, and about it, and the nearer the muſic approached, the faſter the galloway

galloway ran, till the rider growing dizzy by the fleetneſs of his courſer, loſt his hold of the mane, and fell furiouſly upon the ground. A loud laugh of diſcordant applauſe reſounded from the multitude. The young ladies ran towards the place where he was lying, and kindly enquired if he were any worſe. "Thank you, my good ladies, thank you, not much. "But I verily think, theſe curſed pipes will be the "death of John Dixon one day."—"What, John, "is it you?" ſays Miſs Gray. "I am heartily ſorry "for your misfortune. But what is the cauſe of all "this uproar?"—"The cauſe, my good lady, is this. "I was bringing a parcel of clothes, which I had "been mending for Captain Tulip's ſervants, and "the bundle being heavy, I thought proper to ride. "His Lordſhip was coming to dine with the Captain. "He brought his woful pipes with him, and as I paſſ-"ed him upon the road, was playing to his man Pa-"trick, that wonderful jig, to which the Kings of "Scotland always danced ſo merrily. The boys and "girls were ſhouting—Patrick was capering, and tru-"ly my galloway began to caper too. The more it "pranced, his Lordſhip played the harder, and ſaid, "he was glad to ſee my galloway was pleaſed with "fine muſic. Whether it was pleaſed, or terrified, "I cannot ſay, but off it went in a full gallop. Down "dropped my bundle—off flew my hat and wig—"the ſhouts roſe, and my galloway ran the faſter, "till loſing my ſight, and my arms being weary, I "tumbled off as you beheld me."

By this time, his Lordſhip was approached. He was equipped in his yellow coat. Patrick, with his hat under his arm, walked behind him. The merry rout of children, whom the muſic had collected, diſperſed when they ſaw the company. Mrs. Tulip, perceiving that John was more ſcared than hurt, deſired his Lordſhip to blow his chaunter. "Indeed, "madam," ſays John, as he ſat upon the graſs, "had "you heard as much of it as I have, you would not "wiſh to hear it again. It will certainly, one day, "be the end of John Dixon."—"Never fear, my

"good

" good fellow," ſays Mr. Taylor, "muſic has amaz-
" ing powers."—" And that I have felt to-day, Sir,"
replies John, " for it has made my galloway gallop,
" that has not galloped theſe fifteen years before."
His Lordſhip blew his chaunter, and ſerenaded the
company to the hall.

Mr. Bruce arrived a little before dinner. The officiouſneſs of Patrick in waiting upon his maſter, was viſible to all the company. Whenever he handed him a glaſs of wine, he did it with a low bow. Whenever he had occaſion to ſpeak to him, he was anſwered ſubmiſſively with, *yes, your honbur.* His maſter having drunk a glaſs of ale, held out the glaſs. Patrick being rather inattentive, was ſpoken to; when ſpringing forward to take the glaſs, his foot caught the carpet, and he fell plump with his head againſt his Lordſhip's ſhoulder. The impetuoſity of the ſhock drove him furiouſly upon the table, when the bottles and the glaſſes ſprang from beneath his weight with the utmoſt velocity. The wine flowed copiouſly upon the board; and whilſt the ladies were ſolely attentive to preſerve their apparel from the contaminating ſtream, and the gentlemen were in a roar of laughter, poor Patrick was upon his knees, behind his maſter's chair, imploring forgiveneſs in a tone of vociferation. His Lordſhip heard not one ſyllable of the petition. He was totally engroſſed in examining his fingers, which had ſuffered from the pointed fragments of the broken glaſſes. Patrick was importunate, and ceaſed not to ſolicit pardon, crying, in a ſtrain of lamentation, " Will your honor pardon my ſtumble?" The repetition of this queſtion, induced Lady Gray to ſay, " I hope your Lordſhip will deſire Patrick to ariſe."—" Ariſe, my Lady; where is he?" at the ſame inſtant, ſhoving his chair backwards to look for him, he threw the poor ſuppliant with a thwack upon the floor. The ſurprize of his Lordſhip, and the ſprawling of Patrick, contributed not a little to enhance the cheerfulneſs of the company. He aroſe from the carpet, ſcratching his head, and abaſhed at the adventure, which had ſolely accrued from a wiſh to exhibit his

ſuperior

ſuperior dexterity. He ſtood hanging his head, with his hands in his pockets, as aſhamed to look upon the company. Captain Corner obſerved, that the erect poſture of Patrick's attitudes, would undoubtedly enſure him, when he joined the regiment, to the place of a drill ſerjeant.

The ladies having retired, the gentlemen began to circulate the glaſs very briſkly. It was evidently the deſign of the two gentlemen of the ſword, to intoxicate the others. Mr. Bruce perceived their intention, and objected to the folly of the practice. "Pſha, pſha," ſays Captain Corner, "you a parſon, "and object to the pleaſure of drinking! If ever you "wiſh to wear lawn ſleeves, you muſt ſacrifice freely "with the juice of the grape."—"Bravo, bravo," exclaims Mr. Taylor, "this is real orthodox doc-"trine. I have known more parſons promoted from "drinking, and playing at back-gammon, than from "all the learning the two univerſities ever produced." "—"I never knew before, Sir," replies Mr. Bruce, addreſſing himſelf to the Captain, "that drinking "was requiſite towards the attainment of a mitre. "Nor am I yet convinced, Sir, of the validity of "your aſſertion, that drinking and back gammon are "expedients for obtaining preferment in the church. "Some inſtances may have occurred, where the in-"famy of the one practice, and the frivolity of the "other, may have recommended ſome worthleſs "claimants to the notice of more worthleſs patrons. "Theſe rare caſes will militate nothing againſt the "acknowledged utility of knowledge and erudition." "—O Sir," returns Mr. Taylor, "you know no-"thing of the world. Had you travelled over Eng-"land, viſited the univerſities, and made the obſer-"vations that I have, you would preſently alter your "opinion. You would ſee merit in obſcurity, learn-"ing deſpiſed, and nothing but vanity and oſtentation, "as the true paſsports to clerical preferment."—— "You give a ſorry deſcription, Sir, of the govern-"ment and miniſters of the eſtabliſhment. I hope it "is exaggerated either through diſappointment or

"incon-

" inconſideration, Our prelates, ever ſince the refor-
" mation have been diſtinguiſhed for their learning,
" piety, and regularity of conduct. Our dignified
" clergy have ever been erudite, ſober, and exempla-
" ry in their behaviour. Our inferior clergy, who
" are deſtined to bear the burden and heat of the day,
" are more intelligent, more liberal, and more chari-
" table in their opinions, than thoſe of any other
" church within the pale of chriſtianity. Theſe ob-
" ſervations, Sir, are the genuine reſult of an accu-
" rate ſurvey of the ſubject. I acknowledge, I have
" ſeen patronage improperly applied, but I never
" knew a profeſſed libertine, or an impudent debau-
" chee, who ever met with any thing but contempt,
" ſcorn, and deteſtation, from every rank of the com-
" munity."—" Very well, Mr. Bruce," ſays Captain
Corner, " notwithſtanding your elogium of ſobriety,
" ſtill you muſt confeſs, that the greateſt man who
" ever lived, was a profeſſed drinker."—" Who was
" that, Sir?"—" It was Alexander."—" He un-
" doubtedly," replies Mr. Bruce, " was a great man;
" and while he condeſcended to be a man, was cer-
" tainly to be ranked among the firſt of his ſpecies.
" But an uninterrupted courſe of ſucceſs was his ruin.
" His pride made him forget his humanity. His
" weakneſs in attempting to be adored as a god, re-
" duced him below the level of his kind. His
" ambition, which was boundleſs, made him ap-
" pear inferior to his competitor Darius, who frank-
" ly offered him one half of his kingdom. His abi-
" lity to take the whole, gave him no right to ſuch
" an infamous ſeizure. The horrid aſſaſſination of
" Darius, by thoſe who were entruſted with his ſe-
" curity, will ever be peruſed with pity, whilſt the
" immature death of the mighty conqueror of the
" world, in a ſenſeleſs fit of intoxication, will always
" be concluded as a happy event to the trembling ſons
" of mortality. Beſides, his greatneſs will ſuffer a
" wonderful diminution, when it is remembered,
" that he baſely murdered in a drunken frolick, his
" beſt friend and wiſeſt counſellor, for offering him

" thoſe

" thoſe admonitions, which a prudent man would " have received with gratitude."—" Indeed, Sir," replies Captain Tulip, " you detract a great deal " from the merit of this hero, but what ſay you, Sir " Archibald ?"—" I always," returned the Baronet, " admired his perſonal bravery, his comprehenſive " turn of mind, and the wonderful variety of the plans " he projected; but I deteſt his ambition, the deva- " tation he has made among the ſons of men, and " above all, his inſatiable vanity, which ſtimulated " him to deny his natural birth, to criminate his mo- " ther with the infamy of an impoſſible connection, " merely that he might be reputed the ſpurious iſſue " of a fabulous deity. How little—how mean, " and how irrational is the greateſt man, when he " ſuffers his reaſon to be ſeduced by the blandiſh- " ment of power!"—" Never mind, gentlemen," returns Mr. Taylor, " never mind theſe old faſhion- " ed harangues, they are only fit for the muſty walls " of a college, where I did penance for the ſpace of " three whole years, merely for the ſake of annex- " ing two letters to my name."—" I hope, Sir," obſerves Mr. Welman, " you had a more noble view " in your attendance at the Univerſity, than the tri- " fling conſideration alledged. Theſe revered ſemi- " naries of learning, which have produced ſome of " the ableſt men in every department of ſcience, " would amply reward the application of any indivi- " dual, with the envied ſtores of knowledge, and the " applauded acquiſitions of learning."—" Learning, " Sir," rejoins Mr. Taylor, " a man of ſpirit has " ſomething elſe to mind at college, than learning. " The drudgery of this ridiculous purſuit, is left to " thoſe lifeleſs drones, who are good for nothing, but " to pore over the tattered pages of an old book."—" Then, Sir, according to your maxim, a man of " learning is of no utility?"—" Of no utility in the " world, Sir," returns Mr. Taylor, " I ever deſpiſ- " ed it all my life, and all thoſe plodding pedants " who devote their whole time to the practice of turn- " ing over a few fuſty leaves, who think their years

" of

" of induſtry well repaid, if they can demonſtrate, " whether Troy was a great city or a little town. " For my own part, I always preferred the pleaſure " of a cheerful companion and a full bottle, to all " the Greek and Latin, that ever the world produc- " ed. Come, gentlemen, here goes to the church " militant, ha! ha! ha!"——" Certainly," obſerves Mr. Welman, " you are not aware of the importance " of the office you have raſhly undertaken. To be " a miniſter of religion, requires you to be learned, " ſober, and prudent. Without theſe qualifications, " and many more of a ſimilar nature, you will aſſu- " redly do more ill, than good."—" Ill than good, " Sir! Do-you ſuppoſe, that nine-tenths of thoſe " who enter within the pale of the ſanctuary, have " any ſuch abſurd notions in their heads? No, Sir, " they mean to live, and if they accompliſh that de- " ſirable purpoſe, they leave the pleaſures of learning " to thoſe book-worms, who mean to ſolicit fame by " the publication of their ſermons."—" Your tenets, " Mr. Taylor, may be faſhionable, but they are not " ſolid. They are neither ſpecious nor admirable. " They have no foundation, but the groſſeſt folly. " They have no ſupport, but the effrontery of thoſe, " who are ſo egregiouſly ſtupid, as to embrace them. " To aſſume the character and office of a miniſter of " religion, and yet to ridicule the duties it enjoys, is " ſo palpable a depravity of the human intellect, that " it juſtly incurs the deteſtation of all judicious men." " Hold, Sir, hold," exclaims Mr. Taylor, " you bite " too hard. I beat a parley," at the ſame time knocking with his hand beneath the table, and pat- tering with his feet upon the floor, " yet I am confi- " dent, were my creed put to a vote, even among " the clergy"—" I think," ſays Sir Archibald, " the " ladies will think us negligent." The hint was un- derſtood by Mr. Welman, who immediately propoſed a walk. His Lordſhip perceived his preſent inability to accompany the gentlemen, and therefore abruptly took his leave.

He

He was eſcorted by his faithful friend, Patrick, who was nearly in the ſame predicament with his maſter. They reeled on all ſides of the road, while his Lordſhip obſerving the unuſual motion of his ſervant, frequently enquired the reaſon, and was anſwered "perfectly ſafe, your honor, mind your feet." They ſtaggered on in this ridiculous plight, until they arrived within half a mile of the old tower. The evening was now duſky, and the ebon ſhades of night were ſweeping over the plain, when they came to a little rivulet, which ran acroſs the road before them. The ſtream was not above a foot deep; in the inſtant as they were wading through it, they were alarmed by a hollow groan. They ſtopped ſhort in the midſt of the water, while Patrick cries moſt dolefully, "alas, your honor, we are both undone; this is the "very gate-way that has been haunted theſe fifty "years, by an ugly ſpirit in the form of a white "horſe. Pleaſe your honor, let us go to prayers."— "Right, Patrick, right." They kneeled down in the midſt of the ſtream. A ſecond groan reſounded in their ears, while ſomething ruſtled in the ditch. Patrick jumped up—his Lordſhip followed him, and ſtrongly was the race conteſted, till they arrived at the open door, while John's grey galloway came trotting after them, the noiſe of whoſe feet, added wings to their terror.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the gentlemen met with the ladies, the company mingled promiſcuouſly, and ſauntered along the walks of the garden. Captain Corner, ever attentive to the motions of Miſs Gray, aſſiduouſly purſued her, till he found an opportunity which favoured his wiſhes. Approaching her, he ſaid, "how long, "thou moſt amiable of thy ſex, haſt thou doomed "me to miſery?" The familiarity of the language, and the rapture of the addreſs, ſomewhat ſtartled the timidity of the lady. She looked at him with an air of ſurprize, but made him no reply. "Alas, my "angel, am I not worthy an anſwer! Surely you can "not delight to be cruel!"—"Pray, Sir, and what "delight can you take in tantalizing me with ſuch "fulſome flattery? What part of my conduct will "warrant ſuch behaviour?" The determined tone of this reply, rather embarraſſed the ardour of the Captain, but being an adept in all the arts of hypocriſy, he feigned to be more abaſhed, than he actually was. With a look of the moſt ſerious concern, he returned, "every part, Madam, of your conduct, merits my "approbation. The propriety of your behaviour, as "much as the beauty of your perſon, attracts my "attention, and be not ſurprized, my fair one, "when I aſſure you, I love you."—"Indeed, Sir, "the manner of your addreſs creates my ſuſpicion; "real love is never bold or preſumptuous. It is "timid and backward, fearful of offence, and cauti-"ous of intruſion. If I have ſcanned this wondrous "paſſion aright, and I think I have, your pretended "flame muſt not be tried by ſuch a criterion."—"However you may criticize my conduct, and diſ-"criminate the different ſhades of this endearing "paſſion, believe me, O believe me, when I aſſert, I "am unhappy, and that unhappineſs ariſes ſolely

"from

" from your indifference towards me."—" I hope, " Sir, I ſhall always continue ſo."—" What always " indifferent, my angel!" " Such ecſtacy, Sir, ſuffici- " ently beſpeaks the inward feelings of your mind. " Let me conjure you, henceforward, to relinquiſh " totally the folly of ſuch a purſuit. I condemn my- " ſelf for liſtening thus long" He took hold of her hand—ſhe drew it haſtily away. " Thou fair tor- " mentor, why ſo cruel!" She heard him not, but hurried from his preſence, and joined the company in the other walk.

Having ſauntered for ſome time in the ſhrubbery, they left the garden, and went into the adjacent fields. The evening was inviting; the ſky was ſerene, and the wind calm. The mellow notes of the thruſh, ſo ſweet and pleaſing, re-echoed from a neighbouring wood. The reſponſive ſong of the feathered warbler was delightful to the ear. Perched upon a bending twig, he poured forth his various, and unceaſing tones, which reſounded through the ſtillneſs of the rural ſhades. Invited by the beauties of the evening, they entered a contiguous grove. The taſte of a former owner, had made it not only agreeable, but pleaſant. The variety of walks, which were cut in every direction, interſecting each other at the proper diſtance, and often ſtruck the eye unexpectedly, was a welcome relief from the ſurrounding gloom of the other parts. The bruſh-wood, which generally grows ſo exuberantly in theſe unfrequented retreats, entangling every path with its oppoſing branches, was cleared away by the unwearied hand of induſtry. There being nothing to impede their progreſs, they walked ſlowly forward. The diſtant ſound of the axe attracted their attention. It ceaſed on a ſudden, and they heard no more the hollow ſtroke re-echo through the wood. As they approached, they beheld a perſon, penſive and alone, ſitting on a trunk of a fallen tree. His axe was lying on the ground. A little chubby boy, about four years of age, was tumbling among the graſs. On the advance of the company, he aroſe, took his axe, and re-aſſumed his employ-

ment. He was felling a luſty oak. They ſtood by him for ſome time, and Sir Archibald perceiving him warm with his labour, deſired him to deſiſt, and take a little reſpite. He went to his former ſeat. The little boy came running to him, and ſaid, "Daddy, "give me a piece of bread." He looked wiſhfully at the child, and a ſmothered ſigh eſcaped from him. The child aſked him a ſecond time for a bit of bread, when the father ſaid, "Indeed, Jack, I have had no "bread to-day for myſelf. The little I had in my "pocket, I kept it for thee, and now it is all gone." He turned away his head, and ſeemed anxious to conceal that grief, which racked his boſom, and was apparent to the whole company. He was far advanced into the vale of years. His ſilver locks hung dangling over his ſhoulders, and a manly ſorrow was viſible on his countenance. Tall, ſtrong, and athletic; the advance of time had not much enfeebled him. The Baronet aſked him, how long he had worked in that wood. Twenty one years this ſummer, was the anſwer. "Have you been employed all your life as a "woodman?" With a ſorrowful ſhake of the head, he replied, "No, Sir."—"May I preſume to enquire "how you paſſed the former part of your days?"—"Yes you may, Sir," returns the old man, and you "are welcome to my ſtory. 'My name is Robert 'Brown. I was born at Northallerton, in the county 'of York. My parents were honeſt, and by the in'duſtry of my father, who was a ſurgeon of reſpecta'ble parts, and extenſive bu neſs, were enabled to 'ſupport with decency a very numerous family. I 'was the oldeſt, and deſtined to follow my father's 'avocation. After a proper education at a grammar-'ſchool, I was taken into the ſhop, and carefully in'ſtructed by my father in the buſineſs he deſigned 'me to purſue. When ſome years had elapſed, I 'was ſent to Leyden, that celebrated ſeminary for 'phyſic, where I remained for ſome time, not totally 'unoccupied in the purſuit, for which I was kept 'there at an extravagant expence. Here I formed 'connections, from which I date my ruin. I was

'young

'young and thoughtleſs, and here I met with too 'many aſſociates, as young and thoughtleſs as myſelf. 'I was too well ſupported by my indulgent father, 'whoſe paternal care I was induſtriouſly taught to 'abuſe. I began to neglect my ſtudies, and anxiouſly 'engage in thoſe practices, which I now lament with 'the keeneſt ſorrow. I became ſo averſe to the cuſto-'mary exerciſes of the college, that I had them per-'formed by ſome of my companions, and was ſo 'completely indolent, as to neglect the tranſcription 'of them. This humour of indolence and diſſipation, 'did not want encouragement. I became intoxicated 'with folly, and an adept in debauchery. I became 'ſo great a proficient in drinking, and gloried ſo much 'in the abominable practice, that I frequently boaſted 'of my infamy, and dared any of my competitors to 'a trial of this ſhameful art—An art it certainly is, 'and acquired by a long courſe of induſtry. My ir-'regularity, at length, became too conſpicuous to 'eſcape any longer a public cenſure. This I ſuffered 'without a bluſh. A repetition had no better effect. 'My father was informed of my ſcandalous behavi-'our. His parental admonitions I deſpiſed. His 'letters, written with the kindeſt affection of a father, 'and mingled with thoſe tender expoſtulations which 'were calculated to reform my conduct, and amelio-'rate my manners, I ſhameleſsly expoſed to my com-'panions in iniquity, who ridiculed the chiding care 'of the ſtupid old boy. This was the uſual term of 'reproach which we wickedly applied to our fathers, 'whenever they remonſtrated againſt our indiſereti-'ons.

'The public cenſures of the univerſity, and the 'affectionate expoſtulations of my father, being found 'ineffectual to reclaim my enormities, the heads of 'the college, were, at laſt obliged to expel me. This 'humiliating decree was paſſed, at the ſame time 'againſt others of my aſſociates. We laughed hear-'tily at the ſentence of expulſion, and bitterly reviled 'the abettors of it. We thought, at that time, it 'was nothing material, in what part of the world we

'lived. We were determined to live in a manner,
'which we called enjoyment, and for ſome weeks
'continued in the city. To be completely revenged
'on our former maſters for their imperious mandate,
'we aſſembled one night, and in a body attacked the
'college, when we broke all the windows, and con-
'tinued for ſome hours our lawleſs riot to the alarm
'and terror of the peaceful inhabitants. This crimi-
'nal frolic, for which, we not only deſerved chaſtiſe-
'ment, but legal puniſhment, made no ſmall diſtur-
'bance the enſuing day. It immediately became the
'ſubject of public examination. Suſpicion was fixed
'on thoſe delinquents who had been expelled for irre-
'gularity, and an inſtrument was iſſued for our de-
'tection. Of this ſummary proceeding, we were im-
'mediately apprized. We fled with precipitation,
'and by different routes, after a curious medley of ad-
'ventures, not worthy of my recital, nor your atten-
'tion, we arrived in England. The reſources upon
'which we had hitherto lived, were now either partly
'withdrawn, or effectually deſtroyed. In this diſ-
'treſſed ſituation of affairs, I determined to apply for
'protection, to that parent, I had ſo frequently, and
'ſo wantonly offended, and to whoſe goodneſs I owed
'every bleſſing of my life. He received me with the
'unvarying affection of a father. He relieved my
'wants with benevolence, and adminiſtered conſola-
'tion to alleviate my apparent ſufferings. I was un-
'grateful, I was abominably ungrateful to the beſt of
'fathers. My preſent contrition was hypocritical.
'The habit of irregularity was not to be eradicated,
'becauſe I received a tranſient pleaſure from the in-
'dulgence. From time to time I was informed of the
'fatal cataſtrophes of ſeveral of my former aſſociates.
'Deprived of the means to ſupply their extravagan-
'cies, many of them took to the road, and became a
'gang of the moſt daring banditti, which for ſome
'years infeſted the vicinity of the metropolis. They
'were taken one by one, and ſuffered that death,
'which the heinouſneſs of their crimes ſo amply de-
'ſerved. Others of them went abroad, but what

'deſtiny

'deſtiny attended them, I have hitherto been unable
'to learn.

'I continued for ſome years beneath the hoſpitable
'roof of my indulgent father. I often hurried, with
'all the precipitation of youth, into thoſe criminal en-
'joyments, in which I was ſo baſe, and heedleſs, as
'to rank my chiefeſt pleaſure. The frequency of my
'enormities alarmed the prudence of my father. He
'had long contributed to my profuſion, with a liberal
'hand. But he had other children, and they were
'not to be reduced to beggary, merely to comply with
'my boundleſs diſſipation. My father began to re-
'monſtrate with more firmneſs. I heard him with
'inattention, and laughed at the old dotard. For ſo,
'I inſultingly termed him. May the great God of
'heaven forgive me this impiety! Being wearied
'with his conſtant reprimands, and diſdaining his fri-
'gid caution, I determined to emancipate myſelf, and
'no longer ſuffer a yoke, which I thought I was una-
'ble to bear. With this reſolution, I reſolved to
'await a proper opportunity. For ſome time, I was
'indefatigable in pillaging my father by every iniqui-
'tous practice the moſt infernal ingenuity could deviſe.
'In this ſcheme of domeſtic plunder, I was often, but
'too ſucceſsful. Being informed, that my father had
'received five hundred pounds, which had been a
'ſmall mortgage on a neighbouring eſtate and was
'now paid in; I was determined at all events to ſeize
'this deſirable prize. I foreſaw no difficulty in the
'accompliſhment of this deſign, for I was too well
'acquainted with all the arts of private depredation.
'But there was another important conſideration,
'which engroſſed my moſt ſerious thoughts. I had
'engaged the affections of a beautiful young lady,
'the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Young, Vicar of Nor-
'thallerton. I found myſelf too much attached to
'this amiable creature, to think of leaving her behind
'me. Her parents had oppoſed our connection.
'They remonſtrated with their daughter on the im-
'propriety of it, and pointed out to her the utter im-
'poſſibility of any happineſs reſulting from ſuch an
'union.

'union. Though they ſpoke truth, ſhe was fatally 'deaf to their expoſtulations. This was the only in-'ſtance wherein ſhe was undutiful. I avowed eter-'nal fidelity, and propoſed a private marriage. She 'long withſtood my ſolicitations, and evinced the futi-'lity of my project. I argued on the certainty of her 'parents being appeaſed, when they ſaw there was no 'poſſibility of undoing what was already done. The 'plauſibility of my arguments, or rather the hope, 'that it might be ſo, induced her to a compliance. 'I never once mentioned to her my villainous inten-'tion of robbing my father. This was a ſecret which 'lurked in my own breaſt.

'Having concerted all our meaſures, by which we 'were to effect our eſcape; having fixed the night, 'in which it was to be put in execution, I daringly 'broke the lock of my father's eſcrutore, and ſeized 'upon my prize. Having ſecured this neceſſary 'companion of my intended flight, I haſtily left my 'father, and my father's houſe, to which I never 'more returned, and flew to the place of aſſignation. 'I found the dear aſſociate of my flight already there. 'Having previouſly engaged horſes, we left the 'town, and by travelling expeditiouſly, we arrived in 'a few days in the metropolis. To fulfil my promiſe, 'we were immediately married, and lived happily for 'a few months. But, alas! five hundred pounds, 'the curſed reward of my iniquity, was a ſmall fund 'indeed, to ſupport my extravagance. I launched 'out into every ſpecies of diſſipation. I had no other 'wiſh, but to ſquander away inconſiderately, the 'fruits of my filial wickedneſs. I daily ſaw my lit-'tle fund diminiſh, but I ſaw it without regret. My 'dear partner, who foreſaw and predicted our ap-'proaching misfortunes, remonſtrated againſt my fol-'ly. Her affectionate remonſtrances were all in vain; 'before the expiration of nine months, I found my-'ſelf without a guinea My credit was not yet ex-'hauſted, I tried the confidence of ſome of my tradeſ-'men, and by their generoſity was enabled to pay for 'our paſſage into Holland. In a foreign country,

'without

'without money, and without friends, I was utterly 'at a loſs how to procure the ſubſiſtence of a day. I 'now began to think on my dreary ſituation. I ſaw 'my dear wife become a prey to grief; the gloom of 'affliction had overſpread her countenance. She was 'ſilent, and troubled me not with repining. She 'never reproached me with bitterneſs, though my in-'conſideration had overwhelmed her in ruin. I had 'inveigled her from the arms of her affectionate pa-'rents, but never attempted a reconciliation with 'them, for this, the worſt of robbery. I had de-'prived them of a dutiful child, and madly plunged 'that child into the depth of woe. I ſaw her in-'creaſing affliction, though ſhe carefully endeavoured 'to conceal it. This was the chief cauſe, which 'compelled me to think very ſeriouſly on my unhappy 'ſtate. After revolving my unfortunate condition in 'my own mind, a thouſand times, I ſaw no poſſibility 'of redemption. I could not work at any buſineſs; '—Phyſic, which had been my original deſtination, I 'was totally ignorant of. I durſt not return home, 'leſt the paſſion of an enraged parent ſhould have de-'livered me into the hands of juſtice, to ſuffer for my 'horrid delinquency, and expiate by an untimely 'death, thoſe villainous crimes, by which I had de-'baſed my family, myſelf, and common ſenſe. I 'could not let my wife return, for, notwithſtanding 'all my licentiouſneſs, I loved her affectionately. 'This ſhe knew, and this was her ruin. To complete 'our diſtreſs, ſhe was ready to make me a father. 'Wherefore, in a fit of deſperation, I enliſted into 'the army of the States, preferring the ſcanty pittance 'of a ſoldier's pay, before actual want. I was im-'mediately ſent, with ſeveral other recruits, to join 'the army commanded by the Prince of Orange, 'who, alone of all the Potentates of Europe, was 'bravely oppoſing the ambitious projects of Louis the 'fourteenth. My dear wife, unable to walk, was 'carried in the baggage cart. The firſt night we ar-'rived in the camp, ſhe was delivered of a fine boy.

'Alas

'Alas! her accommodations, in this trying ſcene, 'were very ſmall, and her neceſſary ſupport leſs. It 'was then the depth of winter. The froſt was in-'tenſe, and the ſnow lay ſome feet thick on the ſur-'face of the ground A cold truſs of ſtraw was her 'bed, and all the covering ſhe had, was that apparel, 'which was now of no other uſe to her. I endea-'voured to procure, by every honeſt means, whatever 'I could, that was comfortable and nouriſhing for 'her and her helpleſs innocent. My endeavours were 'not fruitleſs; ſhe recovered apace, and the little 'cherub looked ſtrong and healthy. Six weeks after 'this event, we were ordered to march. The froſt 'ſtill continued, and the ſnow was as deep as ever. 'I petitioned the commanding officer for leave to 'carry my child. The firſt day we marched fifteen 'miles; my dear wife was much fatigued. I per-'ceived her exertions, though ſhe did not complain. 'The next morning, the weather was very ſevere; it 'ſnowed hard, and the wind blew directly on our 'faces. My dear Jenny walked by my ſide for ſome 'hours. At length I miſſed her, but ſuppoſed ſhe 'had fallen into the rear, I was not ſo fortunate as to 'return and enquire where ſhe was. When we came 'to the end of our day's march, and I expected to 'have ſeen my dear wife, ſhe was not to be found. 'Judge of my anxiety in this moment, when running 'from rank to rank, and enquiring of every one I 'met, I could obtain no intelligence of her. Wild 'with deſpair, I entruſted my child to the charge of 'my comrade, and immediately ſet out to retrace 'our late journey. I travelled ſeveral miles without 'receiving any ſatisfactory information. About ſix 'miles from the place whence we ſet out in the morn-'ing, I met with ſomething ſtanding erect in the 'ſnow. Upon examination, I found it was a human 'being. It was covered with the blaſt. I wiped the 'ſnow from the face, but what horror chilled my 'blood, when I ſaw it was my dear wife! I howled 'in the agony of my ſoul. I called her by her name 'a thouſand times. She heard me not. I took hold

'of

'of her hand, it was cold and rigid. After much 'application, I freed the body from the ſnow, and 'laying it gently over my ſhoulders, marched ſor-'rowfully away.

'The report of my diſaſter ſoon ſpread through 'the army. The Prince came himſelf the next 'morning to enquire into the truth of it. He ſaw, 'and felt the frozen body, and was convinced of my 'loſs. He gave me a ſmall gratuity, and was gene-'rous enough to defray the expences of the funeral. 'The firſt day we marched again, the little innocent 'died in my arms. Bereft of its mother's nurſing 'boſom, it was unable to bear the coldneſs of the 'ſeaſon, and dropped like the blighted lily in a chill 'morning of the ſpring.

'Some years after I married again, and continued 'in the army long after William became king of 'England. At the battle of Steenkirk, where the 'allies were defeated, our regiment was nearly cut 'to pieces. After our ſcattered troops were muſter-'ed, and every one began to enquire for his friends, 'I was informed, that my poor wife, in croſſing a 'river, was thrown down by a dragoon's horſe, and 'was never ſeen more. I had long been familiar 'with affliction, and my grief for this ſecond loſs, 'was not ſo pungent, as for the firſt. Having loſt an 'eye, by the burſting of a great gun, at the ſiege of 'Namur, I was diſcharged from the ſervice. On 'coming to England, I found myſelf deſtitute of 'friends, and every aſſiſtance, ſave what my own in-'duſtry could procure me. Chance brought me to 'the north, I felt the ſlow approach of age, and I 'wanted a nurſe, ſo I entered the third time into the 'matrimonial bond. That little boy is the only com-'fort of my years. I have long, and earneſtly im-'plored the forgiveneſs of my Maker, and hope he 'will pardon the licentiouſneſs of my youth."

He ceaſed, and looked with an eye of ſorrow upon his child. Miſs Gray, ever attentive to the wants of her fellow creatures, and alive to the keeneſt pangs of ſenſibility, took half a guinea from her purſe, and im-

mediately began a contribution among the company, to relieve the neceſſities of the poor old woodman. Lady Gray and Miſs. Welman, with cheerfulneſs, added equally to the ſum. Mrs. Tulip ſtartled at the requiſition, and thought it far too much, but the pleaſing urgency of Miſs Gray, who powerfully pleaded the benevolence of the action, prevailed over the lady's ſcruples. The gentlemen were next ſolicited. Sir Archibald doubled the ſum, and all ſeemed pleaſed with the aſſiduity of the lovely beggar. Mr. Taylor alone oppoſed the contribution, and objected to ſuch liberal donations. He ſaid, "the poor-tax was more "than ſufficient to ſupply all the wants of the neceſ-"ſitous, and this he had always paid to the utmoſt "farthing; but to give thus indiſcriminately, might "be an incitement to idleneſs, and therefore he had "ever diſcouraged this gratuitous charity, as produc-"tive of extravagance, and want of application."—"Come, Sir, come," ſays Miſs Gray, "I am certain "you will alter your ſtile in the pulpit; you will "there recommend what you here diſapprove of, and "endeavour to perſuade your auditors, that charity is "the firſt of chriſtian virtues."—"Come, Sir," ſays Miſs Welman, "throw your bread upon the wa-"ters, and after many days, you ſhall find it again."—"Indeed, Madam," replies the parſimonious clergyman, "I rather ſuſpect the truth of your aphoriſm." "Let it be true or falſe, Sir, let example govern "your preſent conduct, and think you ſee that poor "little boy made happy by your beneficence. Think "that you ſee him, many days hence, eating that "bread which you have given him, and lifting up his "little hands to heaven, and bleſſing you for your "charitable aſſiſtance."—"Upon my word, Miſs "Welman, you are an earneſt beggar."—"Yes, Sir," returns Miſs Gray, "ſhe is, but I am afraid, ſhe will "beg in vain. The heart that is ſenſible to the "wants of others, ſhould never have the ſigh of ſym-"pathy heaved for its own affliction. He ſhall not "want your mite." So ſhe took from her purſe another half guinea, and cheerfully added it to the lit-

tle

tle fund. "O, my dear Lucy," ſays Miſs Welman, "you muſt actually allow me to ſupply the "gentleman's deficiency. You have the ſole merit "of the action, do permit me to add this trifle, in"ſtead of you, by way of equivalent for your origi"nal motion."—"Excuſe me, my dear Miſs Wel"man, I can never withdraw what I have once given "to the purpoſe of charity. It would be a manifeſt "robbery of the poor."—"Then, Madam, I inſiſt "on your acceptance of this, that at leaſt our con"tributions may be equal, though the juſt deſert of "firſt having moved the buſineſs, is deſervedly your "own."

The young ladies preſented the little ſum to the woodman. He took it, and laying it on his hand, turned it over, and looked at it ſeveral times. Then looking at the ladies, he heaved a heavy ſigh, ſaying, "Jack, come hither." The boy came running to his father. He fell upon his knees, and taught the child to do the ſame. "The Lord of Heaven re"ward you ſeven-fold, my good ladies, for this your "generoſity. I have not enjoyed ſo large a ſum "theſe many, many years. I am now old, but this "will provide us bread, a mouthful of which, we "have often wanted." The two young ladies turned away—they were moved at the complaint of the poor old man—they congratulated themſelves, and the company, on this fortunate incident, and the timely relief they had afforded to his wants.

The evening approached, and the company thought it time to diſperſe. Miſs Welman offered to accompany Miſs Gray a part of the way. Captain Corner was very ſolicitous for the return of Mr. Welman to Tulip Houſe. He conſented, when he perceived his ſiſter along with her amiable friend.

Mr. Welman, though always averſe to play was prevailed on, by the earneſt entreaty of his hoſt, to make one of the party. Though he was well acquainted with the characters of his preſent company, yet was he ſo infatuated by their perſuaſive oratory, to purſue his

his fortune, which for ſome hours was very propitious, that before they aroſe, he had loſt ten thouſand pounds. In the moment of madneſs and inconſideration, he gave his bond for the money. This done, he retired, curſing the folly of his conduct, and the duplicity of thoſe who had ſo infamouſly deceived him.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Mr. Welman took a retroſpect of the events of yeſterday; when he examined the artifice by which he had been duped, when he perceived the eaſineſs with which he complied, and fell into the ſnare which diſſimulation had fabricated, he reprehended his own folly, and blamed his apparent ſimplicity. He had frequently animadverted with the utmoſt ſeverity on thoſe harpies, who endeavour to prey upon their fellow creatures; he had often cenſured, with all the acrimony of language, thoſe fawning hypocrites, who under the ſpecious maſk of friendſhip, will deliberately plunder their neighbours; he had always expreſſed himſelf with aſperity againſt thoſe diſſembling villains, who beneath the plauſible pretence of companions, are plotting our ſpeedy ruin: Notwithſtanding his animoſity againſt theſe depredators, notwithſtanding his declared reſolutions never to aſſociate with them, he had voluntarily fallen a victim to their infamy. So eaſy it is, even for the moſt cautious to deviate from the path of rectitude!

The reſolutions of a young man are ſeldom ſo determined as thoſe who are more advanced in age. The former reſolves with greater alacrity, the latter proceeds with more perſeverance. The actions of the one are not always undertaken from conviction, while the experience of the other is a rule to all his motions. The young man thinks himſelf prudent, the old man knows himſelf to be ſo. The one too often precipitates himſelf into irregularity, the other with caution withdraws from the ſcen of temptation. Hence the young with no propenſities to evil, ſhall from the contagion of iniquity, become partakers of the crime, while the aged, with inclinations congenial to vice, ſhall from the dictates of prudence, eſcape unpolluted, and merit the applauſe of virtue. This is a com-

mon

mon caſe on the theatre of life. Man performs what he knows to be wrong, and condemns himſelf for the performance. He has no other excuſe, than the ſolicitations of the iniquitous, which he actually reprobates, yet he thoughtleſsly complies, and pays the penalty of his compliance, by the diminution of his property. Thus man is too often the ſport of his own inclinations, and the dupe of another's villainy.

Mr. Welman was unhappy for his loſs, but more for his eaſy ſimplicity, which had ſuffered him to become a prey to ſuch deſigning baſeneſs. He knew the turpitude of their characters, and he ought to have avoided them. He was the partner of Mrs. Tulip, while he loſt the greateſt part of the ſum. Though her loſs was equal, he was now convinced it was imaginary. The huſband would demand nothing of the wife, whilſt he himſelf was the ſimpleton who muſt pay them all. Beſides, what even tormented him more than his pecuniary loſs, was the thought that Sir Archibald behaved to him with reſerve. His wonted familiarity towards him, was only in company, and in the buſtle of converſation, but he ſuppoſed, whenever he aſſumed his uſual freedom, the Baronet was cool and diſtant, which inſtantly damped the ardour of his inclination. This concluſion diſturbed his tranquility, and racked him with a variety of apprehenſions. To diſſipate his chagrin, and alleviate the preſent anxiety of his mind, he determined on an immediate journey to the ſouth, where by mingling a little in the gaieties of the metropolis, he might probably recover his wonted ſerenity.

This determination being fixed, he acquainted his ſiſter with it, and the cauſes from which it originated. She was ſurprized at the information, and ſaid, "I always thought brother, your prudence "would have been proof againſt any attempt of this "infamous nature. You always boaſted ſo, were "confident of yourſelf, and I am ſorry you were not "more ſenſible of your own weakneſs."—"Dear "ſiſter, reproach me not with my folly, I ſuffer too "much already, and want your conſolatory advice"

"—You

" —You deſerve it not, brother! How could you be " ſuch a ninny, as to ſuffer yourſelf to be pillaged of " ten thouſand pounds by ſuch a ſociety of profeſſed " ſharpers! You don't mean to pay them I hope!"— " Indeed, ſiſter, but I do, I have a good eſtate free " from all incumbrances. I am clear of debt, and " would you have me to forfeit my honor, even to " theſe people, for the ſake of ten thouſand pounds!" " —Your honor! a ſiddleſtick! do you ſuppoſe, that " any honeſt man will accuſe you of villainy by deny- " ing to pay theſe abominable wretches!"—" Dear " ſiſter, be temperate, I am conſcious of my indiſ- " cretion. I am ſenſible of their treachery. The " payment of this ſum will not materially injure my " fortune. I ſhall for ſome years curtail my expences, " lop off all ſuperfluities, and by a moderate expen- " diture endeavour to redeem what my inconſideration " has thrown away. The wiſdom that is gained by " experience is ſeldom forgotten."—" You are quite " calm, brother, I admire your philoſophy. I ap- " plaud your intended plans of retrenching. I ſup- " poſe, I ſhall not even be allowed a carriage to con- " vey me to church. The improvements of your eſ- " tate muſt all be diſcontinued, nay, it muſt even be " put out to nurſe, while the ſilly owner is wander- " ing—" Dear ſiſter, ceaſe your ſarcaſtic obſervations, " I am already ſufficiently puniſhed by the keenneſs of " my own remorſe."—" And pray, Sir, where ſhall I " take up my reſidence, while you are prowling about " the world? ſhall I deſert the old manſion houſe."— " For goodneſs' ſake, Fanny, have pity on me. Thus " will I hold you by theſe hands, until you forgive " my weakneſs."—" O brother, brother, I cannot " help laughing at your gravity of countenance. " You look as ſerious as a lawyer, when with his " ſpectacles upon his noſe, and his three cat's tails " dangling behind, he is poring over a good brief."— " Now you are a good girl, and I am not afraid of a " reconciliation."—" You are actually deceived, Sir, " without you will poſitively ſwear upon that left " hand, you will never, for the future, loſe more

" than

'than one guinea at a ſitting.'—'I ſwear freely, and 'thus do I kiſs the book.'—'Very well, brother, but 'you don't mean to leave the north?'—'Indeed, I 'do, though you are ſo obliging as to forgive me, I 'have not forgiven myſelf.'—'If you go, Captain 'Corner will ſteal your miſtreſs, as he has already ſto-'len your money.'—'I ſhall, during my abſence, de-'pend upon your good offices with my charming Lu-'cy, and am confident, you will not deceive me. 'She has too much good ſenſe to be captivated with 'ſuch a bundle of frippery.'—'O, your humble ſer-'vant, Sir, you had too much good ſenſe'—'Peace, 'peace, ſiſter, and remember your charge.'

Mr Welman having apprized his ſiſter of his miſfortune and his intention of quitting the north for a few months, retired to his ſtudy, giving orders that no one ſhould interrupt him. In the evening, he came down ſtairs with a paper in his hand. 'Here, 'my dear Fanny,' ſays he, 'take this paper, and when 'you have peruſed it, I will fold it up. Will you be 'ſo obliging, as to deliver it to Sir Archibald the day 'after I leave Roſehill, for I am apt to think, your 'intimacy with the worthy family, will be continued 'on its former baſis.'—'I cannot poſitively promiſe, 'Sir, before I have ſeen the contents.'—'There, Ma-'dam, read them.' She took the paper, and read the following ode.

FRIENDSHIP,

AN ODE.

Written occaſionally on parting with an approved Friend.

TU SEMPER AMORIS
SIS MEMOR, ET CHARI COMITIS NE ABSCEDAT IMAGO.
VALER. FLACC.

I.

COME ſoothing muſe, aſſiſt my plaintive lay,
Propitious to my ſorrowing theme attend;
In wailing accents, and ſad tones diſplay,
The worth, the merit of a gen'rous friend.

In

In vain thy hallow'd cell!
Hail, Friendſhip, hail, how oft I've ſought
How oft I've gladden'd at the thought,
With thee, fair maid, to dwell.
In vain, I trac'd the flitting ſprite,
With racking care, with gay delight,
With throes of pungent pain;
Whilſt perfidy, with tinſel wings,
With ſmiling front, with latent ſtings,
Aſſum'd her fair domain.
Chagrin'd and weary, at my ſearch beſtow'd,
Till Marcion came, then all my boſom glow'd.

II.

Content with him, how ſmoothly paſs'd away,
The jocund minutes, marked by wayward fate;
Alluring joys, the echoes of a day,
Ne'er breath'd fell gall, to blight our happy ſtate.
Now roſe the ſympathetic ſigh,
The pang of pallid fear;
The drop juſt ſtarting from the eye,
A faithful, yearning tear
The ſocial links, which have combin'd,
In ſacred texture, mind with mind,
Whence unſpoke pleaſures flow;
To cheriſh hope, to check deſpair,
To ſooth the ſullen brow of care,
The ſource of human woe.
The mutual look, whence darts the ſovereign ſoul,
Smiles on the lip, where ſweet-felt meanings roll.

III.

When ſober ev'ning left the azure ſkies,
And mantled o'er the miſty verge of day;
By babbling ſtreams, where the green willow lies,
We careleſs ſtole adown the duſky way.
Upon the velvet moſs reclin'd,
Or on the craggy hill;
Or where the tangled foliage twind,
And tinkled many a rill;
We view'd the chequer'd ſcenes of life,
The public pride, the homely ſtrife,
The poignant ſtings of care;
The little, bluſt'ring inſect, man,
His power a blaſt, his age a ſpan,
Poor child of fell deſpair.
His morning gay, his noon in pride array'd,
His evening wretched, and his night a ſhade.

IV. How

IV.

How ſwift, how fleeting, are all human joys!
How tranſient fly all ſublunary things!
Though Friendſhip's ſacred glow our time employs,
Yet time, e'en Friendſhip to a period brings.
Stern abſence gnaws the genial bliſs,
And baffles mortal ſkill;
Oft will the feather'd herald miſs,
To paint the ſocial will.
The gen'rous feelings of the breaſt,
The conſcious glance, the ſmile expreſs'd,
Fair emblems of the mind;
Their magic loſe, their power's unſeen,
When awful diſtance ſteps between,
And blows them to the wind.
Then harſh remembrance the ſweet paſt explores,
And paints thoſe ſcenes, the feeling heart adores.

'Very good, Sir, I think I ſhall not be aſhamed 'to preſent this bantling of yours to the worthy Ba-'ronet. It is a ſubject on which he peculiarly de-'lights to dwell. And certainly no man is more ca-'pable of diſintereſted friendſhip. When, brother, 'do you purpoſe to ſet out?'—'In a few days, or as 'ſoon as I ſhall be ready for the journey I put a force 'upon my inclination, in thus ſeparating myſelf from 'all the intercourſe I value in this life. But I am ſo 'much aſhamed of my late indiſcretion, and conſcious 'that it will be diſſeminated with the utmoſt diligence, 'by the very parties who induced me to commit it, 'that I am determined to live at a diſtance, while my 'diſgrace is publiſhed in this neighbourhood. You, I 'hope, will be ſo obliging, as to acquaint Sir Archi-'bald, his Lady, and my amiable Lucy, with the 'real fact. They may, they will hear it reported to 'my prejudice. A bad ſtory gains by repetition. It 'is exaggerated by the breath of ſlander, while an act, 'nay a thouſand acts of benevolence and charity, 'though publicly known, are wilfully buried in obli-'vion. Remember, ſiſter, you play the able advocate. 'Acknowledge the truth, and endeavour not to con-'ceal one iota of my folly. But will you, Fanny, 'ſhall I requeſt it of you, to be tender of my intereſt

'with

'with your lovely companion?'—'I will not abſolute-
'ly promiſe, brother, to comply with your laſt re-
'quiſition, till I be convinced you are worthy of her,
'by a ſevere renunciation of your gambling propenſi-
'ties. The other requeſt I ſhall punctually obey;
'but what actual neceſſity is there for this voluntary
'abſence? Though you have loſt ten thouſand pounds,
'you are able to pay the ſum. Pay it, and defy the
'envenomed tongue of calumny.'—'I will pay it,
'ſiſter, but I have not reſolution to abide the ridicule
'which my conduct merits. You ſhall not long de-
'plore my abſence, for I aſſure you, there is a tye,
'whoſe powerful attraction, will not ſuffer me to con-
'tinue long at a diſtance from Roſehill.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXI.

THE viſits of Captain Corner became more frequent at Stanner-caſtle. There was ſeldom a day, but he paſſed ſome hours with the amiable family. The determined coolneſs of Miſs Gray, and her ſeeming averſion to the rapture of his addreſſes, had not only taught him caution, but induced him to alter the plan of his operations. He totally deſiſted from any further declaration of his paſſion. He was aſſiduous in his attention, and carefully watched all her motions. He acquieſced in all her opinions, was ſolicitous to pleaſe her in every trifle, and eager to applaud whatever ſhe recommended. When permitted, he was anxious to accompany her in all her walks. He expreſſed his admiration of every natural beauty, which her fine taſte in rural objects pointed out to him. He was enraptured with thoſe delightful ſcenes which the country exhibited in ſuch a variety of imagery. He artfully decried the enjoyments of the town, as uniform and diſguſting, and was abſolutely ſurprized at his own ſtupidity, who had ſo often wandered among the beauties of nature, which had paſſed unobſerved, until they were delineated by her accurate deſcriptions.

Theſe, with a multiplicity of other artifices, could not fail of gaining the confidence of Miſs Gray. Innocent of all diſſimulation, ſhe was open, and unſuſpicious. Her parents received him without reſerve. He was of a good family, and aſſociated with the firſt people of rank and diſtinction. He was gay and loquacious. His acquaintance with life made him an agreeable companion. His vivacity was entertaining, though his remarks were ſeldom profound. Unaccuſtomed to think ſeriouſly on any ſubject, his knowledge was ſuperficial in all. Devoted to the frivolities of the age, he conſidered every other purſuit as unworthy of his notice. His accommodating temper,

when

when he had any ſiniſter deſign to accompliſh, was amazing. He would inſtantly conform to any propoſal, however diſcordant to his inclination. And though a profeſſed libertine, both as to religion and morality, ever ſince his firſt licentious remarks, he avoided theſe ſubjects with all imaginable caution. Sir Archibald and Lady Gray, thought him a gay young man, whoſe natural propenſities were rather perverted by the influence of the faſhionable world.

The confidence which he obtained by ſuch a conduct with this worthy family, made him a welcome viſitor at all hours. He had many opportunities of being left alone with Miſs Gray. Was frequently her ſole companion in thoſe walks, when ſhe wandered into the woods, where he never interrupted the bent of her inclination. While ſhe amuſed and inſtructed her mind, by the peruſal of ſome favourite author, he devoted his minutes to the ſame entertainment, and carefully coaleſced in her deciſions.

In one of their morning excurſions, when Miſs Welman was preſent, as they ſauntered along the highway which led to Fenwick-tower, they paſſed a young man, who was walking in a very ſolitary manner. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his hands claſped behind his back, his pace was ſlow, and he ſeemed to be in a deep contemplation. He never ſaw the ladies, till they were paſſing by him, when looking ſuddenly up, he politely moved his hat, and paſſed on. The polite mien, and ſorrowful deportment of the ſtranger, attracted their attention. They enquired of one another who he was, but were totally unacquainted with him. As they returned along the ſame lane towards Stanner-caſtle, they met him a ſecond time. His attitude and pace were unaltered. As they paſſed him, he genteelly made his obeiſance, and moved forward. They had not walked many paces, when a cart, loaden with ſtraw, was overturned within a few yards of them, and the driver buried beneath it. The ladies ſcreamed violently. Captain Corner bid them not be afraid, as no injury could

could happen to them. "Alas," ſays Miſs Gray, "the poor man is killed!"—"O Sir, give your aſ-"ſiſtance," cries Miſs Welman, "poſſibly the poor "man may be ſaved alive."—"Pſhaw, pſhaw," replies the Captain, "he is only a country clown, "where is the loſs, if he never live more!" The ſtranger heard their ſcream, and looking back, perceived the diſaſter which occaſioned the alarm. He needed no ſolicitation, he immediately ran to the ſpot, and began to cut the ropes which tied the ſtraw upon the cart. The horſes were unruly, and kicked moſt furiouſly as they lay upon the ground, in their violent exertions to ariſe. "Where is the driver?" ſays the ſtranger. "Beneath the cart, Sir," anſwers Miſs Gray. He immediately ſeized the head of the horſe, which was in the ſhafts, and held it faſt to the ground. The poor animal then lay quiet. "Be ſo good, Sir," addreſſing himſelf to the Captain, who ſtood an unconcerned ſpectator, "as to take hold of this horſe, while "I unload the ſtraw, and endeavour to ſave the dri-"ver's life." "Take hold of that horſe, Sir," replies the Captain, "I would not take hold of him for "the crown of England!"—'There is no danger, Sir.' —"No danger, Sir, I ſhall get my brains kicked out." —"Then, Sir, run to the neareſt houſe, and procure "immediate aſſiſtance."—"O Sir," ſays Miſs Welman, "the poor man will be dead, before any aſſiſt-"ance can be procured. Let me try, Sir, I am not "afraid of a kick, when a man's life is at ſtake. It "is not cuſtomary for horſes to kick with their heads, "Captain. I can hold him, he lies ſtill." The ſtranger preſently unloaded the ſtraw, and diſentangled the driver from his unfortunate ſituation. He was terribly bruiſed, and unable to walk. But the ſtranger, with great exertion, and unwearied efforts, while the doughty Captain looked on with the moſt callous indifference, having raiſed the cart upon its wheels, and laid the poor man into it, kindly aſked him, to what place he would be taken. He anſwered, to Stanner-caſtle. This anſwer induced Miſs Gray to walk up to him, and ſhe immediately recognized the poor ſufferer.

ferer. He was one of her father's ſervants, employed on a farm, contiguous to the caſtle. "Thomas, how "do you find yourſelf," was the queſtion of the young lady. "Indeed Madam, the gentleman has "ſaved my life, and whilſt I live, I will thank him "with my lateſt breath." The ſtranger took the horſe by the head, and led him in a gentle pace to the caſtle. Sir Archibald, and Lady Gray, were ſoon apprized of the diſaſter, and by what means Thomas's life had been preſerved. They thanked the ſtranger with unfeigned gratitude, and kindly requeſted him to walk in. He apologized for not complying with their obliging requiſition at preſent, by ſhewing them how he was bedaubed all over with tar and mud. He bowed politely to the company, and took his leave.

The humanity and courage of the ſtranger, were the admiration of the ladies. The ſurgeon, who Sir Archibald had ſent for, having declared that the bruiſes were not dangerous, they were very jocular on the Captain's puſillanimity. Perceiving there was no other method to avoid the ſting of their irony, he cheerfully joined in the laugh which they excited at his cowardly deportment. "Pray, Captain," ſays Miſs Welman, whoſe vivacity was only equalled by the goodneſs of her heart, "what ſafeguard could "your ingenuity contrive for your brains, were you "ordered to ſtorm an entrenchment."—"The very "ſame, Madam, I have contrived to-day, by keeping "out of danger."—"How could you poſſibly accom-"pliſh a ſimilar manœuvre, when marching at the head "of your company, with your ſword in your hand, "and ordered by your commander, either to face the "cannon of the enemy, or reſolutely to enter the "breach which your own had made?"—"Nothing "is eaſier, Madam. If you are conſcious, the "danger is imminent, this conſciouſneſs will pre-"ſently ſuggeſt a convenient ſickneſs. This muſt be "feigned very opportunely, or your artifice may be "detected. But if you have not the ſuperior addreſs "of taking ill in the lucky moment, you muſt take "your ſtation, and march at the head of your men"—

"Then

"Then Sir, your head ſtands a chance for a moſt "diſaſtrous ſalute."—"It is only a chance, Madam. "You muſt take care to fall the firſt fire, wounded or "not, and a little ſubſequent caution will bring you "ſafe off the field. You have only to tip the doctor's "palm, and you may depend upon it, his report will "be doleful enough."—"Upon my word, Captain, "you are a dextrous ſoldier. But were all our "officers endued with the ſame caution, what would "become of poor old England?"—"Never fret "about that, Madam, there were always plenty of "thick heads in every army, who are as fond of "fighting, as you are of dancing, and who would pre-"fer the tremendous roaring of the cannon, before the "enchanting melody of Amphion's harp. Theſe are "the fellows, on whom the ſafety of the nation de-"pends, and to them we gladly leave it."—"Bravo, "Captain, I perceive your cunning exceeds your "courage."

His Lordſhip entered, accoutred in his regimentals, with a ſword by his ſide and a watch chain dangling ſix inches below its accuſtomed length. The liberality of Sir Archibald had procured him this expenſive, but neceſſary toy. He ſeemed more delighted with the glitter of the chain, than with the hilt of his ſword, though it was the defender of both life and honor. Every time he walked acroſs the floor, he enjoyed the pleaſure of peeping at the dancing trinket. His child-iſh curioſity attracted the notice of the company. Miſs Welman was in a laughing humour. Her raillery of the Captain had excited her riſibility, and the ſedate-neſs of Lady Gray could not reſtrain her agreeable cheerfulneſs. As he walked with his back towards her, he heard her tittering, and turning round on a ſudden, his ſword entangled his legs, and ſtaggering forward, he flew, though involuntarily, with ſuch precipitation and force, upon Miſs Welman, as fairly overturned her, chair and all, backwards upon the floor. The roar of laughter, with which the Captain ſhook his ſides, prevented him from aſſiſting the lady, who lay ſprawling upon the carpet, by the ſide of his Lordſhip,

Lordſhip, laughing till ſhe was unable to riſe. Sir Archibald approaching, ſtretched out his hand, by which ſhe aroſe, and adjuſting her dreſs, which had been rumpled in the tumble, when his Lordſhip getting upon his knees directly before her, ſhe clapped her hands againſt his breaſt, and threw him ſouſe upon his back, crying, "lie there, Alexander, till "thou learn the uſe of thy ſword." The adroitneſs with which this action was performed, the good humour ſhe exhibited through the whole adventure, added not a little to their preſent fun. His Lordſhip, afraid to riſe near Miſs Welman, crawled upon his hands and knees to the other ſide of the room, before he ventured to ſtand erect. After ſcratching his head, and examining his watch-chain, "Upon my word, "Madam, you are too dextrous for me,"—"No. "my Lord, the dexterity was all on your ſide. Pray, "let us ſee a repetition of theſe capers. You gambol "as nimbly as a calf, when it bays, and bounces upon "the green lawn."

The call to dinner, put an end to their diverſion. Patrick, who was a ſatellite to his Lordſhip, never forſook him. The hopes of the land-ſtewardſhip buoyed up his pride, and he conceived himſelf a perſon of much more importance than he was formerly, when he had no other proſpect, than living and dying a humble pariſh clerk. The attention, the ſubmiſſion, the honor he gave his maſter, were topics not only of converſation, but of ridicule, to all the ſervants of the family, wherever he came. This rudeneſs had not eſcaped his obſervation, but he attributed it ſolely to their ignorance. His learning, of which he boaſted much, had given him ideas of propriety, of which they had no conception. Whenever he caught any of them laughing at his ſuppoſed awkwardneſs, he ſhook his head with many a ſignificant nod, and if they were in the preſence of their ſuperiors, he clapped his finger upon his upper lip, as emblematical of ſilence; if they were by themſelves, he bluntly remonſtrated againſt their folly, and told them, "their maſters ought to "have taught them better." As he took his maſter's

plate to-day, in order to give him a clean one, he made his uſual bow. The footman was paſſing at the ſame inſtant, with a couple of glaſſes of wine upon a ſilver ſerver, and not obſerving Patrick's attitudes, nor too attentive to what he held in his fingers, Patrick's bottom came bounce againſt his knees—away flew the glaſſes, and down dropt the ſerver. The good nature which ſo eminently characterized the Baronet and his Lady, was now viſible on their countenances. They laughed immoderately, while Patrick ſtood bolt upright behind his maſter's chair, as grave and compoſed as if his face were made of oak boards. The riſibility of his waiting companions, excited his indignation. He more than once clenched his fiſt, and ſeemed to bid defiance to the whole fraternity. This was obſerved by Miſs Welman, who, by an expert imitation of his threatening motion, kept the table in a roar for ſeveral minutes. Patrick's gravity was not to be diſconcerted. He made his bow as uſual, and pitied the ignorance of thoſe, who laughed at his good breeding.

Though Patrick had threatened hard in dumb ſhow, the ſervants knew how to appeaſe his anger. By apologizing for their rudeneſs, they gratified his pride. By pretending to receive inſtructions from his precepts, they indulged his vanity. But, above all, they pleaſed him, by a briſk circulation of the glaſs, to the intoxicating contents of which he was particularly attached. He ſaid, "that good liquor had an exhi-"larating power, which enlivened the faculties of his "mind, and made him capable of maintaining a diſpute "with the parſon. Beſides, I never raiſe a pſalm with "half the harmony, as when my pipe is cleared with "a few glaſſes of excellent October." Patrick's recommendations of the powers of ſtrong ale, did not loſe their effect, for before he was ordered to attend his maſter, it had ſo increaſed the harmony of his pipe, that it totally deſtroyed the power of his tongue. He ſtaggered, and reeled home, but had wholly forgotten his wonted reſpect, for ſometimes he was before and ſometimes behind his Lordſhip; ſometimes he was ſo unceremonious, as to juſtle him very roughly, while his

his maſter ſurlily requeſted him to know himſelf, and keep his diſtance.

The apartment wherein his Lordſhip ſlept at Fenwick Tower, was infeſted with a ſpecies of diſagreeable viſitors, called mice. To ſcare theſe impudent intruders, he was accuſtomed to ſet his ſhoes within his reach, and when they became ſo intolerable noiſy, as to diſturb his repoſe, he threw them with impetuoſity among theſe inſolent invaders of his quiet, and thus, for a while, expelled them from his chamber. Unluckily to-night, to preſerve his watch in ſecurity, he put it into one of his ſhoes. He was juſt cloſing his eyes, when his ſleep was interrupted by a whole ſwarm of thoſe troubleſome free-booters. He ſnatched up his ſhoe, and threw it with the utmoſt violence. "Ha! there ſhe lies, I hear by her buzzing, ſhe is at "her laſt breath." He compoſed himſelf to reſt, and ſlept ſoundly until the morning. But when he aroſe, how was he ſurprized, how was he chagrined, when, inſtead of the dead mouſe he expected to find, he ſaw his watch lying broken into twenty pieces! He gathered up the fragments, and ſwore eternal war againſt the little harmleſs quadrupeds.

CHAPTER XXII.

ONE morning Captain Corner requeſted Captain Tulip to lend him his carriage to convey him to Newcaſtle, as he had ſome particular buſineſs to tranſact there. As ſoon as he entered it, he ordered the coachman to drive towards Stanner-caſtle. When they came within a mile of it, the Captain ordered the carriage to ſtop, and alighting, he accoſted the coachman, "Sam, I know thee to be an honeſt fellow, wilt thou be true to my orders this morning, and here are fifty guineas for thee. Beſides I will provide for thee as long as thou liveſt." Sam took the purſe, and looking at it, ſaid, "You don't mean that I ſhould commit murder?"—"Nothing of the kind, upon my ſoul, Sam. Thou haſt only to do as I bid thee, and keep all a profound ſecret."—"If that be all, Sir, you may order me to do what you pleaſe."

The carriage now left the road and ſtopped by the ſide of a wood. The Captain entered the wood, and bid Sam be in readineſs when he returned. He knew it was Miſs Gray's uſual cuſtom to walk every morning, when the weather permitted her, in theſe ſequeſtered retreats. He had not wandered long, when he found her alone in her favourite arbour. The confidence with which he had inſpired her, the hopes ſhe entertained of being the humble inſtrument of reclaiming him from his paſt errors, made him this morning no unwelcome intruder.

After the uſual compliments, he ſaid, "I hope, Madam, you will pardon me for this abrupt intruſion, but a very unfortunate incident has induced me to it. I borrowed Captain Tulip's carriage this morning to go to Hexham. Driving along the road, Miſs Welman, with a ſervant behind her, paſſed me. Her horſe took fright at the carriage,

'riage, and threw her.'—'O my dear Fanny, is 'ſhe any worſe from her fall?'—'Very much hurt, 'Madam. On ſeeing the unlucky accident, I ſprang 'from the carriage, and raiſed her from the ground. 'She was very ill, ſo much that ſhe could not walk. 'I lifted her into the carriage, and drove her to the 'firſt houſe. I diſpatched the ſervant for her bro-'ther. She expreſſed a more earneſt deſire to ſee 'Miſs Gray. I told her, I would go and acquaint 'you with her misfortune. I left the carriage on the 'road, concluding I ſhould be ſo fortunate as to meet 'with you in this your favourite ſolitude.'—'Alas, 'my dear Miſs Welman! I will go and acquaint my 'parents with her ſad diſaſter, and then will I go 'with you immediately.'—'O, Madam, you muſt 'not ſtop one minute—make no delay—ſhe fainted 'three times before I came away, and always when 'ſhe recovered, ſhe called upon you.'—'My dear 'Fanny! it will not ſtop us long, to go to the caſ-'tle!'—'Madam, ſhe will think that delay an age, 'and ſhould her brother be from home, what can the 'poor people do to relieve her?'—'Then let us go, 'Sir."

He took her by the hand, and led her out of the wood. She entered the carriage, and it drove off with all imaginable ſpeed. For ſome time, ſhe did nothing but bewail the loſs of her dear companion, and was inſenſible of the diſtance they had travelled. She began to enquire how far they had to go, before they came to the houſe where Miſs Welman was? The Captain anſwered, "we ſhall be there in a few "minutes." Her enquiries became urgent, and ſhe began to expreſs her ſuſpicions, that he had deceived her, as to the diſtance of the place. Still perceiving the carriage to drive at a furious rate, and receiving no ſatisfactory anſwer, ſhe became impatient, and inſiſted upon returning. She aroſe from her ſeat to look out at the carriage window. The agitation of her mind, for the misfortune of her lovely friend, had prevented her from obſerving the blinds were up. On perceiving this, ſhe became outrageous, and called

to

to the coachman to ſtop—ſhe called in vain. She now perceived that ſhe was betrayed, and called again with the utmoſt violence. She attempted to let one of the blinds down, but ſuch was her perturbation, ſhe was unable to effect it. He took her by the hand, and ſaid, "My life, my angel, be compoſed, no in-" jury is intended you."—"Injury, villain! you "have groſsly deceived me. Where is Miſs Wel-" man?"—"At Roſehill, my love, and well."—" O thou infernal wretch, canſt thou ſuppoſe to eſ-" cape for this outrage with impunity?"—"Can " you, my guardian angel, can you determine to " puniſh a man, who loves you more than his own " life? I will die, yes, I will die ten thouſand " deaths, before I will part with you again."—— " Part with me! where do you mean to carry me? I " know it is Captain Tulip's carriage, he muſt be " concerned in the plot againſt me."—"Upon my " ſoul, Madam, he is innocent of the buſineſs. " You muſt not accuſe him."—"I have a father, " Sir, who will not ſuffer the honor of his family to " be tarniſhed, and his daughter to be abuſed by the " infamy of one of the worſt of men. O heavens, " what will become of me!"—"Your perſonal ho-" nor, Madam, and the honor of your family, are " perfectly ſafe. I hope Sir Archibald will not be " irreconcilable, when once he knows we are mar-" ried."—"Whilſt breath is in my body, or I have " reaſon to proteſt againſt the rite, I will never be " yours." "Again he took her hand, "be not ſo " cruel, my life!"—"Unhand me, thou baſe ra-" viſher! How dareſt thou contaminate my perſon " by a touch of thy infernal fingers! O my God, for " what am I deſtined? O my Papa! O my Mama! " your daughter is undone?" Here a flood of tears alleviated the anxiety of her mind. She careleſsly threw herſelf into a corner of the carriage, and wept bitterly. He made no attempts to appeaſe her ſor-row, or to oppoſe the torrent of her grief. He con-tinued ſilent, and endeavoured not to vindicate his preſent conduct. He knew very well, that after the

violence

violence of her rage was ſomewhat ſubſided, ſhe would be more calm, and liſten to his propoſals with more attention.

A ſilence of half an hour enſued. The carriage ſtopped. The ceaſing of the motion awaked her from her reverie, and ſhe leaped from her ſeat. He took hold of her. "Unhand me, villain!" and ſhe ſcreamed with the utmoſt violence. The carriage door flew open. A ſudden and impetuous effort, diſentangled her from his arms, and ſhe jumped out. But, alas, ſhe ſaw no friends! She knew Captain Tulip's coachman, and called to him, "O, Sam, if "you will befriend me, and carry me back to my "parents, I will give you one hundred guineas, nay, "whatever you pleaſe!" He ſhook his head with a nod of denial. She looked around her in the agony of deſpair. She ſaw nothing, but a bleak and wild moor, ſave another carriage with four horſes, and two footmen attending it. She flew to Sam, and clung about him exclaiming, "O, ſave me, ſave "me from ruin!" He was deaf to her entreaties. The Captain approached, and bowing reſpectfully, ſaid, "he hoped ſhe would enter the other carriage." —"No, never, never," and ſhe clung the cloſer around the coachman. His heart was callous to her cries, and obdurate to all her entreaties. After the Captain perceived, that expoſtulation was ineffectual, and ſhe was not to be perſuaded to enter, he diſentangled her arms, which were twined around her ſuppoſed friend, and he bore her, by force, to the door of the carriage. By the aſſiſtance of one of the footmen, notwithſtanding her piercing ſcreams, ſhe was lifted in, and the carriage drove away with the utmoſt velocity.

Perceiving all her exertions to be inefficacious, ſhe ceaſed to exclaim, and reproach him with his treachery. She became ſullen and ſilent. His polite aſſiduities to conſole her, under her preſent affliction, were heard with the utmoſt indifference. He was all attention, and endeavoured to convince her, that no misfortune ſhould befal her. She deigned not to reply,

reply, nor did ſhe vouchſafe to utter a ſingle ſyllable to all his tender ſolicitations. Obſerving her ſullenneſs to encreaſe, the more he attempted to diſſipate it, he forbore his officiouſneſs, and the remainder of the day was paſſed in a torpid ſilence.

Night came on, and they continued their journey. At laſt the carriage ſtopped. Again ſhe aroſe, as from a dream, by the ceaſing of the motion. She looked out, but no lights appeared. The carriage door opened—the Captain ſtepped out, and requeſted the favour of her hand, as ſhe deſcended. Again ſhe looked around her, but her expectation was diſappointed, for no perſon appeared. He led her up ſtairs into a decent apartment, and deſired her to be ſeated. The table was ſpread in an inſtant by one of the attending footmen, and Captain Corner, in a very obliging manner, aſked her what refreſhment ſhe chuſed. "Pray, Sir, how long are we to ſtay here?"—"Only till to-morrow morning, Madam."——"Alas, where am I, and what will be my fate!"—"Diſpel your fears, my angel. You are in the "company of a man of honor."—"A man of honor, "Sir, why will you pollute the name, by this impu"dent aſſumption of it?"—"Madam, the ſervant "waits your orders, what would you chuſe?"——"Nothing, Sir; can I not have a woman to attend "me in this priſon?"—"You are in no priſon, my "love, whatever you pleaſe to order, ſhall be imme"diately complied with."—"Then carry me home "to my parents, and I ſolemnly promiſe, not only "to forgive you for this daring outrage, but likewiſe "to procure you their forgiveneſs."—"That com"mand, I muſt at preſent diſobey; but I ſolemnly "avow, to conduct you ſafely to your parents, and "entreat their pardon for my raſhneſs."—"When, "O, when, will you be ſo kind?" He dropped upon his knees before her—"when you have made me "the happieſt of men."——"What do you mean, "Sir? How does your happineſs depend upon me?" "—"Why will you not underſtand me? With you, "I am happy; without you, I am completely miſe"rable. Certainly you can have no pleaſure in

"my

" my torment!"—" Why do you kneel to me, Sir?"
" You cannot have the preſumption, after this abo-
" minable outrage, to prefer a petition to me?"——
" Here, let me kneel, Madam, and hear with can-
" dour my petition. You know I love you."——
" Not a ſyllable, Sir, on that ſubject, if you reſpect
" me. I abominate the very mention of it from you."
—" O, hear me, hear me, and have mercy on me!
" You will not doom me to eternal miſery?"—" It is
" not in my power to determine your future deſtiny.
" Your crimes alone will be your judges."—" Can
" it be a crime to love you? Can it be a crime to
" wiſh you mine?"—" There is no criminality in
" this, Sir, but to deceive me, to betray me, to ra-
" viſh me from my parents—" All theſe I was com-
" pelled to do. I ſaw your coolneſs to my addreſſes,
" I ſaw your indifference to my perſon, and this con-
" viction induced me to my preſent undertaking."—
" Alas, vain man! How could you ſuffer your folly
" to delude you ſo far? How could your paſſion blind
" your reaſon with ſuch manifeſt ſtupidity? Could
" you ſuppoſe, I would grant from compulſion, what
" I denied when at liberty? No, Sir, you have to-
" tally miſtaken your plan. No force, no reſtraint,
" ſhall ever induce me to comply with a propoſition
" I know to be ſpecifically wrong. I am in your
" power; you may ruin my reputation, but you ſhall
" never force my will."—" Impute not any diſhonour-
" able motive to me, Madam. I ſhudder at the very
" idea of it. You will not diſgrace yourſelf. You
" will not diſgrace your family, by a union with
" mine."—" Your family, Sir, I am unacquainted
" with; you yourſelf are a ſtranger to me, and neither
" this horrid procedure, nor any of your former con-
" duct, has ſo far prepoſſeſſed me in your favour, as
" to chuſe you for a huſband. Therefore riſe, your
" kneeling is of no avail. The man who can be
" guilty of ſuch flagrant deception in one action, can
" be guilty of it in all."—" Thou faireſt of thy ſex,
" be not ſo inſenſible to my ſufferings. Cruelty can
" not inhabit in that form. Only look with an eye

" of pity on the paſſion which your beauty has ex-
" cited, and ſurely you will forgive me. An attempt
" to diſpel my miſery, by poſſeſſing the cauſe which
" at firſt produced it, is certainly not unpardonable.
" only conſent to be mine, and I call Heaven to wit-
" neſs, that we will return to Stanner-caſtle to-mor-
" row. You ſhall be my guide, my directreſs,
" through the remainder of my life. You ſhall re-
" gulate, by your ſuperior wiſdom, all my thoughts,
" and all my actions. I will devote my attention to
" make you happy, and will never have a ſingle wiſh
" but what centers in you. O look with pity on
" me, and pronounce my pardon."—" You muſt
" firſt deſerve it, Sir; comply with my requiſition,
" and I ſolemnly aver I will forgive you, in the pre-
" ſence of my much injured parents. Let us return
" immediately, and you will find I will not deceive
" you."—" That is the only requeſt, Madam, with
" which I cannot comply Promiſe to be mine, and I
" will abſolutely depend upon your honor."—" Shall
" I promiſe, Sir, what I can never perform? Ceaſe
" to ſolicit me. I will never falſify my word, nor
" ſacrifice my mental peace, either to gratify your
" paſſion, or indulge your vanity. If I am to be
" undone, I hope the great God of heaven will par-
" don that credulity, which threw me into the power
" of my undoer."—" You wrong me, Madam, con-
" fide in my honor."——" You poſſeſs not, Sir,
" one iota of it in your whole compoſition. You
" are made up of treachery, diſſimulation, and vil-
" lainy. Confide in your honor! Confide in your
" infernal ſchemes, which conſtitute you the moſt
" worthleſs, the moſt abandoned of the ſex. O,
" were my Papa here!" She threw herſelf back on her chair, and being exhauſted with her exertions, and the fatigue of the journey, ſhe grew faint, and deſired a little water. It was immediately brought her, and whatever ſhe chuſed to call for. Again the Captain preſſed her earneſtly to take a little refreſh-ment. She complied with his ſolicitations, and ſat down to table. After ſhe had partaken of what ſhe

choſe,

choſe, he aſked her, if ſhe wiſhed to retire to reſt? She anſwered, ſhe deſired to be ſhewn to her chamber, and hoped he would be ſo conſiderate, as not to diſturb her repoſe. He rang the bell, and a woman appeared with a couple of candles. Miſs Gray aroſe, and without any ceremony walked after her. She was ſhewn into a genteel bed-room. When ſhutting the door, ſhe thus addreſſed the woman who attended her. "Pray, good woman, will you be ſo obliging "as to inform me, in what part of England I am at "preſent?"—"You are in the north, Madam," replies her attendant. "That I am convinced of, "but what part of the north?"—"That queſtion, I "cannot anſwer. You will probably be further ſouth "to morrow."—"I perceive, good woman, by your "evaſion, you are inſtructed in the part you have to "act. You are not young, you are probably a mo-"ther. You may have, or probably you may have "had, a daughter of my age. What would have "been your feelings, had ſhe been baſely raviſhed "from your arms, by a man with whom you were "unacquainted, and violently carried you knew not "whither, to ſuffer whatever his caprice or his vil-"lainy could deviſe?"——"O my dear Madam, I "would poſitively have broken my heart"—"Then, "good woman, this is actually my caſe. Can you "be inſtrumental in accelerating my ruin? Can you "contribute your aſſiſtance to undo me? I am very "young, I am not yet twenty years of age."—"In-"deed, Madam, I will not injure a hair of your head, "nor ſuffer any one to do it in my houſe. The gen-"tleman means nothing but honourable marriage, I "can aſſure you."—"Marriage, good woman, mar-"riage with him! Alas, what will become of me! "Thou God, in whom I have always truſted, who "wilt not allow the innocent to ſuffer, and the in-"jurer to go unpuniſhed, protect me this night. "Thou art my only guard. In thee will I confide "in this hour of affliction, and cheerfully reſign my-"ſelf to thy all diſpoſing will! Pray, good woman, "leave me."

She

She was no ſooner alone, than ſhe threw herſelf back in a chair, and ſhed a copious flood of tears. Being ſomewhat alleviated from the load of ſorrow which oppreſſed her mind, ſhe began to ruminate on her unhappy ſituation. She condemned her own credulity ſeverely, which had involved her in her preſent diſtreſs. She hardly durſt think upon the future, for in that ſcene nothing was preſented to her mind, but affliction, deſpair, and horror.

In this unfortunate dilemma, ſhe began to examine the windows, which ſhe ſurveyed with all the care, ſuſpicion could ſuggeſt. She next adverted to the door, and having ſecured it, ſhe minutely explored every crevice of her apartment. Perceiving nothing to excite her fears, ſhe determined to take a little reſt. So dropping upon her knees, and addreſſing herſelf to her Creator, ſhe ſaid, "O thou almighty "Protector of the innocent, who beholdeſt the ac- "tions of all thy creatures, have mercy upon me, "and pardon all my infirmities. Thou knoweſt my "weakneſs, ſtrengthen me in the hour of affliction. "May no deſign, however intricate, however wicked, "ſeduce me from the paths of virtue. May my er- "rors be pardoned, and my mind illuminated by the "beams of thy heavenly grace, that I may be ena- "bled to continue in that courſe of piety, which I "have been taught by my honoured parents! In this "preſſing hour of trial, ſurrounded with imminent "dangers, be thou my guardian, and vain will be "the devices of man. Protect me this night from "any attempts of wickedneſs. If ſleep ſeal my eyes, "be thou my ſafeguard. Without thy aſſiſtance, "what may I not endure! With it, what can in- "jure me! To thy care, O my God, I recommend "myſelf. Thou canſt educe good out of evil. Let "not my offences be remembered in this hour of "trial, for thou art merciful beyond my deſert, and "in thee is my only truſt."

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHE was called in the morning by the ſame woman who had attended her the preceding evening. She aroſe at the firſt ſummons, for ſhe had not undreſſed, but compoſed herſelf to ſleep in the clothes which ſhe wore during her journey. It was only in the dawn of the morning, and ſhe enquired, why ſhe was diſturbed ſo ſoon. "It is the gentleman's orders, Madam, and he waits breakfaſt for you."—"Tell him, I want none, neither will I attend his pleaſure."—"Madam, the carriage is ready, and it will be better to take a little, before you ſet out." The Captain approached, and bowing reſpectfully, deſired ſhe would be prevailed on to accompany him to breakfaſt.—"Why muſt I breakfaſt with you, Sir?"—"Becauſe, Madam, the time is ſhort, and we muſt be expeditious."—"I am in no hurry, Sir. I know of no journey I ought to take, and you have no right to regulate my hours."—"Be perſuaded, Madam, for all things are ready. It is neceſſary you take ſome refreſhment, for we muſt be gone in a few minutes." The determined manner in which he ſpoke the laſt ſentence, ſomewhat alarmed her. She remonſtrated no more, but followed him into the breakfaſt room. After a ſingle cup of chocolate, ſhe aroſe, walked acroſs the floor, and looked out of the window. She perceived ſhe was in a town, and attempted to lift the ſaſh. He obſerved her motions, and immediately flew towards her, ſaying, "Madam, we are here too long."—"Keep your diſtance, Sir, or I will raiſe the whole ſtreet."—"Your ſcreams will be vain, Madam. Theſe are only ſtables, and other offices; before any perſon can take the alarm, we ſhall be far enough out of their reach."—"O, thou cunning wretch, what puniſhment awaits thee! But I proteſt, I will not ſtir out of this houſe."—"You muſt."—"I will not. Unhand me,

" me, villain !" She ſcreamed with the utmoſt violence. He ſtopped his handkerchief againſt her mouth —ſhe then knocked with her heels againſt the floor, and the woman of the houſe came running in. " De- " ſire George to come to me directly." The ſervant came, and by his aſſiſtance, ſhe was carried down, and put into the carriage. It drove off inſtantly, and whenever ſhe attempted to ſcream, he put his handkerchief to her mouth, and effectually prevented her. When ſhe found all her efforts abortive, to create an alarm, ſhe diſcontinued them, and reviled him in all the bitterneſs of language, for his horrid inhumanity. He heard her with all the patience of a ſtoic. He made no reply, but what was couched in the ſofteſt ſtrain of complaiſance, or in the warmeſt ardour of affection. " I deſpiſe your love, Sir," ſays ſhe, " and you will be puniſhed both by the laws of God " and man. I have a father will do me juſtice. There " is a God, whoſe vengeance you cannot eſcape." His anſwers were mild and reſpectful. He never diſcovered the leaſt degree of irritability, but bore her reproaches with the moſt paſſive obedience.

Thus they travelled for many miles, and ſo complete was his plan, that horſes always met them, before they arrived at the ſtage; and thus was he enabled to bear away his prize undiſcovered and undetected. As they advanced towards the ſouth, they travelled all the night, and reſted in the day. And ſuch was his active vigilance, ſuch was the power of bribery, that he not only prevented her from effecting an eſcape, but fruſtrated her intirely from raiſing any alarm, that was prejudicial to his deſign. She ſaw he was determined on the accompliſhment of his purpoſe, ſhe perceived ſhe was thwarted in every effort for her liberty, ſhe was convinced her journey muſt terminate in a few days, and therefore ſhe complied, though reluctantly, with every meaſure he propoſed for her preſent accommodation. He perceived the alteration of her conduct, and doubled his aſſiduities. She accepted, with regret, whatever he pleaſed to offer. Was calm, when he diſcourſed on any ſubject, except that of love.

The

The mention of this was grating to her ear, and ſhe always expreſſed her diſapprobation, whenever he preſumed to touch upon that topic. This taught him prudence, and for the ſake of preſent peace, he very ſeldom offended her with this diſagreeable ſubject. Though artful and deſigning, he found ſhe was a conqueſt, that would require all his diſſimulation.

Thus they travelled for ſeveral days, conſtantly accompanied by two footmen; and though it was in the ſummer, their expedition was not very quick. The roads were rather rough, and for the more ſecurity they frequently left the public path, for a more unfrequented one. This caution was deemed neceſſary by the Captain, who, anxious to ſecure his prize, and eſcape detection, was ſolicitous in the contrivance, and alert in the execution of any ſcheme, which he thought would contribute to the fortunate termination of his preſent adventure. Though attentive to the wiſhes of the lady, and complaiſant to all her deſires, when they did not militate againſt his principal deſign, yet he was prudent in his reſolutions, and determined, when he once reſolved. Her moſt earneſt intreaties could never prevail upon him to recede from one action. He acknowledged, with ſubmiſſion, the ſeverity of his conduct, but at the ſame time, requeſted her to weigh maturely the neceſſity of the caſe. She often ſmiled, though it was the ſmile of reſentment, at his ſteady behaviour. She ceaſed to importune him, becauſe ſhe perceived he was inexorable to her complaint, and was only intereſted in the completion of his own intention.

On the evening of the tenth day, from their firſt ſetting out, ſhe obſerved they were approaching a very elegant building. The fields, as they paſſed along, were in a ſtate of high cultivation. The hedges were regularly cut, and plantations of lofty trees were waving in every direction where ſhe turned her eyes. Herds of cattle, and flocks of ſheep, were grazing in the fields. Miſs Gray was charmed with the proſpect. He perceived her attention was

rivetted

rivetted to the ſurrounding ſcenery, and he attempted not to diſturb the admiration of the preſent moment. He thought himſelf happy, that the contiguous imagery had attracted her notice, and concluded it to be a lucky preſage of her complying to participate with him of thoſe beauties, with whoſe variety ſhe ſeemed at preſent to be ſo much and ſo deeply enraptured. She heaved a ſigh, and the tears flowed plentifully down her cheeks. He ſaw the agitation of her boſom, but was unconſcious of the cauſe. He took her by the hand, and ſaid, "May I pre-"ſume to enquire the reaſon of thoſe tears?"—"They are not unnatural, Sir. The ſurrounding "ſcenery calls afreſh to my memory, that of which "you have ſo daringly deprived me." She hid her face with her handkerchief, and was totally inattentive to his ſolicitude, by which he endeavoured to adminiſter conſolation.

The carriage drove up to the door. He alighted, and handed her out. She looked around her with a tranſient pleaſure, and turned from the proſpect with regret, when he eagerly importuned her to walk in. She ſaw every thing in order. The apartments were elegant, and the furniture ſumptuous. She ſaw, but admired not. She turned with ſorrow from the coſtly decorations which ſurrounded her, and threw herſelf careleſsly into a chair, heedleſs and inattentive to the aſſiduities of her admirer. He obſerved the gloom of grief ſat heavy on her countenance. He ſaw that joy which beamed with attractive ſweetneſs, was temporary and deluſive He fondly hoped, the ſilent delight ſhe had diſplayed on a view of his eſtate, before ſhe knew it to be his, would have diſſipated that melancholy, which preyed upon her mind. Advancing towards her, he bowed reſpectfully, and ſaid, 'Why, Madam, will you ſuf-'fer this affliction to corrode your preſent peace? 'You are in your own houſe. All that it contains 'is yours. The ſervants are zealous to expreſs 'their duty. The adjoining lands, with which you 'ſeemed to be pleaſed, ſhall be your own. There-

'fore,

'fore, diſpel this heavy gloom, which ill becomes 'your wonted ſerenity, and believe me, it ſhall be 'my invariable ſtudy to make you completely happy.' —'No, Sir, that is not in your power. You have 'effectually deſtroyed my wonted happineſs. What 'you have propoſed, as eſſential to my preſent peace, 'is the only cauſe that will ultimately ruin it. You 'ſay theſe things are all my own. I eſteem the 'offer as a deceitful lure, contrived by your hypo-'criſy to enſnare my innocence. This houſe you 'deſtine for my priſon, and you are to be my jailor.' —'My angel,' replies he, 'baniſh theſe unfavour-'able ideas from your mind. It ſhall be my ſole 'wiſh to anticipate your thoughts, to contribute, by 'every endeavour in my power, towards your tran-'quility, and by a ſedulous attention to all your de-'ſires, to make you as happy as humanity is capable 'of being.'—'Are you in earneſt, Sir, in theſe aſ-'ſeverations, or, are they the dictates of hypocriſy!' —'Believe me, my life, when I aſſert, they are the 'dictates of truth. Confide in my veracity, and re-'prehend me when I deceive you.'—'Aſſertions, 'Sir, are eaſily made, but facts will demonſtrate 'your integrity. Reſtore me to my parents, and 'then I will confide in your veracity. This alone 'ſhall convince me you have any other motive in your 'proteſtations, but merely to deceive me.'—'O thou 'fair tormentor! what pleaſure can you have in 'temporizing with a man, who adores you, who 'loves you beyond expreſſion, and would freely ren-'der up his life'—'O thou vile diſſembler! can you 'Sir, ſuppoſe, that I am to be caught by ſuch fal-'lacious, ſuch unmeaning frippery, calculated to de-'ceive, but not to convince me? I am here your 'priſoner. The ſcheme, by which you have de-'prived me of my liberty, has not been inſtantaneous. 'It is the fabrication of deliberate contrivance. It 'is the covert deſign of apparent villainy. You 'have ſucceeded in part, but I ſhall ever condemn 'my own credulity which aided your ſucceſs. But 'let me aſſure you, you have yet much to do. You

'are

'are far I hope, from the conſummation of your in-
'famy. You have taught me to be circumſpect, and
'I ſhall profit by your inſtructions. I have a guard,
'with whom you are totally unacquainted. In him,
'I will faithfully confide, and truſt he will protect
'me againſt all your artifice. That God, who I
'worſhip, and you deſpiſe, will ſhield me from op-
'preſſion. He is my hope, he is my refuge. Trem-
'ble at his name, for he is the avenger of the inno-
'cent, and the ſcourge of the oppreſſor.'

She ſpoke with a determined tone, and roſe from her chair, ſaying, 'Can I be ſhewn to my apart-
'ment?'—'Certainly, Madam. But I hope you
'will do me the favour of partaking of ſomething
'before you retire.'—'A man, Sir, who can con-
'deſcend to the baſeneſs of kidnapping the perſon of
'a woman, is capable of perpetrating the moſt heinous
'wickedneſs. How can I, how dare I partake of
'any thing that is under your direction, now when I
'am confined beneath your roof? Prudence will
'teach me to abſtain, though I ſhould fall a victim
'to ſuch cautious abſtinence.'—'Pray Madam, what
'do you hint at? your meaning is myſterious.'—
'No, Sir, my meaning is explicit, and I am certain,
'you clearly comprehend it.'—'Your ſuſpicion, Ma-
'dam, does me injuſtice. I ſwear by heaven'—'Hold
'Sir, pollute not the ſacred name of heaven by your
'impious adjurations. You defy its laws, renounce
'their ſalutary influence, and hope to eſcape with
'impunity. But remember, a day of retribution will
'come. The judge is omniſcient, as well as all-
'powerful. He ſees the depravity of your heart,
'your voluntary reſignation to the dominion of vice,
'and will aſſuredly inflict that puniſhment which your
'wilful irreverence ſo amply deſerves.' She immediately rang the bell, and a ſervant appeared. Embarraſſed at her threatnings, and appalled by her dictatorial aſſurances, he ſuffered her to leave the room without attempting to reply, or exculpate himſelf from the horrid imputation.

Truth,

Truth, though often deſpiſed, and contemned for its admonitory counſels, will ſometimes appear with ſuch irradiating luſtre, as to flaſh conviction on the moſt obdurate, and abaſh the libertine with the force of its precepts. He by accuſtoming himſelf to a deluſive train of argumentation, is bewildered in the labyrinth of error, and often ſurprized, if not confounded by the power of that reaſoning, which is ſupported by juſtice and rectitude. He ſees he is wrong, but daringly acts in defiance of this ſalutary concluſion.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUSPICION is no inherent quality of the human mind. It is an acquiſition obtained either by experience, or an accurate obſervation of the actions, manners, and cuſtoms of mankind. That open, unreſtrained behaviour, ſo conſpicuous in the conduct of thoſe, who are little acquainted with the artifices of ſociety, is an evident demonſtration of the maxim. An acquaintance with mankind, an obſervation of their manners, a ſurvey of that duplicity which is manifeſted in the actions of many, too often confirm the concluſions of thoſe miſanthropiſts, who ſullenly condemn the conduct of the whole. This is undoubtedly raſh, and preſumptuous. It is certain, that many err, but mere, unintentional error, is always pardonable, for infallibility is not the portion of man. Paſſion, or inclination, will ever ſtimulate to action. The propriety, or the tendency of this action, is not always duly weighed. Hence reſult folly, anxiety, and diſappointment. The certainty of this reſult does not always produce wiſdom. Thus man too frequently reprehends his own imprudence, but experience ſeldom adds to the ſtock of his preſent knowledge.

Of all the qualities with which the human mind is endued, ſuſpicion is apparently the meaneſt. It ſeldom examines the motive of the agent, but roundly condemns him as guilty of criminality. The baſeneſs of this concluſion is altogether culpable. The ſuſpicious man, who regulates his conduct in life, by his own narrow conceptions, ſuppoſes every perſon to be actuated by the ſame impulſe, which prompts himſelf to action. He is conſcious of his own obliquity, and therefore, without any further conſideration, concludes mankind to be regulated by a ſimilar influence. But when actions diſplay the depravity of the heart, or inconſiſtencies diſcover the inclination of the mind,

mind, prudence will ſuggeſt not only reſerve, but dictate a degree of examination neceſſary for the detection of the offender.

The very morning Miſs Gray was inveigled away by Captain Corner, Mr. Welman left Roſehill, with an intention to viſit the metropolis, and make a curſory tour through the ſouthern counties of the kingdom. Miſs Welman having parted with her brother, went immediately to Stanner-caſtle. She was not accuſtomed to be ſeparated from him. This journey, which he had ſolely undertaken to diſſipate his chagrin, though expected to be of ſhort duration, occaſioned her a degree of ſorrow. She loved her brother with the affection of a ſiſter. She conſulted him on the moſt trivial circumſtance. He was to her as a parent, and whilſt ſhe was beneath the protection of her brother, ſhe was ſcarcely conſcious of the loſs of her natural father. Their affection was reciprocal. He was tender, and indulgent to his ſiſter. He frankly unboſomed himſelf to her in all his moſt important concerns, while her good ſenſe, or her vivacity, he often experienced to be of great utility to him. Wherefore, it is not to be wondered at, if ſhe felt this temporary ſeparation, with all the ſenſibility of real ſorrow.

When ſhe arrived at the caſtle, Sir Archibald and Lady Gray, were walking in the garden. She immediately joined them. Lady Gray perceived her to be thoughtful, and rather more ſerious than uſual, and kindly enquired the cauſe. 'I have this morning, 'Madam, parted with my brother.'—'Whither is 'he gone, Miſs Welman?'—'He goes firſt to London, and then makes a tour to the weſt of England.' —'This journey, my dear, can be of no long con'tinuance. And though your affection for your bro'ther may excite your grief, it will be very tranſient. 'The moment of ſeparation is the moſt afflictive. 'That is now paſt, and let the hope of his ſpeedy 'return to the north, conſole you for his preſent ab'ſence.'—'I thank you, Lady Gray, for your 'friendly admonitions. This paper, Sir, my brother

'ther particularly requeſted me to deliver into your 'hands.' The Baronet took, and read it. After carefully peruſing it, he gave it to Lady Gray. 'Miſs 'Welman,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'your brother has a 'true idea of friendſhip, and has painted that amiable 'intercourſe in colours which do credit to his head 'and heart. The virtue of friendſhip, ſo rare and 'yet ſo much profeſſed, will always reward thoſe, 'who are ſteady in its ſervice. The ſweeteſt happi-'neſs, of which mortality can participate, originates 'from this ſource. But it is ſo frequently contami-'nated by hypocriſy, ſo often polluted by diſſimula-'tion, and ſo often perverted to the worſt of pur-'poſes by deceit, that it is almoſt impoſſible to meet 'with this heavenly inmate unmingled with the bane 'of ſuſpicion. I hope Mr. Welman, who ſeems to 'underſtand the ſubject, will always have the forti-'tude to practiſe, what he ſeems to know with ac-'curacy.' Miſs Welman ſmiled, and curtſied to the worthy Baronet, for the compliment to her brother, and was going to thank him for his good opinion, when the Captain, Mrs. and Miſs Tulip joined them. As they ſauntered along the walks of the garden, the converſation was general, and promiſcuous. Miſs Tulip attaching herſelf to Miſs Welman, they ſepa-rated from the company.—'Pray, my dear Miſs Wel-'man,' ſays Miſs Tulip, 'what is your opinion of 'Captain Corner?'—'Indeed, Miſs Tulip, I have 'had little opportunity to form any deciſive opinion 'concerning the gentleman.'—'Now, Miſs Welman, 'you are really ſo reſerved to me, that I am always 'at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf to you. But up-'on my word, I think the Captain an exceptionable 'character. He is always ridiculing the ladies, and 'yet when he is in their company, no gentleman 'whatever, is half ſo attentive to them. From this 'behaviour, I am certain he is a downright hypo-'crite.'—'He may be ſo, Miſs Tulip, and he may 'not be ſo. His aſſiduities in his attendance upon 'the ladies, is no criterion to judge of his hypocriſy. 'You know we are pleaſed with them, and too often

'eſtimate

'eſtimate the merit of the gentleman, ſolely from this 'mode of behaviour."—" This may be true, Miſs 'Welman, but I am confident, he is not only an 'hypocrite, but an artful diſſembler. For I aſſure 'you as a fact, and remember you keep the ſecret, 'he has not only paid his addreſſes to me, but 'avowed at different times, that he neither can nor 'will live without me. Moreover, you muſt know 'he has borrowed our carriage to day, and is gone 'to Newcaſtle to buy ſome trinkets, of which he 'means to make me a preſent. Notwithſtanding all 'this, the laſt time Miſs Gray was at Tulip-houſe, 'and we were walking in the garden, the Captain 'and ſhe detached themſelves from the company. 'My curioſity was excited, and ſo I determined to 'liſten to their converſation. With this intention, I 'concealed myſelf behind a large holly-buſh, and 'was not a little aſtoniſhed to hear him ſwear, that 'he loved her as his own ſoul. She was attentive to 'all his proteſtations, and in my hearing, promiſed 'to admit him, whenever he was pleaſed to pay his 'addreſſes to her.'—'Indeed, Miſs Tulip, your in-'formation ſurprizes me.'—'Upon my honor it is 'true. You may be aſſured, I reprimanded him for 'his duplicity. He heard me with the utmoſt pati-'ence, and when I concluded, he burſt out into a fit 'of laughter, ſaying, 'How can you, Miſs Tulip, 'be ſo weak, as to be jealous of Miſs Gray? how 'can you degrade your charms by ſuch a compari-'ſon? Miſs Gray is a little ſimpleton, and ſo vain of 'her own accompliſhments, that ſhe thinks herſelf 'injured, if every gentleman who ſees her does not 'fall in love with her at firſt ſight. I immediately 'ſaw her inſufferable vanity, and was determined to 'indulge it, by a few hours of unmeaning gallantry. 'She is a conqueſt not worth obtaining though'— 'Hold, Miſs Tulip, I diſdain to hear my lovely friend 'thus abominably traduced, without attempting to 'vindicate her character from the infamy of ſuch de-'teſtable ſlander. Were Captain Corner ſtanding 'there, I would not heſitate to call him an infernal

'liar,

'liar, and that he degraded, by his conduct, the 'character of a gentleman.'—'But, Miſs Welman, 'if he ſpoke the truth,—'Not one ſyllable of it, 'Miſs Tulip, I know Miſs Gray better, ſhe never 'would condeſcend to liſten to his addreſſes, and 'theſe ſlanderous aſperſions of which he has been ſo 'liberal, ſufficiently demonſtrate him to be a com-'plete villain.'—'You are too warm, Miſs Welman. 'Becauſe when a gentleman adheres to the truth, he 'ought not to be cenſured with ſuch unbecoming ſe-'verity.'—'Miſs Tulip, you were the firſt to con-'demn his conduct. Your preſent partiality is rather 'of a ſuſpicious nature. A little time will develope 'the whole myſtery, and take my word for it, you 'will clearly perceive, that he has ſcandalouſly abuſed 'Miſs Gray, and artfully deceived you.' They were interrupted by the approach of his Lordſhip, who joining them, they advanced to meet the reſt of the company.

Mrs. Tulip, though ſhe never troubled herſelf with her own domeſtic affairs, had an inſuperable curioſity to know minutely the concerns of other people. Conſcious that Lady Gray was an excellent œconomiſt, ſhe was anxious to be informed of the particulars of her houſehold management. She examined the dairy, and inſpected the larder. She was amazed at the numerous flocks of poultry, and expreſſed her ſurprize, that her Ladyſhip ſhould have ſuch fine litters of pigs. 'O Madam, only ſtep this way, and you ſhall ſee 'the good old lady grunting among the ſtraw.'—'O 'Lord, what beautiful little creatures theſe are! 'who would ever ſuppoſe they would become ſuch 'ugly devils when they grow old! I ſuppoſe your 'Ladyſhip has another litter in this ſtye,' and ſhe opened the door. As ſoon as he ſaw the light, out bounced the great boar, and furiouſly darting between Mrs. Tulip's legs, he cleverly bore her off, as quick as the vivid lightning upon his briſtly back. His long ſnout ſtuck out behind, partly covered with the train of her ſattin ſacque. He grunted ſo loudly, as he ran along, that the lady's ſcreams were never heard.

His Lordſhip diverted immoderately with the ludicrous ſpectacle of Mrs. Tulip's riding with her face towards the boar's tail, ran ſwiftly after him, hollowing and ſhouting, which greatly increaſed the ſpeed of the terrified animal. At length, not knowing which way he went, he plunged into the horſe-pond, and threw the aſtoniſhed lady into the thickeſt of the mud. The company, who laughed aloud at the oddity of the ſight, no ſooner ſaw her proſtrate in the midſt of the mire, than they became outrageous in their mirth, inſomuch that they were incapacitated to give her any immediate aſſiſtance. She got upon her hands and knees, but being entangled in the folds of her robes, was unable to riſe any higher. Thus ſhe ſtuck with her arms among the water and the mud, up to the ſhoulders. This diſagreeable ſituation of the lady, enlivened the Captain's merriment. 'There, 'there ſhe ſtands upon all fours,' exclaims he, 'the 'beſt pig's jockey I ever ſaw in all my life.' This illiberal fun of the huſband, excited the commiſeration of Sir Archibald, who deliberately walked into the pond, and extricated Mrs. Tulip from her preſent embarraſſment.

Her dreſs was elegant for the morning, but ſo completely was it bedaubed with dirt and filth, and her arms ſo encruſted with the mire, that ſhe could not reſtrain a ſmile, when ſhe beheld the laughable appearance of her preſent figure. 'Pray my dear,' ſays the Captain, as he advanced towards her, 'how 'do you like your new poney?'—'I thank you, Sir, 'full as well as I ought to like my huſband.'—'Indeed Madam,' returns his Lordſhip, 'that is a 'ſtrange declaration. There is a wonderful difference between the Captain and the boar.'—'True, 'my Lord,' rejoins Mrs. Tulip, 'but not much be-'tween the boar and you. His civility, I had no 'right to expect, for I obtruded myſelf into his 'apartment. But for you to ſhake your ginger locks, 'and ſet up your croaking pipe, to ſcare the poor 'grunting animal, was a piece of politeneſs I ſhould 'hardly have expected from your couſin-german a

'highland kyloe.'—'Well, well my dear, why this 'uncouth compariſon? Who the devil could refrain 'from laughing, to ſee you ſo genteely mounted! 'Had you only had the preſence of mind, to have 'caught him by the tail, inſtead of a bridle, you 'might probably have been carried to your own 'houſe.'—'Come, come, Sir,' obſerves Lady Gray, 'your preſent mirth is ill-timed. Pray Madam, let 'us walk in, and leave theſe two merry gentlemen 'to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own laugh-'ter.'

The Tulip family having retired, and it being near noon, Lady Gray became uneaſy at the abſence of her daughter. She requeſted Miſs Welman to accompany her into the woods, as her unuſual ſtay rather alarmed the ſenſibility of the affectionate mother. After an ineffectual ſearch of two hours, they returned. Her Ladyſhip ſeemed diſconſolate. Sir Archibald deſired her to ſuſpend her doubts, as many incidents might occur, which might induce her to prolong her walk beyond her uſual hour. 'Indeed, 'Sir Archibald, I cannot diſmiſs my fear. It may 'be the uneaſy foreboding of my parental fondneſs, 'and this you muſt acknowledge is anxiety enough.' —'That is certain Madam, but the abſence of a few 'hours is no ſufficient cauſe to create ſolicitude, eſ-'pecially as you have a firm reliance on the prudence 'of your daughter. This is raiſing diſcontent un-'neceſſarily, which always comes ſoon enough, and 'when it does come, it deſtroys our peace, and 'tinges our hours with the glow of unhappineſs.' 'But,' obſerves his Lordſhip, who was yet preſent, 'there is a poſſibility that Miſs Gray may have eloped 'this morning with Mr. Welman.' Lady Gray fixed her eyes inſtantaneouſly on the face of Sir Archibald. She grew pale, and was ſilent. The Baronet looked ſerious, but made no reply. Miſs Welman was ſtartled at the inſidious information. She coloured, and caſting a look of the moſt contemptuous diſdain upon the officious obſerver, ſaid, 'How can 'you, my Lord, with this malicious inſinuation, en-

'deavour

'deavour to affix the ſtain of infamy to the character 'of a man, whoſe good name, I believe, has been 'hitherto unimpeached. He is young, and poſſibly 'might be guilty of this flagrant breach of confidence. 'But it is not probable. He is not capable of ſuch a 'ſcandalous deception. The heart that could frame, 'and propagate ſuch a ſuggeſtion, is capable of any 'enormity. I ſaw my brother aſcend his carriage— 'he went alone,—it was eight o'clock of the morn- 'ing, and certainly that was a very improper hour 'for him to commit ſuch a ſhameful tranſaction. It 'is a moſt horrid imputation, and you ought to apo- 'logize for its concealed wickedneſs.'—'Indeed, 'Miſs Welman,' replies Sir Archibald, 'I admire 'your zeal in the defence of your brother's conduct. 'I cannot ſurmiſe, that he would be ſo baſe.'—— 'O Sir,' obſerves his Lordſhip, 'you know not 'how baſe any young gentleman will be, when he 'wiſhes to ſteal a young lady.'—'Theſe illiberal 'inſinuations, my Lord,' returns Miſs Welman, 'are ſlanderous, and very unbecoming the character 'of a gentleman. In my brother's abſence, and in 'his defence, when he is accuſed before the man 'who he moſt eſteems, I have an indiſpenſable right 'to inſiſt on knowing what reaſon you have for ſuch 'unfounded aſperſions.'—'O Miſs Welman, be not 'ſo warm! I ſaw a carriage this forenoon, where it 'had no right to be.'—'Where was it, my Lord,' enquires Lady Gray eagerly. 'It was, Madam, 'by the ſide of the weſt wood' Lady Gray immediately changed colour, and looking with the moſt ſerious concern at her huſband, walked haſtily out of the room. Miſs Welman roſe from her ſeat. The bluſh of indignation glowed upon her countenance, and addreſſing herſelf to the Baronet, ſaid, 'Sir, 'this accuſation is fabricated for ſome ſiniſter pur- 'poſe. It is abſolutely falſe, and the man who can 'thus deliberately and intentionally frame a lie, is 'capable of any baſeneſs. I have that firm reliance 'on my brother's honor, I have that confidence on 'the rectitude of his conduct, that I am certain, he

'would ſcorn to be guilty of ſuch abominable injuſ-
'tice. Only ſuſpend your aſſent for a ſhort time,
'probably one hour will acquit my brother of this
'imputed crime, and diſſipate your ſuſpicion. At
'leaſt a few days will elucidate the matter. I ſee
'Lady Gray's anxiety, and am afraid ſhe ſuſpects my
'connivance. But let me aſſure you, we are both
'ſuperior to ſuch meanneſs.'—'Miſs Welman, be
'calm,' replies Sir Archibald, 'and believe me, I
'will never criminate, when unable to ſubſtantiate
'the charge. I have ſome little reaſon to be ſuſpici-
'ous of your brother's conduct, but this ſhall never
'induce me to conclude him ſo infamous, as this ac-
'tion would undoubtedly make him. I muſt have
'facts, indubitable facts, before I can deſpiſe the
'man, I once eſteemed my friend.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXV.

IN the evening of the ſame day, Sam, the coachman, arrived at Tulip-houſe with the carriage. The family were much ſurpriſed, that the Captain had not returned. A verbal meſſage, that he had received a letter at Newcaſtle, which required his immediate attendance in the ſouth, was ſufficient to allay their enquiries. They were not much addicted to reflection, and provided they could enjoy the preſent moment with pleaſure to themſelves, they were neither anxious for the paſt, nor ſolicitous for the future. This heedleſs turn of mind was not the effect of philoſophy, it was the genuine reſult of inconſideration. Their thoughts were all centered in one point, from which they very ſeldom deviated. The delicious enjoyment of intoxicating play, was deemed by them as the principal pleaſure of life. Abſorbed in this purſuit, they were totally inattentive to all other buſineſs. It wholly engaged their thoughts, employed the greateſt portion of their time, and if they could purſue, unreſtrained, their favourite paſtime, it was a caſe of the utmoſt indifference to them, what motive had occaſioned this unexpected abſence of the Captain. From his former profuſion, he had not now much to loſe. He ſtill retained his eſtates, though his extravagance had reduced him to almoſt a mere nominal owner. This conſideration induced them to look upon the Captain's abſence without regret.

Miſs Tulip was not ſo indifferent as her parents. She had liſtened to his addreſſes, and believed him ſincere. He had proteſted, that his journey to Newcaſtle was ſolely to oblige her. She expected a preſent, and was miſerably diſappointed. She had not even received an apology for his abſence, nor the

moſt

moſt diſtant hint of his return. She was bewildered in a maze of uncertainty, and knew not how to determine. She was not ſuſpicious of his integrity, as the ardor and frequency of his vows, had ſufficiently confirmed her of his veracity. Though ſomewhat uneaſy, ſhe regretted the want of the promiſed trinkets, more than the abſence of her lover, becauſe ſhe was confident of his return, and the fulfilment of all his engagements.

The day paſſed away very uncomfortably at Stanner-caſtle. All enquiries only ſerved to corroborate their ſuſpicion. The ſervants had been diſperſed into different parts of the neighbourhood, but could obtain no other intelligence, than that a carriage was ſeen driving very furiouſly in a certain direction, and ſeemed to be moving towards the Hexham road. This information ſtuck daggers in the breaſt of Lady Gray. It confirmed the vague report of his Lordſhip, and ſtamped Mr. Welman, in her opinion, an arrant villain. 'I think, Sir Archibald,' ſays ſhe, 'it is now beyond a doubt, our daughter has eloped. 'Her ingratitude ſhe has evinced by this flagrant inſtance of her folly. She was anxious to deceive 'us. She acted with a ſeeming ingenuouſneſs, 'though at the ſame time, ſhe was deeply plotting a 'ſcheme, by which ſhe might add infamy to her 'diſſimulation.'—'Be not,' replies Sir Archibald, 'ſo ſevere. From my knowledge of our daughter's 'diſpoſition, ſhe is not addicted to duplicity. That 'even tenor of openneſs and candour, ſo apparent in 'the whole of her behaviour from a child, ſufficiently 'demonſtrates ſhe was not always a hypocrite. There 'are many occurrences in this chequered ſcene of 'things, which, by ſeizing the mind inſtantaneouſly, 'will warp it from its wonted inclination, and even 'compel it to act in oppoſition to its own conviction. 'This may have happened to our daughter, and I 'hope ſhe is not ſo culpable as circumſtances would 'ſeem to make her. Let us not condemn, when 'perhaps we ought to pity.'—'Theſe diſtinctions, 'Sir Archibald, I fully comprehend, though I can-

'not

'not admit the validity of them. If ſhe be gone, 'of which there ſeems to be no doubt, and gone 'with Mr. Welman, how can ſhe be innocent? 'She has baſely abuſed our confidence, and 'wheedled us into a ſilly belief, that ſhe was candid 'and undeſigning in all her actions. Alas! Lucy, 'if thou art not loſt to reflection, what will be thy 'feelings, when thou thinkeſt on the anguiſh thou 'haſt brought upon thy parents!'—'Be patient, 'my dear,' returns the Baronet, 'and let us ſubmit to 'the ſtroke. It may be an evil, but let us remember, 'that providence is all-powerful, and able from the 'worſt of evils, to educe much good. If ſhe have 'eloped, of which you ſeem to be thoroughly con-'vinced, ſhe has committed this inconſiderate action, 'ſolely with a view to matrimony. In this caſe, ſhe 'is ſtill our daughter, though tinctured with the 'baſeſt ingratitude. She was ſtudious to deceive, and 'ſhe has ſucceeded in her project. If ſhe is culpa-'ble, I think Welman unpardonable. I acknow-'ledge, I have been groſsly duped by that young 'man. I was as ſolicitous to form his mind by the 'precepts of virtue, to point out the danger of pre-'varication, to ſhew him the right, and pourtray the 'wrong, as if he had been my own child. I long 'thought he was not ungrateful, and am not aſhamed 'to confeſs, he has fairly over-reached me. Suſ-'picion, that unmanly vice, never harboured in my 'breaſt. I drew my concluſions from the general 'tenor of their conduct, and if man deceived me, 'the fault was all his own. Here comes Mr. 'Bruce, and he comes very opportunely.'

When he entered, Lady Gray looked wiſhfully at him, and the tear gliſtened in her eye. She was ſilent, and he conſtrued her ſilence into a confirma-tion of the report which had brought him hither. He firſt looked at one, and then the other, and was grieved to perceive ſo much ſerious concern on the countenance of the worthy Baronet. Sir Archibald had reaſoned with his lady, in order to mitigate her ſorrow, but at the preſence of his intimate friend, his

aſſumed

aſſumed philoſophy forſook him. 'Alas, Mr. 'Bruce,' exclaims Lady Gray, 'my dear child is 'gone!' Her tears began to flow, and ſhe was not aſhamed at this diſplay of her maternal ſenſibility. Sir Archibald ſeemed overcome by the pangs of his preſent anguiſh, and he walked out of the room. 'Pray, Madam,' ſays Mr. Bruce, 'is it certain, 'that Mr. Welman is ungrateful?'—'O Sir, he has 'inveigled my child, my only child, from her mo-'ther's arms, and who knows what unhappy deſtiny 'awaits her!'—'Be conſoled, Madam, the trial is 'a ſevere one, but it may not be ſo afflicting in its 'conſequences as at preſent you may apprehend it to 'be. One undutiful action ſhould not finally ruin 'her in your opinion.'—'No, Sir, I am not in-'exorable; but when an innocent child is ſeparated 'from the tender care of her parents, who knows 'what may be her fate! It is this horrid thought, 'that wrings my ſoul with anguiſh. The man who 'can deceive his friend, is capable of perpetrating 'any enormity.'—'Dear Madam, let not theſe cor-'roding thoughts prey upon your mind. They will 'totally deſtroy your peace, and render you com-'pletely unhappy. There are few, without their 'ſhare of trouble in this temporary paſſage of mor-'tality. This trying inſtance, which afflicts you ſo 'keenly, may be a viſitation of that power, at whoſe 'diſpenſations, we ought never to repine.'—'O! 'Mr. Bruce, I acknowledge the juſtneſs of your 'remarks, but you have never been a parent. Alas, 'my ſweet child, where this night wilt thou lay thy 'head! Thou canſt not reſt it on thy mother's 'boſom, the only pillow for ſo much innocence.' Sir Archibald entered, and ſhe diſcontinued her paſ-ſionate exclamations.

The next morning, as Mr. Bruce was walking to-wards the caſtle, to condole with his worthy friends, he was met upon the green, by two people, far ad-vanced in years. The ſilver locks of the man waved upon his ſhoulders, as he leaned upon his ſtaff. His countenance was manly and open. His large blue

eyes

blue eyes ſeemed to have loſt their luſtre, and the wan colour of diſeaſe, had not totally forſaken his wrinkled cheek. The woman was anxious to ſupport him, though much bent with age. As they approached the benevolent clergyman, they fell upon their knees, and raiſing their hands, ſaid, 'The 'God of heaven bleſs you, good Sir, for all your 'kindneſs.'—'I thank you, for your wiſhes, my 'good people, but why John, have you ventured 'abroad ſo ſoon? your ſtrength is not yet perfectly 're-eſtabliſhed, and if you ſhould relapſe, the laſt 'attack may be ſeverer than the firſt?'—'The 'Lord's will be done, Sir. But I muſt attempt to 'work. We have for ſome months been ſolely ſup-'ported by your charity. I cannot think to be any 'longer burdenſome to you. Without labour, my 'time hangs heavy on my hands, and is often tedious 'to me. When I was at my work, the hours paſſed 'gently away, and my ſleep was ſound. I was ac-'cuſtomed to riſe early, and this eſtabliſhed my 'health. If I earned little, it was more than ſuf-'ficient for all our wants. What we had over, we 'carefully laid by againſt the day of adverſity. Thus 'for many years did I toil, I never tired, and 'though I had little, I had health, which made me 'conclude, I was happier than ſome of my richer 'neighbours. I gave my children, and I had ſeven 'of them, ſuch an education as they could all both 'read and write. I have lived to ſee them all ſettled 'in the world, and thank God, ſix of them are ſtill 'living. My ſecond ſon married, and was a careful 'husband. He was ſeized with a ſevere fever, of 'which both the wife and him died. I took the 'children home, and looked upon them as my own. 'I had ſav d a few pounds, and was determined 'they ſhould not beg a piece of bread, while I had a 'mouthful to give them. This unhappy diſorder, 'of which I have been ſo ill, has deprived me of the 'little money I had ſo carefully hoarded up, for 'more than forty years. The doctor thought I was 'a poor man, and he gave me little attendance. I

'told him of it, and he immediately inſiſted on the 'payment of his bill. It was not a ſmall one, and 'when it was paid, a few ſhillings only remained. 'They were ſoon gone. I then lay upon the bed of 'ſickneſs for three days, with no other ſupport than 'a drink of cold water. My poor wife ſat weeping 'by my bed ſide, and the children cried for bread. 'This was worſe to bear, than all my illneſs. I 'often wiſhed myſelf dead, that I might be freed 'from all my miſery, and dead we muſt all have 'been, if it had not been for your timely charity. 'You viſited our houſe of mourning, you relieved 'our wants, you ſent me medicines, which have 'cured me of my ſickneſs, and I hope in a little 'time, I ſhall be able to work. If I only earn a 'few pence in the day, it will be better than doing 'nothing. It would be ungrateful in me to return 'all your kindneſs by becoming lazy. No, I ſhall 'work while I am able, and teach my grand-children 'to pray for your health, for you gave them bread, 'when they had none to eat. The Lord will reward 'you, and I will thank you, while I am on this 'ſide the grave'—'I accept, John, of your gra-'titude,' replies Mr. Bruce, 'but be not over raſh 'in attempting to work, before your health is per-'fectly reſtored. Let not your preſent wants diſturb 'you, nor induce you to undertake any more labour, 'than you find agreeable to your preſent ſtrength. I 'ſhall take care, that you and your grand-children 'ſhall be provided for.'—'Gracious God,' exclaims the poor man, 'reward this goodneſs, for I can 'only thank you.'

As Mr. Bruce was walking forward, he was called to by a voice, with which he was not very familiar. On looking round, he perceived Mr. Taylor coming after him with a haſty pace. He halted till he came up. 'Good morning, Mr. Bruce. Is it true, that 'that little ſqueamiſh puſs, the very prudent Miſs 'Gray, has eloped with Mr. Welman?'—'I know 'not, Mr. Taylor.'—'Now, with what a grave 'face can you deny a real fact? The whole neigh-

'bourhood

'bourhood rings with the report. Could you expect 'any better from a young woman, who was eternally 'expatiating on the duties of morality and religion? 'Believe me, all thoſe over-ſcrupulous perſons, are 'the greateſt hypocrites.'—'Indeed, Mr. Taylor, 'you are very free in your cenſures. Do you ſup-'poſe, there are none virtuous, but the rake, the 'buffoon, and the debauchee? Miſs Gray is an 'amiable young lady, and if ſhe has been guilty of 'one indiſcretion, I am certain, her future conduct 'will amply atone for it.'—'O Mr. Bruce, ſhe is a 'woman, and as ſuch, is as frail as ſhe is ſilly, ad-'dicted to the infirmities of her ſex, vanity, ambi-'tion, and deceit. What would I not have given, 'to have ſeen the grave faces, and heard the wiſe 'remarks of the good folks, her parents, when they 'firſt diſcovered the elopement of their daughter.'—'And, Mr. Taylor, can you delight in the misfor-'tunes of your neighbours?'—'Delight, Sir, yes, 'and laugh very heartily at this droll adventure. 'This ſon and daughter of prudence to be ſo far 'overſeen! I wiſh I were only at Tulip houſe, 'there we ſhall laugh the whole day at this acquiſition 'of the Baronet's family. Good morning Sir, ha, 'ha, ha!'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVI.

MISS Gray paſſed a very uncomfortable night in her new habitation. The conduct of her lover, whether real or pretended, had awakened her ſuſpicion. The manner by which he had obtained poſſeſſion of her perſon; the artifice, by which ſhe was ſo egregiouſly deceived; the deliberate plan, by which ſhe was conveyed hither, arouſed her aſtoniſhment, the more ſhe contemplated upon them. She ſaw herſelf in the power of a man, whoſe baſeneſs ſhe deſpiſed. She was conſcious, he was capable of perpetrating any enormity, and this wrung her ſoul with horror. The determined reſolution of his conduct, confirmed her in this opinion. His proteſtations, though ſhe believed them real, only increaſed her fear. The impetuoſity of his temper was apparent, and her determination to oppoſe his will in every propoſition, except that for immediate liberation, might irritate his paſſion beyond the limits of politeneſs, or even moderation.

This thought employed her mind through the ſtillneſs of the night. The anxiety which it occaſioned was keen and pungent. She perceived her ſituation was critical and alarming, but how to emancipate herſelf from the clutches of a man, whoſe diſſimulation ſhe dreaded, was more than ſhe could deviſe. She concluded, that her conduct muſt be firm and determined. She would not prevaricate, by which his hopes might be increaſed. Her reſolution, ſhe ſuppoſed, would ſoon convince him of his error, that her affections were not to be gained by force. The conſideration of reſtraint, by which ſhe was an involuntary priſoner in a place unknown, induced her the more to deteſt the author of her confinement. Her indignant paſſion ſoon ſubſided, and perceiving the impoſſibility of an immediate eſcape, ſhe melted into tears, and wept immoderately at the uncertainty of her

her fate. Inſenſible for ſometime to any ſurrounding danger, ſhe indulged the tendency of her preſent ſenſibility, till by wearineſs and ſorrow ſhe ſunk into a placid ſleep.

Though undiſturbed by any external cauſe, ſhe ſoon awaked. The thoughts of the anguiſh of her beloved parents, now ruſhed upon her mind. She was conſcious of the anxiety that would torment them. Uncertain of the deſtiny of their only child, who they tenderly loved, and poſſibly condemning the ingratitude of her conduct, which lately they had ſuſpected of duplicity, ſhe ſuppoſed their ſorrow would corrode their peace, and embitter their days with the pang of grief. This ſuppoſition, and certainly it was natural, added to the gloom of her diſcontent. She ſaw a family, happy in themſelves, happy in their temporal affairs, and happy in their connections, plunged by the villainy of one individual, into miſery and affliction. The perturbation of her thoughts during the continuance of the journey, her attention to her own immediate welfare, and her unceaſing indignation at her daring paramour, had allowed her little intermiſſion to think of her afflicted parents. Now ſhe perceived them overwhelmed with ſorrow, and ſunk in deſpair. She ſaw their grief, and it added to her own. She aroſe from the chair, on which ſhe ſat, for ſhe had not ventured to undreſs, and walked acroſs the room, wringing her hands in the agitation of woe. She was ſilent, and ſtopped at every pace, caſting her eyes upwards, as if in the attitude of ſupplication. At laſt, ſhe kneeled by her bed ſide, and raiſing her eyes, ſhe poured out her ſoul to the Father of mercies. 'O my God, the 'protector of the juſt, and rewarder of the virtuous, 'look with an eye of compaſſion on thy ſervant, and 'pardon all her weakneſſes. Let thy ſoothing kind-'neſs aſſuage the ſorrow of my parents, and direct 'them in all their proceedings. Reſtore me to their 'affection, and guard me in my preſent ſituation. 'Let me not ſtray from the paths of innocence, and 'let not any part of my conduct, afflict with ſorrow

'the

'the age of my beloved parents. Lord, unto thy 'care, I commit myſelf this night; let thy fatherly 'protection ſhield me from harm!' She now aroſe, undreſſed, and calmly retired to reſt.

She ſlept long. As ſoon as ſhe was heard to be up, ſhe was attended by a maid ſervant, young, well dreſſed, and ſeemingly qualified for the taſk, to which ſhe was aſſigned. 'Pray, my good girl,' ſays Miſs Gray, 'will you be ſo obliging, as to favour me with 'your name?'—My name, Madam, is Jane Lamb; 'I am ordered to wait upon you.'—'Who ordered 'you, Jenny, to undertake this office?'—'My Maſ-'ter, Madam, Captain Corner.'—'And who did 'he order you to wait on?'—'On you, Madam'—'How long have you been in his ſervice, and what 'was your former office in this houſe, Jenny?'—'I 'have been three years in the ſervice of the Captain, 'and in the capacity of houſe-keeper.'—'Very well, 'Jenny, I hope you are a good girl. Does your 'maſter reſide much in this part of England?'—'In 'the ſummer, Madam, it is his uſual reſidence.'—'In what county are you ſituated?'—'In Wiltſhire, 'Madam.'—'How far are you from Saliſbury?'—'Only five miles.'—'Do you ever go there, Jenny?' —Frequently, Madam; ſometimes on buſineſs, and 'ſometimes on pleaſure.'—'Will you, Jenny, be ſo 'very kind, as the next time you go, to acquaint 'me.'—'Poſſibly I may, Madam.'—'That is an 'equivocal anſwer; are you not miſtreſs of your 'own will, or is your caution ſuggeſted by com-'mand.'—'I generally go thither, Madam, to exe-'cute the orders of my maſter.'—'I ſuppoſe, Jenny, 'you know who I am, and by what means I have 'been brought hither?'—'O yes, Madam, my 'maſter has acquainted me with every circumſtance. 'Parents muſt be deceived ſometimes. I cannot 'conceive the reaſon, why they ſhould object to an 'alliance with my maſter, eſpecially as you gave him 'the preference to all other candidates for your 'affection. But a young lady is always too cunning 'for the watchfulneſs of her Mama.'—'I aſſure you,

'Jenny,

'Jenny, you are in this inſtance groſsly deluded. 'Your maſter has no place in my affection; and 'though he has ſucceeded in the preſent exigence, 'his triumph may be only of ſhort duration. If you, 'Jenny, will be obliging to me, you ſhall be amply 'rewarded.' Jenny curtſied, and aſſured her of her kindneſs.

A ſervant came, and informed her, that breakfaſt was ready. She entered the room, and the Captain received her with the utmoſt politeneſs. After breakfaſt was finiſhed, ſhe ſaid, with viſible impatience, 'Pray, Sir, will you inform me, how long you pur-'poſe to detain me here?'—'Fret not, my love, at 'your preſent ſituation. It may be irkſome. I ac-'knowledge, I am conſcious of my raſhneſs, but 'hope you will attribute my imprudence to its real 'cauſe, my ungovernable paſſion.'—'If, Sir, your 'paſſion were ungovernable, as you confeſs it to be, 'it was a duty incumbent upon you, to have cauti-'ouſly avoided the cauſe, by which it was originally 'excited. Inſtead of purſuing this prudent plan, 'you have inconſiderately ſeized the object of your 'paſſion, and fooliſhly ſuppoſe you ſhall raiſe a reci-'procal paſſion by the application of force.'—'O, 'Madam, revile me not. I am already ſufficiently 'miſerable. Conſider this, and certainly you will 'compaſſionate my unhappy caſe.'—'Do you, Sir, 'conſider, I am a woman, a rational being as well 'as yourſelf? You ought to conſider; I am endued 'with the ſame human faculties, the ſame paſſions 'and inclinations as yourſelf. And though I acknow-'ledge this, I hope I have them under better regula-'tion, than your conduct fairly indicates. You plead 'the force of your paſſion. The above conſideration 'would teach you to be ſilent on the ſubject. I was 'not knowingly the willing inſtrument to excite it, 'then why muſt I be wantonly ſacrificed to a com-'pliance, which I actually abhor? Have you, Sir, 'no more delicacy, than to attempt to compel a lady 'to participate of your affections? Have you no more 'judgment, than to ſuppoſe, that power, mere unruly

'power,

'power, will create love? Can you be ſo unthinking, 'as to conclude, that were I even forced to give you 'my vows, that you could partake of real happineſs, 'or even be moderately content with ſuch an unna-'tural union? Think, Sir, for one moment ſeriouſly, 'and then determine, that I muſt inevitably deteſt 'the author of ſuch a brutal connection.'—'O, my 'deareſt life, you are too ſevere. If you only felt 'the thouſandth part of what I feel, you would 'aſſuredly pity me.'—'You dwell ſo frequently, Sir, 'upon that hackneyed topic, that I am ſick with 'liſtening to the fulſome expreſſion. Pity and love, 'are diſtinct paſſions. Were I abſolutely confident, 'you feel all that you declare, I might probably be 'induced to pity you; but believe me, when I ſo-'lemnly avow, I can never love you. I am explicit. 'The peculiarity of the caſe requires it. I am above 'diſſimulation. Whatever action I diſapprove of, I 'muſt condemn it openly.'—'But, my angel, there 'is apoſſibility, that after marriage'—'Name not that 'ſacred rite, Sir, in my hearing. It was not inſti-'tuted by the decree of the Almighty, to be polluted 'by the wantonneſs of force. But force ſhall never 'compel me to be a wife.'—'O my lovely Miſs 'Gray, but wife is an endearing name! From 'whence does your averſion to me originate? That 'man does not live, who loves you, or can love you, 'with a purer flame.'—'Suppoſe it to be all true, 'Sir, what you aſſert, what right have you to perſe-'cute me with the effects of your baleful paſſion? 'You ſeem to ſurmiſe, if I were weak, and you 'cunning enough to enveigle me into a clandeſtine 'marriage, that my inclinations would alter, and I 'would love the man who had been my betrayer. 'Ah, Sir, you know me not. In ſuch an unfortunate 'caſe, prudence might not only dictate ſilence, but 'induce a certain degree of compulſory favour. This 'is the moſt that could be performed, or all the moſt 'ſanguine could expect.'—'Indeed, Madam, you 'are obdurate, and totally inſenſible to the ſufferings 'of one who adores you. I live but in expectation

'of

'of your changing your opinion. When I am fully 'convinced it is irreverſible, I then will live no more. 'What is life without happineſs! It is not worth the 'poſſeſſion. This is my reſolve, and you are the 'arbiter of my deſtiny. To be miſerable, and that 'miſery perpetuated to a length of years, is more 'than can, or will be endured by a being ſuſceptible 'of pain.' He looked wildly—roſe from his ſeat, and walking twice or thrice acroſs the floor, haſtily left the room.

The determined tone of his laſt expreſſions, the diſtraction of his countenance, and the wildneſs of his manner, aſtoniſhed, terrified, and confounded her. She continued in a ſilent pauſe for ſome minutes, when awaking, as out of a perturbed dream, ſhe looked eagerly around her, but ſaw not the object of her ſearch. Alarmed for the ſafety of a man ſhe deſpiſed, ſhe claſped her hands in an agony of fear, exclaiming, 'Alas, what fatal deſtiny attends me! 'Shall I be the innocent cauſe of his deſtruction 'here, and of his eternal miſery hereafter! Gracious 'heaven, lay not this crime to my charge!' The door opened, and the Captain entered. He walked towards the table, and deliberately laid a couple of piſtols upon it. Then looking ſeriouſly upon her for ſome ſeconds, he ſaid, 'There, Madam, there are 'the inſtruments, which ſhall give me that peace, 'you cruelly deny me. What is life, at the beſt, 'but a burthen! but when rendered miſerable by diſ-'content, by anxiety, by affliction, the ſooner the 'load is laid aſide, the ſooner we eſcape from inevit-'able woe.'—'O, Sir, you wring my very ſoul with 'ſorrow. You ought maturely to weigh this import-'ant buſineſs. You have heard my ſolemn deter-'mination, and on hearing it, you raſhly reſolve to 'perform an action, at which human nature ſhudders. 'This is not the part of a chriſtian, it is not the part 'of a man. Should I be induced, to prevent this 'horrid crime, to give my hand, where I can never 'give my heart, what muſt be my portion, while I

continue

'continue in this ſtate of probation. Though miſerable, were I to take the unwarrantable reſolution of emancipating myſelf from the preſent evil, I ſhould commit a crime againſt the commands of that God, who I have no right to offend.'—'Madam, you may reaſon as you pleaſe. Arguments are of little avail, when the determination is fixed. The mind is not always in a habit, to liſten to thoſe diſtinctions which ſophiſtry can invent. Arguments may delude, but facts, feeling facts will ever compel a man of fortitude, to ſeek for that happineſs, which is here intentionally denied him.'—'But Sir, a little ſerious reflexion would convince you of the partiality of your reaſoning. You ſay, you are unhappy, and to eſcape that unhappineſs, you would raſhly fly from exiſtence. You are determined not to bear that lot, which the God of nature has aſſigned you, and yet you are willing, as the only means of your own preſervation, to force that very unhappineſs on another perſon, probably as ſuſceptible of miſery, as yourſelf. Moreover, you ought to conſider ſeriouſly what right you have to deſtroy that exiſtence, which is the ſpontaneous gift of a ſuperior nature.' 'What right, I have, Madam! I know it is in my own power, and that confirms my right.'—'O never, never, Sir, you ought to continue your allotted time, and not daſtardly ſhrink from your poſt, as unable to bear the duty which Providence aſſigns you. Reflect Sir, there is an hereafter, and that you are reſponſible to your Creator for every action of your life. When you ſhall be ſummoned before his tribunal, what argument will you uſe to exculpate yourſelf from the charge of diſobedience?'—'I have ſeldom, Madam, thought on that ſubject: The uncertainty of the caſe has always deterred me from thinking on ſo profound a topic. If I am wrong, let me ſuffer the penalty annexed to my error.'—'Gracious heaven,' exclaims Miſs Gray, 'behold with an eye of compaſſion this impiety of a ſoul, ſunk in the abyſs of ignorance? Enlighten him with thy grace, and may he ſuddenly perceive

'his

'his iniquity, repent, and acknowledge his impenitence.'—'Thank you, Madam, for your friendly 'interceſſion, but I am afraid it will be altogether 'ineffectual, without you condeſcend to illumine my 'mind, by granting my requeſt.' She made no reply, but looked at him with the moſt ſerious concern. He continued, 'You may mould me, as you pleaſe, 'when you are mine Till that important hour, my 'reſolve ſhall be unchangeable.'—'You impoſe, Sir, 'a difficult taſk upon me. You know I have vowed, 'and that was, never to be yours. Why ſhould I 'retract, when by retracting, I ſhould entail miſery 'upon myſelf to the lateſt period of my exiſtence?'—'Very well, Madam, you have a hard heart, but my 'determination is as fixed as yours.' He walked towards the table, and taking up one of the piſtols, ſhe ſcreamed out, 'forbear raſh man, forbear.' He looked at her with a ghaſtly countenance, and then examined the awful inſtrument of death. 'I 'ſee,' ſays he, 'no defect about thee. Innocent, 'but fortunate contrivance! Thrice happy be the 'man, whoſe fertile imagination firſt produced thee. 'Thou friend to the miſerable, thou quick diſpatcher 'of human woe, what praiſe do the children of affliction owe thee! Poſſeſſed of thee, the wretch who 'ſuffers long, deſerves to have his ſufferings multiplied, till they be paſt endurance. A moment's 'reſolution would free him from his trouble. And 'can any man be ſo complete a coward, as patiently 'for years to endure affliction, when one ſhort paſſing 'moment would ſet him free for ever? No, thou art 'my friend, and I hope a faithful one. Thou wilt 'not deceive me in the hour of trial. And when 'thou haſt done the deed, for which I now ſolicit 'thy aſſiſtance, that lady will kindly thank thee.'—He ceaſed, and walked out of the room.

Aſtoniſhed, and ſtruck with horror, at this dreadful apoſtrophe, ſhe eyed him as he went away, with a look of diſtraction. 'O,' exclaims ſhe, 'how 'perverſe are the reſolutions of man! Though miſ-'taken in opinion, how often does he act, as if he

'were

'were convinced of the infallibility of his actions! How often does he confeſs his error, yet he acts deliberately in compliance with the follies which originate from that error, and finally boaſts of the impiety of his conduct! Alas, for what am I reſerved! If I comply with his requeſt, nothing but miſery is before me. If I continue firm to my preſent reſolution, as I muſt without wavering, he will ruſh precipitately before that judge, from whoſe tribunal there is no appeal. If he do it, no criminality can append to me, as no part of my conduct could prompt him to ſuch unwarrantable raſhneſs. He may relent, and may this happy diſpoſition be ſudden, and ſincere!'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVII.

DISTRACTED by the horror of her preſent ſituation, Miſs Gray was utterly at a loſs how to act. Though determined to adhere to her former reſolution, yet ſhe wiſhed to ſuggeſt ſome probable ſcheme, to deter him from the commiſſion of immediate ſuicide. To reaſon, ſhe perceived was inefficient, as he was evidently inattentive to any deductions which arguments could advance. To comply with his arbitrary will, was voluntarily ſacrificing her future happineſs, to the caprice of a man, who, ſhe was convinced, ſhe could never eſteem. To eſcape from her preſent confinement, of which ſhe ſaw little probability, ſhe preferred to any other reſolution. But how to effect this ſalutary project, as ſhe perceived that all her motions were minutely obſerved, was more than ſhe could deviſe. She perceived the domeſtics were cautious, ſhy, and reſerved; ſeldom permitted to ſee her, except in the preſence of their maſter. Jenny, though officious and obliging in the diſcharge of her duties, was evidently in the intereſt of her employer, and ſhe took every opportunity to expatiate on his praiſes. The Captain for ſome days after the laſt converſation, appeared ſullen, and diſtant. He avoided touching on the ſubject of his paſſion, and though this change of behaviour induced her to be a little more familiar than uſual, he was inattentive to her complaiſance. He ſeemed to be abſent and abſorbed in thought, as if meditating on the perpetration of his horrid reſolution.

This viſible change of conduct, which continued about a week, compelled her to try the inclinations of Jenny, who was the only domeſtic of the family, with whom ſhe had any communication. One morning, as ſhe attended in the dreſſing room, Miſs Gray deſcanted

on the poverty of her wardrobe. 'Indeed, Jenny,' ſays ſhe, 'it is very hard to be denied the very childiſh 'pleaſure of finery. I am diſguſted with appearing 'every day in the ſame habit.'—'O Madam,' replies Jenny, 'theſe deficiencies may ſoon be ſupplied; my 'maſter will deny you nothing.'—'But Jenny, I will 'deny you nothing, if you will allow me to be your 'miſtreſs.'—'That, Madam, you may be this very 'day. And by ſo doing, you will make me com-'pletely happy, my maſter happy, and all the ſervants 'in the houſe happy. For I aſſure you, there is not 'a perſon in the houſe, but loves you as much as my 'maſter.'—'Very well Jenny, I am happy to be in-'formed of the good opinion of you all, and will 'actually become your miſtreſs this very day.'—'O 'let me run, and tell my maſter the joyful news."—'Hold, hold, be not ſo precipitate. You miſtake 'my meaning.'—'Did not you mean you would mar-'ry my maſter to-day.'—'No Jenny, I only ſaid I 'would become your miſtreſs to-day.'—'Well, Ma-'dam, is not that the very ſame thing, ha, ha, ha!' —'No Jenny, but you will not hear me out. I will 'be your miſtreſs, and a kind one, if you will aſſiſt 'me in accompliſhing my eſcape from my preſent 'confinement. I will not only take you into my ſer-'vice, but will make you likewiſe a preſent of one 'hundred guineas, as a recompence for your fidelity.' —'Ah, Madam, you little know what you aſk. My 'poor maſter would break his heart.'—'Be not afraid 'of that event, Jenny. Few gentlemen, in theſe 'times, love ſo paſſionately, as to die from a diſap-'pointment of this nature. I know you are a good 'girl, I read benevolence in your countenance. Let 'me intreat you to comply with my requiſition. I 'will not only give you a gratuity of one hundred 'guineas, but will really ſettle an annuity on you for 'life. You cannot'——the door flew open, and the Captain entered. Jenny immediately retired. 'Ma-'dam,' ſays he, with a countenance more than ordi-narily agitated, 'is it not ſufficient that you deny my 'ſuit, but you will baſely condeſcend to corrupt my

'ſervants?'

'ſervants?'—'There is no baſeneſs, Sir, in the at-
'tempt. I am here a priſoner againſt my will, in-
'veigled by your hypocriſy, and forcibly detained
'againſt the laws of juſtice and my country. If I
'had endeavoured to liberate myſelf from your
'power, the endeavour was not baſe; but it was
'mean, yes mean beyond defence, for a gentleman to
'liſten to the private converſation of a lady.'—'I
'knew, Madam, your obſtinacy, and was aware of
'your cunning.'—'This language I do not merit.
'It is derogatory to a gentleman, and ſhameful to a
'man of ſenſe, thus to inſult a woman, whoſe helpleſs
'ſituation calls for pity, and not abuſe.'—'Pardon my
'preſumption, Madam; it was the impulſe of the
'moment, and though it was inconſiderate, it was
'ſuggeſted by the diſcovery of your wiſh to leave
'me.'—'To leave you, Sir! And can you ſuppoſe,
'I would continue a minute longer beneath this roof,
'than I was enabled to quit it?'—'Alas, my love,
'to what do you doom me! O had I never ſeen
'you, I might have been happy. But having ſeen
'you, I ſhall be miſerable for ever without you.
'How can you be ſo obdurate, as to deſtine me to
'deſtruction, when you have it in your power to
'eſtabliſh my peace!'—'How can you Sir, be ſo
'partial, as to wiſh me to ſacrifice my own peace, by
'an unworthy compliance with your will? True
'happineſs is not to be obtained by an union of ſuch
'diſcordant parties. The affection of the one may
'create diſguſt in the other. Without a reciprocal
'return of affection, there can be no true felicity in
'the matrimonial bond. As there is no probability
'of this taking place, it would be much more pru-
'dent, if you would ceaſe to ſolicit me on this ſub-
'ject.'—'O my angel, that heart, which is ſo averſe
'to my ſupplication, is not diſengaged.'—'That,
'Sir, is a buſineſs, concerning which you have no
'right to enquire. I am young, and have hitherto
'been under the guidance of my dear parents, and
'they have never led me wrong.'—'Will you, Ma-
'dam, oblige me by informing me, if they have af-

'ſianced

'fianced you to any gentleman?'—'I can aſſure you, 'Sir, they have not. They were always ſo candid, 'and ſo inconſiderate, as to ſay, they would truſt to 'my own prudence in this important choice.'—'Then I conclude with certainty, Madam, you 'have formed a prepoſſeſſion in favour of ſome happy 'man, and this manifeſtly accounts for your ob-'duracy towards me.'—'That Sir, reſts with myſelf, 'and with thoſe who have a natural right to controul 'me.'—'But Madam, I hope you will not in this 'inſtance, forfeit your well-known character of in-'genuouſneſs, by a flat denial of what you know to 'be true.'—'I have neither denied, nor aſſerted any 'thing.'—'But Madam, you will not prevaricate, 'when I aſk you expreſsly, if your affections are not 'pre-engaged? I hope your anſwer will be explicit, 'as you know I am ſo nearly intereſted in it.'—'Though I eſteem it illiberal in you, Sir, to make 'ſuch an enquiry, yet will I be ſo unreſerved, as to 'acknowledge, my affections are ſo far engaged to 'another, as effectually to deſtroy your hope.' His countenance changed, while he replied, 'Madam, 'there is one conſideration which ought to have ſug-'geſted a milder anſwer.'—'And what is that, 'Sir?'—'That you are beneath my power.'—'I 'know it, Sir. But you dare not uſe that power to 'the perpetration of my diſhonor.'—'Dare not, Ma-'dam,' and he walked furiouſly over the floor, 'you 'know that I dare. When life is once become a 'burden to a man, he is capable of performing any 'thing.' He walked towards her, and violently ſeized her. She ſcreamed, though the terror of her ſituation had almoſt deprived her of her voice. He held her in his arms, ſaying, 'Madam, I am diſtracted 'with love. Your declaration has made me mad.'—'Unhand me, Sir,' ſhe exclaims, 'or I will publiſh 'your villainous intention to every ſervant in the 'houſe.'—'They will not regard your cries, Madam, 'they are trained to my purpoſe.' He attempted to ſalute her, and forced her to a compliance. 'What-'ever, Sir, may be your purpoſe, know this, my mind

'ſhall

'ſhall be unpolluted. And can you be ſuch a ſavage,
'as to degrade your nature by an action, at the very
'thoughts of which you ought to ſhudder? I call
'my God to witneſs, I never will be yours.'—'Pro-
'voke me not, Madam. I am already on the rack
'of torment. You are mine—you ſhall be mine.'—
'No, never Sir, whilſt breath is in my body. You
'may deprive me of my ſenſes, you may deprive me
'of my honor, but my reſolution is unalterable.'—
'O the furies that now rack my brain! It is on
'fire,' and he threw himſelf violently from her. He tore his waiſtcoat open, and ſnatching a piſtol from his pocket, pointed it to his naked breaſt. Petrified at the ſight—ſhe heard the report—ſhe ſcreamed, and fell upon the floor.

The report of the piſtol brought the ſervants immediately into the room. The Captain was conveyed to his own apartment, while Jenny was employed in the recovery of Miſs Gray. When ſhe came to herſelf, and recollected the fatal cataſtrophe which had deprived her of her ſenſes, ſhe deplored the raſhneſs of the man, who could thus deliberately deſtroy his own exiſtence. 'O Madam,' ſays Jenny, 'I am afraid
'my poor maſter is dead.'—'God forbid, Jenny, the
'wound may not be mortal. If it be, I ſhall pray to
'the father of mercies to forgive this horrid crime,
'which he has ſo preſumptuouſly committed.'--'Alas,
'Madam, that will not reſtore him to life. How
'could you be ſo hard-hearted! All the ladies of
'this county would have died for him, before they
'would have ſuffered him to have murdered himſelf.'
—'Indeed, my good girl, I am ſorry for the diſaſter,
'and ſhall regret it to the lateſt moment of my being.
'But go, Jenny, and enquire how your maſter is, and
'if any ſurgical aſſiſtance can be immediately pro-
'cured.'

Miſs Gray ſat down upon a chair, penſive and dejected. She bewailed the unhappineſs of her fate, which had reduced her to the melancholy neceſſity of being inſtrumental to the deſtruction of a fellow creature. She deplored the unwarrantable raſhneſs of a

man, who from the ſilly cauſe of a trivial diſappointment, could be guilty of ſo heinous an offence, and wantonly tranſgreſs the irreverſible decrees of his maker. She wrung her hands in an agony of grief, and raiſing her eyes, ſaid, 'Alas, how eventful is 'the life of the moſt innocent perſon! how narrow 'is the line, that divides the path of virtue from the 'path of error! An eaſy credulity, which I ſhall 'long condemn, has involved me in an abyſs of immeaſurable woe. When ſhall I again know the 'ſweets of peace!' Jenny came running in, crying, 'O Madam, my poor maſter is dying. He does 'nothing, but call upon you by name. The doctor 'ſhakes his head, and ſays, the wound is deep and 'dangerous.' 'I confeſs, Jenny, it is a ſorrowful 'caſe. Go, preſent my compliments, and tell him, 'I ſhall be happy to ſpeak a few words with him, before he leaves the houſe.' Jenny went, and returned in a few minutes. When with a rueful countenance, ſhe ſaid, 'The doctor, Madam, will wait upon you, 'as ſoon as he has dreſſed my maſter's wound.'

In a ſhort time, a gentleman entered, and making a very reſpectful bow, ſaid, 'Madam, I preſume, you 'are the lady who deſired to ſpeak with me.'—'Yes, 'Sir, I am very unhappy at the unfortunate accident 'which has befallen Captain Corner, and I wiſh to be 'informed, if there be any hopes of his recovery.'—'Ah, Madam, I am afraid it is all over with him. 'The ball has penetrated ſo deep, I am unable to 'extract it. Beſides, he has loſt ſuch a quantity of 'blood, that he has fainted thrice, ſince I came into 'the houſe.'—'It is a melancholy diſaſter, Sir, and 'though I am deeply afflicted at what has happened, 'yet I hope he may ſurvive a few days, during which 'time, he will certainly perceive the horror of the 'action, and repent of that crime, which can never be 'undone.'—'Indeed, Madam, I cannot aſſure you 'that he will live an hour. The prognoſtics are at 'preſent very alarming, and without a favourable and 'ſudden turn, he cannot ſurvive longer than this night.' The doctor was ſent for, and he immediately retired.

This

This information from a profeſſional man, ſo overwhelmed Miſs Gray, that ſhe threw herſelf careleſsly into a chair, and continued in an awful ſilence for ſome minutes. Her viſage was pale and dejected, her boſom heaved, and ſhe ſighed deeply. At laſt, a flood of tears gave relief to her ſorrow. She wiped them away, and ſeeing Jenny, ſhe ſaid, 'With what miſe-'ries are we beſet! We are ſurrounded with af-'flictions, and however we may ſtruggle to avoid 'them, there is no child of humanity, who ſhall not 'taſte of the bitter portion. Be a good girl, and 'whilſt you continue virtuous, you will ſeldom be 'unhappy.'

Notwithſtanding the fatal prognoſtics of the wiſe ſon of Æſculapius, the night paſſed over, and the Captain did not die. Some days likewiſe paſſed away, and though the doctor was full of ſignificant ſhrugs, and foreboding omens, yet the anxiety of Miſs Gray was ſomewhat abated, ſince ſhe was not alarmed, as at the firſt, by the apprehenſion of his ſpeedy diſſolution. She ſent to enquire ſeveral times every day, after the ſtate of his health, by her attendant Jenny. After the expiration of a week, his convaleſcence was announced to her. This information gave her real pleaſure. Though ſhe had every reaſon to abhor his preſence, yet ſhe was not ſo inhuman, as to wiſh for his non-exiſtence. His death was not ſo deſirable to her, as a reformation of his conduct. This ſhe hoped might be effected by a prolongation of his days, and it was ſolely from this conſideration, that ſhe rejoiced at the news of his recovery.

On the tenth day after this unlucky incident, Jenny entered the apartment of Miſs Gray, with a ſmile upon her countenance, and ſaid, 'My maſter, Madam, 'will deem it a particular favour, if you will oblige 'him with your company for a few minutes in his own 'room.'—'That, Jenny, I will not deny him. But 'remember you do not leave us.'

When ſhe entered, the Captain made a bow, ſaying, 'I hope, Madam, your goodneſs will excuſe me 'from riſing, as the pain in my breaſt is inſufferably

'acute, whenever I attempt it.'—'You are very excuſable, Sir, from this piece of unneceſſary complaiſance, and there is no need of any apology for the non-performance of it. I am happy to hear that all danger is over, and humbly hope you are ſenſible of the raſhneſs of the action.'—'O reprove me not! It was in your power to have prevented the commiſſion of the action, but you were inexorable. You refuſed to liſten to my complaint, and I was determined not to live. That determination is not yet changed. If I live, you muſt, you ſhall be mine.'—'I am ſorry, Sir, your misfortune has not altered your reſolution. I regret the urgent neceſſity of repeating, I never can, I never will be yours.'—'Of this obſtinacy, Madam, you may repent. Love is a violent paſſion—it knows no bounds. There are no obſtacles it will not ſurmount. The more impediments it has to encounter, the more difficulties to engage, the more eagerly it preſſes forward, and delights in the purſuit. The firſt, and greateſt obſtacle, I have already ſurmounted. I have you in my power. I have ſeen the obduracy of your heart, I have tried your unrelenting diſpoſition. You have wantonly preferred the gratification of your paſſion to my life, but by the God of heaven, you ſhall not eſcape from me. You ſhall either be my wife, or the wife of no man.' She attempted to riſe from her chair. He clapped his hand haſtily upon her knee, and deſired her to ſit ſtill. She looked about for Jenny, but Jenny had ſlipped out of the room. He continued, 'Attend to what I ſay, Madam. My life is evidently of no conſideration to you, it is probably of ſome to myſelf. You know I am ſenſible of your tampering with Jenny, in order to effect an eſcape. You could without a tear, ſee me launch into futurity; then why ſhould I be ſo compaſſionate, as to prefer your happineſs to my own? I have a particular friend, a clergyman, who I have conſulted on this occaſion. As ſoon as I am able to walk abroad, he will attend to perform the ceremony. Thus I am determined, and hell ſhall not

'prevent

'prevent me from the execution of my ſcheme.'—'I have heard you, Sir, with patience. And though 'I tremble at the recital of your diabolical project, 'yet I hope ſome auſpicious event will interpoſe, to 'defeat your infernal machinations. I ſhall not attempt to reaſon with you. Arguments are loſt upon 'you. You can never marry me againſt my will, and 'that you ſhall never obtain. You may drag me 'where you pleaſe, you may gratify your ſavage diſpoſition by inſulting me in my preſent helpleſs ſituation, but you ſhall never force me to pronounce one 'ſyllable, which malice can interpret as my aſſent.'—'You brave me, Madam, and defy me with confidence. I have not taken all this trouble, to be defeated by the aſſumed courage of a woman. If you 'conſent not to be my wife, revenge will be ſatiated, 'and therefore determine of your own fate.'—'I have 'already, and I truſt in him, who will not ſuffer you 'to be my undoer.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Miſs Gray returned to her own apartment, and had time to reflect on the brutal behaviour of her inhuman jailor, her indignation was violent, and ſhe bitterly reviled the wretch who could deliberately threaten her with certain violation. She had every reaſon to ſuppoſe, he would perpetrate what he thus ſavagely threatened. She ſaw his diſpoſition, though pliant, and capable of aſſuming any form, was implacable. She perceived, that ſince his confinement, her motions were more narrowly watched, and notwithſtanding all her circumſpection, the officiouſneſs of Jenny was not to be eluded. The repeated offers of an ample recompence, which ſhe had often made to this artful domeſtic, were liſtened to with a ſeeming attention, but totally diſregarded with the utmoſt indifference. She looked around with dread, beheld her preſent ſituation with fear, and ſaw herſelf ſtanding on a tremendous precipice, ready to be puſhed down by the oppreſſive hand of force.

Theſe contemplations employed her paſſing time. They were ever preſent to her mind. Her ſole conſolation, was a firm reliance on that power, who is mighty to ſave, and will not ſuffer the virtuous to be injured with impunity. She received ſeveral meſſages to attend her keeper, which ſhe rejected with diſdain. They were couched in the ſtyle of peremptory commands, not in the garb of humble requiſition; and though her reſolution was firm, unvarying, and determined, ſhe paſſed many hours in ſorrow. Her eyes were ſeldom dry, which circumſtance Jenny ſeemed to commiſerate, though ſhe always refuſed her aſſiſtance to effect an eſcape.

After a day which had been ſolely occupied in theſe gloomy reflections, ſhe retired to reſt. Fatigued

tigued and wearied with the conſtant corrodings of unceaſing anxiety, ſhe ſoon fell aſleep. A couple of ruſh-lights burned by her bed ſide. She was preſently awaked by the drawing of the curtain. Petrified with fear, ſhe raiſed her head—all around was darkneſs. The curtains drew a ſecond time. Her preſence of mind forſook her not in this alarming exigence. She ſlipped out ſilently at the farther ſide of the bed, and by way of preſent ſecurity, and to protect herſelf from immediate violence, ſhe cautiouſly creeped beneath it. Whilſt ſhe lay trembling in this ſituation, ſhe diſtinctly heard a perſon walking about the room, and carefully examining every corner. After ſome minutes of ineffectual ſearch, ſhe heard the door open, and a perſon go quietly down ſtairs. She immediately left her ſkulking place, and carefully ſecured the door. She began to dreſs herſelf with as much diſpatch as the darkneſs of the night would allow her, when ſhe heard the ſneck of the door move. She plainly perceived the glimmering of a candle. This again drew her to the door, which ſhe examined with accuracy, and found it perfectly ſecure. She put on the remainder of her clothes, and ſat down patiently to wait the event of the night. The ſneck moved again—ſhe ſtarted from her chair, and anxiouſly looked towards the faint rays of light which gleamed on the floor. They ſuddenly diſappeared—ſhe liſtened attentively, and again had the ſatisfaction of hearing this intruder walk ſilently away. She watched, and liſtened with a palpitating heart, for ſome hours, but ſhe received no further diſturbance during the courſe of the night. She opened the ſhutters of the window, and anxiouſly awaited the dawning of the morning. The peep of day was welcome to her ſight. She piouſly kneeled down, and poured out the breathings of her ſoul to her Maker, in praiſes and thankſgivings. 'Accept, O bleſſed Father, my grateful acknow-'ledgments for the protection thou didſt afford me 'during the perils of laſt night. Thou knoweſt my 'danger, thou perceiveſt my affliction; continue to

'ſhield

'ſhield me with thy arm, and vain will be the arti-
'fices of the wicked againſt me. Aſſiſt and ſtrengthen
'me, that I may be enabled to eſcape from the vil-
'lainy of a man, who ſeeks my deſtruction. On
'thee I rely for ſafety; pity and relieve my diſ-
'treſs."

The next morning being Sunday, Jenny entered the apartment of Miſs Gray rather early, and making a low curtſey, ſaid, 'I am going to church to-day,
'Madam, and I cannot find my prayer-book, will
'you be ſo obliging as to lend me that pretty one of
'yours?'—'That I will gladly, Jenny. Who goes
'beſides you?'—'All the ſervants, except the cook.'
—'I hope, Jenny, you will ſtay with me, as I
'have ſome particular buſineſs with you to-day.'—
'I am ſorry, Madam, I cannot comply with your
'requeſt, as I have ſomething very urgent to do
'for my maſter at Saliſbury.'—'You ſaid juſt now,
'you were going to church, Jenny?'—'So I am,
'Madam, our pariſh church is in Saliſbury. I ſhall
'take care of your pretty book.'—'I earneſtly re-
'quire, you will attend upon me to day, for I aſſure
'you, I find myſelf very much indiſpoſed. I have
'had a reſtleſs and diſturbed night. My ſpirits are
'low, I may want aſſiſtance, and who is to give
'it in your abſence?'—'I ſhall go, and acquaint
'my maſter with your requeſt, Madam'—'Do,
'Jenny, and tell him, you cannot poſſibly leave me
'to-day.'

She waited with the utmoſt impatience for Jenny's return, but was diſappointed in her expectation. Jenny returned not. This ſhe thought was ominous, and foreboded her no good. The only perſon, who was allowed to attend her was deſignedly ſent away. The other ſervants accompanied her, and ſhe was left alone to the mercy of a man, who was governed by no law, human or divine, but ſeemed to be ſubject alone to the dominion of his unruly paſſions. She was conſcious that ſome deſign was impending, upon which, her preſent and future peace might depend. She deviſed a variety of ſchemes for her immediate

immediate liberation, and concluded, if the ſervants all went to church, there was nothing to obſtruct her flight. Pleaſed with this idea, ſhe anxiouſly waited for the happy minute, when the ſervants were to quit the houſe. She heard when they went, and ſhe ſaw them walk acroſs the lawn. She eyed them through ſeveral fields, and inſtantly concluded, this was the auſpicious moment to accompliſh her deſired freedom. She put on her hat, and ſtole ſilently down ſtairs. But what was her mortification, when ſhe found all the doors locked, and the windows ſo ſecured, that it was impoſſible for her to effect her eſcape. She returned to her own room, diſconſolate, trembling, and alarmed. She ſat down, and burſting into tears, bewailed the untowardneſs of her trying caſe. She heard a foot upon the ſtairs. She inſtantly roſe, and made towards the door, in order to ſecure it. She was too late to perform her purpoſe, for before ſhe got half way along the floor, the Captain entered. 'Good morning, Madam, I 'am ſorry to ſee you ſo much affected. Why are 'you thus in tears?'—'Why need you enquire, Sir? 'Have I not ſufficient cauſe?'—'The cauſe, Ma'dam, is of your own ſeeking. Your proud diſdain 'has hurt my ſenſibility. My family is equal to 'yours. My fortune is not objectionable. I have 'intreated, I have ſupplicated the honor of your 'hand, and you have rejected me with the moſt 'ſovereign contempt. I am not to be treated in 'this ſupercilious manner. I may ſolicit for a ſeaſon, 'and theſe ſolicitations may be faſtidiouſly refuſed; 'but few have refuſed them with impunity. There'fore, reflect on your contemptuous treatment, 'whilſt time for reflection is allowed you, leſt you 'may have reaſon to deplore your obſtinacy, when 'it is too late.'—'I have, Sir, in all my conduct 'towards you, acted with diſcretion. You are a 'perfect ſtranger to me. You have not allowed me 'the merit of a choice. You firſt deceive, and then 'you threaten me. As a gentleman, as a man of 'feeling, releaſe me, reſtore me to my parents, and

'then you will probably have no cauſe to complain 'of my diſdainful behaviour —' How pitiful, Ma-'dam, how ſhallow is this cunning! You have al-'ready told me, your affections are engaged, and yet 'you ſolicit me to let you go. No, Madam, I ſwear 'by the powers above, you ſhall never quit this 'houſe, except you quit it, as my wife, or ſome-'thing worſe.' She dropped upon her knees before him. 'Here Sir, you ſee a helpleſs woman, im-'ploring your pity. I have not willingly offended 'you. I have refuſed to comply with a requiſition, 'which I could not accept, without involving both 'you and me in the deepeſt miſery. Wherefore I 'ſupplicate your mercy. I am the only child of two 'worthy parents. I know how they will lament 'my abſence. I know not how they will deplore 'my ruin. It can be no pleaſure to a rational being 'to inflict the pang of ſorrow on the reverend head 'of age. Treat me with lenity, diſmiſs me, even 'at this diſtance from home, and my parents ſhall 'thank you, for your civility to their daughter. 'You are young—you may live to be a parent—you 'may live to have a daughter of my age. What 'would you feel, ſhould you ſee this daughter, an 'only child, ſinking beneath the graſp of a lawleſs 'ruffian, and calling for aſſiſtance in vain! 'what 'would you'—'Ceaſe your prating, Madam. You 'intercede for what I will never grant. The world 'ſhall not tear you from me. You deceived me laſt 'night. To day you are my own.' He advanced towards her, the furies grinned on his aſpect. She aroſe, trembling with terror, and petrified with fear. As he approached, ſhe ſlunk from his graſp. He ſeized both her hands, ſaying, 'Will you recede 'from your former proteſtation?'—'If I ſhould re-'cede, what would you expect from me?'—'Your 'compliance, Madam, for our immediate marriage.' —'That, Sir, honor, and common ſenſe forbid.' —'I want none of your wire drawn diſtinctions, 'Madam, ſay, yes, or no. Time elapſes, and I 'will allow you no further reſpite.'—'O Sir, you

'are

'are cruel—you are—' No reviling, Madam, de-
'termine this inſtant—the next is not permitted
'you.'—' I am your victim, Sir, but your determi-
'nation ſhall never make me vicious.' He threw his arms furiouſly around her waiſt. She ſcreamed violently, and ſtruggled to liberate herſelf from the fury of his brutal gripe. ' Your ſcreams cannot be
'heard—you ſtruggle in vain—Conſent, and you
'are free immediately.'—' No, villain, you ſhall
'never force me to a compliance, the very idea of
'which I abominate.' His unmanly and ſavage rudeneſs alarmed her for her perſonal ſecurity, and in the midſt of her ſcreams, the door opened. Diſappointed of his infamous purpoſe, and before he had time to look around him, he felt himſelf ſeized by the collar, and ſhaked with a violent concuſſion. ' Deſiſt, thou helliſh wretch,' ſays the ſtranger. ' What, Welman here!' replies the Captain, and ſeized him with the fury of an incenſed lion. His efforts were ineffectual, and in the ſtruggle he was thrown undermoſt. The noiſe of the ſcuffle brought up the domeſtics, who had returned from church, and the fallen champion was releaſed from the arm of his ſuperior antagoniſt.

Miſs Gray recovering from the fright, into which the terror of her ſituation had thrown her, inſtantly recogniſed her deliverer. She flew towards him, and throwing her arms about his neck, in an extacy of joy, cried out, ' O Mr. Welman, free me, free me
'from this horrid man!'—' Miſs Gray,' exclaims Mr. Welman, ' what do I ſee?'—' You ſee, Sir,' replies the lady, ' a deceived, a perſecuted, but inno-
'cent woman. But, bear me hence—this is no
'place for enquiries.'—' Yes, Madam, I will bear
'you hence, I will protect you at the hazard of my
'life.'—' Mr. Welman,' ſays the Captain, foaming with rage, and choaking with indignation, ' your
'preſent interference, you ſhall certainly repent.'—
' I hope not, Sir. I have ſaved a lady from your
'violence—' Which you, Welman, ſhall one day
'feel.'—' A brave man, Captain Corner, would

'bluſh

'bluſh to inſult a woman. It is the part of a coward-'ly villain, and none but a coward, will ever treat 'a lady with rudeneſs.'—'Perdition ſeize thee Wel-'man! My vengeance ſhall overtake thee!' Mr. Welman led Miſs Gray out of the room, whilſt the Captain ſtormed with rage, and threatened revenge, for this unexpected, and unwelcome interpoſition.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIX.

THEY who invariably adhere to the precepts of virtue, are ſeldom diſappointed. They look round them with an eye of obſervation, examine the propriety of an action, and when they act, are guided by the dictates of prudence. They are not faſcinated by the glare of novelty, nor eaſily ſeduced from the paths of rectitude by the inſinuating addreſs of cunning and hypocriſy. They may be deceived, and this deception may produce an error; but as the motive to action will ever conſtitute the crime, whatever is acted in this predicament, is done unintentionally, and no criminality ought to be appended to the commiſſion. They are generally unſuſpicious, and liable to impoſitions. They may ſometimes be the dupes of the deſigning, but never the victims of a depraved diſpoſition. When betrayed into an action, or allured from that path in which they reſolved to proceed, they reprehend that eaſineſs of temper, which ſuffered them to be led aſtray, and gladly retract by an immediate renunciation of their error.

Thus the virtuous, ever alive to the firſt ſuggeſtions of vice, and afraid of its progreſs, are cautious to intermingle in thoſe ſcenes, where temptations are frequent, and the innocent are not ſafe from their baleful contagion. Conſcious of that integrity which they wiſh to purſue, they lament every voluntary deviation from it, either in themſelves or others, as a degree of culpability, which ought to be avoided with the utmoſt precaution. What they condemn in others, they pardon not in themſelves. They are as ſevere in their animadverſions upon their own conduct, when it merits the laſh of cenſure, as on that of any individual, who wilfully incurs the hatred of the virtuous and the juſt. An attempt to palliate what ought to be reprehended, an endeavour to juſtify

tify what ought to be condemned, is not only diſingenuous, but evidences a degree of criminality, in no wiſe favourable to the deciſions of virtue.

Caution will not always produce happineſs. Many incidents will intervene, many accidents will unavoidably happen, which will embitter the tranquillity of thoſe, who have ſtruggled indefatigably to obtain felicity. This deſirable object is probably not within the reach of humanity. Unalloyed happineſs is a phantom, which may be purſued with avidity, and ardently wiſhed for in this temporary ſtate, but never can be attained by thoſe, who are heirs to the infirmities of mortality. We may attempt, and hope will always prompt the attempt, to enjoy thoſe ſcenes of pleaſure, in which every individual places his own felicity. But pleaſure and happineſs are diſtinct qualities. Pleaſure is an arbitrary aſſumption, happineſs a real enjoyment. Pleaſure by ſome will be extracted from purſuits, which others abhor, as diſparaging to their being. Pleaſure is various and diſſimilar. Happineſs is ſteady and uniform. Pleaſure is tumultuous and violent, happineſs is placid and exhilarating. The former is tranſient, and often imaginary; the latter is permanent, and always real. A rational being is not always conſiſtent with himſelf. He obſerves, and acts differently, at different periods. An occurrence which he lately exploded, ſhall preſently merit his approbation. Hence he derives pleaſure from a variety of contingences. He enjoys the preſent moment, and lives in a heedleſs inconſideration at what futurity may produce.

Thus paſſes away the life of the majority of the multitude. The virtuous and conſiderate ſee occurrences through a different medium. Convinced of the futility of all human enjoyments, ſenſible of the inſtability of mortal happineſs, they are not overwhelmed with diſappointment, nor afflicted beyond meaſure, at thoſe exigencies, which prudence could not poſſibly prevent. They bear with equanimity, thoſe events which they could not avoid, and exclaim not againſt that deſtiny, which is aſſigned to the frailty

frailty of human nature. They bear with patience, and patience is not far from peace.

Mr. Welman and Miſs Gray had no ſooner quitted the manſion of Captain Corner, than they haſtened towards Saliſbury. Here they readily procured a conveyance to London, where they tarried all night. He had received intelligence from his ſiſter that Miſs Gray had eloped, and it was confidently aſſerted, that he was the falſe friend, who thus infamouſly requited the worthy Baronet for all his civilities. The information grieved him He was afflicted at the imputation of ſuch flagrant duplicity. He was conſcious of having erred from that path of propriety, which he ought to have adopted in his conduct towards this amiable family. This conſciouſneſs racked him with ſolicitude Had he never given occaſion for ſuſpicion, this accuſation which ſtigmatiſed his character with hypocriſy, had never been affixed to his conduct. He had left the north, in order to diſſipate that chagrin, originating from his youthful folly, by a participation of thoſe ſcenes, which are only to be enjoyed in the buſtle of life. He condemned that weakneſs, which had rendered him the dupe of contrivance, and though he foreſaw the ſnare, he ſuffered himſelf to be precipitated into it, without one attempt to liberate himſelf from their apparent deſign.

Theſe conſiderations preyed upon his peace. The very means he had adopted to reſtore his wonted ſerenity, were productive of inſufferable anguiſh. He was accuſed of a crime, which he reprobated. He was the putative author of an action which he abhorred He was ſuppoſed to be inſtrumental in deſtroying the happineſs of a family, which he admired, loved, and eſteemed. He had denied the fact, but his denial was diſſatisfactory. He was eager to exculpate himſelf, and had amply aſſerted his innocence. But the conſideration that Miſs Gray had eloped, was a blow he little expected. He could not ſurmiſe on whom ſhe had fixed her affections. And though he was appriſed from the north of Captain Corner's ſudden diſappearance, he could never allow himſelf

to

to ſuppoſe, that a lady of Miſs Gray's acknowledged prudence, could fall a willing victim to ſuch manifeſt and external frippery.

Confounded by uncertainty, and not knowing how to determine in ſuch an unfavourable dilemma, he hurried down to Saliſbury, to pay a haſty and occaſional viſit. Here he was ſo fortunate, as to meet with the object of his wiſhes, and ſafely to emancipate her from the tyranny of a man, whoſe diſſimulation and violence ſhe ſaw and dreaded. He beheld her with an eye of pleaſure, mingled with concern. He perceived her anxiety to eſcape from a perſon, who ſhe mentioned with abhorrence; but he feared to enquire, by what means he had obtained poſſeſſion of her perſon. He trembled to think of her voluntary reſignation, and dared not to ſuggeſt, that the Captain durſt be ſo audacious, as to ſeize her by force. A willing preference was the ruin of all his hopes, though her preſent conduct would not warrant ſuch a concluſion. He perceived her to be ſilent and thoughtful. Her countenance was ſerious, and her expreſſions reſerved. Her dreſs had loſt its former neatneſs, but he was a ſtranger to the cauſe. The roſy tinge of beauty which glowed upon her cheek, was faded, and he often ſaw her eyes gliſtening with tears. He was anxious for an explanation, but ſhe continued ſilent, till they arrived in London. His wonder and indignation were excited by the recital of her ſtory. He heard with viſible emotion, and while he reprobated the infamy of the man, he admired that ſteady fortitude, which braved his abominable preſumption.

Having unboſomed herſelf, and informed Mr. Welman of every circumſtance attendant on her journey and confinemeut, ſhe became leſs reſerved, and was urgent with him to accompany her home to Stanner-caſtle. She needed not to ſolicit him twice. He was happy in being inſtrumental to reſtoring her to her parents. He congratulated himſelf on the little incident, which led him to the place of her confinement, and of which he gave her a clear and ſatisfactory

ſatisfactory detail. She told him, how ſhe deplored the abſence of Jenny, and yet it was the medium, by which ſhe was diſcovered. So often are we deceived in thoſe means, which are ſilently working for our preſent and future happineſs.

Having adjuſted the preliminaries of their journey, they ſet out for the north, and in ſix days arrived at Stanner-caſtle. Miſs Gray without any ceremony, or the formality of being announced, walked ſtraight towards the drawing-room. Her Papa, Mama, and Mr. Bruce were together, deploring the loſs of her, who they deemed to be at the diſtance of many miles. She opened the door with precipitation, and ſeeing her Mama, ran haſtily up to her, and throwing her arms around her neck, wept upon her boſom. Mr. Welman who had followed her, ſtood upon the floor for ſome time, unperceived by any perſon preſent.

After a ſolemn pauſe of ſome minutes, Miſs Gray raiſed her face ſuffuſed with tears, and walking towards her father, who now roſe to meet her, ſhe flung herſelf into his arms, and bedewed his manly cheek with the tear of affection. He tenderly embraced his daughter. His heart was too full, to tell her what he felt at this happy interview.

Lady Gray advanced, and kindly taking her by the hand, 'Alas, my child, how could you forſake 'your parents?'—'O Madam, what have I not ſuf-'fered ſince the unfortunate moment in which I was 'decoyed from your paternal care and protection.'—'Decoyed, Lucy!' exclaims her Ladyſhip, 'what, 'decoyed by Mr. Welman!'—'No Mama, he is 'my deliverer. At the hazard of his life, he has 'ſaved your child from ruin.'—'Lucy,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'you utterly amaze me. You abſconded 'with Mr. Welman, you have returned with him, 'and brought him into our preſence, and yet you 'call him your deliverer, and ſay he has ſaved you 'from ruin.'—'You are deceived, my honoured fa-'ther, you are altogether deceived. I abſconded 'not; I was betrayed by a villain, and borne away

'againſt

'againſt my inclination. The recollection pains me, 'and believe me, Mama, I have not had one mo-'ment's peace, ſince the laſt time I ſaw you. The 'fear that you ſhould ſuſpect me as a monſter of in-'gratitude, has wrung my boſom with many an ach-'ing pang. I was conſcious of your ſorrow for my 'abſence, and thought you would brand me as an 'undutiful child. But, O Mama, believe me, I 'am not undutiful. I yet am innocent, and hope 'your prudence will always keep me ſo.'

'Indeed, Lucy,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'I am 'utterly confounded; I hope you will unravel this 'myſterious affair, and diſſipate thoſe doubts which 'we have harboured relative to your conduct. I 'have blamed you as inconſiderate, I have animad-'verted with ſome freedom on your apparent folly. 'If I have been miſtaken, as I hope I have in my 'concluſions, I ſhall feel myſelf extremely happy in 'pronouncing your forgiveneſs.'—'O Sir, I may 'have been to blame, I may have been inconſiderate, 'but when I inform you what I have ſuffered, 'and how I have been treated, you will not only 'forgive, but pity me.'—'My dear child,' ſays 'Lady Gray, 'keep us no longer in ſuſpenſe. I 'am anxious you ſhould relate, what probably I 'ſhould be afraid to hear.'

She then ſeated herſelf betwixt her parents, and narrated in a clear circumſtantial manner, each diſtinct particular of her late unhappy adventure, and of her fortunate deliverance by the arrival of Mr. Welman. Her Mama wept bitterly at the recital, and could not refrain from reviling the inhumanity of her violent lover. 'O my child,' ſays ſhe, 'what have 'you ſuffered, what have you felt from the brutality 'of a man, whoſe fury was to be dreaded, and whoſe 'diſſimulation is certainly unequalled! I admire the 'fortitude, by which you demeaned yourſelf towards 'him, and ſhall ever adore that power which pre-'ſerved you in the heavy hour of trial.'

Sir Archibald heard his daughter with attention, and riſing from his ſeat, advanced towards Mr. Welman,

man, and taking him by the hand, ſaid, 'I am happy, Sir, to owe this obligation, and ſhall be proud to acknowledge it to the lateſt period of my time. You have preſerved our child from diſhonor, you have ſaved her parents from miſery, and probably conferred a favor on herſelf ſhe will not eaſily forget. I freely confeſs to you, Mr Welman, I ſuſpected you were the perſon, who had deceived our child; for which injurious ſuſpicion, I moſt humbly crave your pardon. Captain Corner was ſo ſuperficial, and apparently deficient in thoſe requiſites moſt likely to captivate a woman of ſenſe, that I always looked upon him as a very harmleſs viſitor. But I have been deceived. What he wanted in underſtanding he more than counterbalanced in cunning and diſſimulation. But pray, Mr. Welman, how did you diſcover the retreat, where my dear child was immured?'—'Miſs Gray already knows, Sir, but as you interrogate me on the ſubject, I ſhall relate it exactly as it happened. Being informed by my ſiſter, whilſt I was in London of Miſs Gray's ſuppoſed elopement, and that I was ſuſpected of having allured her from her duty, I determined to return immediately, and exculpate myſelf from the imputation of ſo baſe an action. Previous to the reception of my ſiſter's letter, I had formed an engagement with a very intimate acquaintance, to accompany him to Saliſbury, and paſs a few weeks with him at his ſeat contiguous to the city. I wiſhed to retract my promiſe, after I had received information from the north, that my character and conduct were ſeverely cenſured by all, whoſe opinions I moſt eſteemed. But being ſolicitous to conceal the real cauſe of my ſudden return, my friend would accept of no denial, and ſo I was obliged, though unwillingly, to partake of his civilities.

'It is my invariable cuſtom when health will permit me, to attend on the public worſhip of my maker. The ſecond Sunday, I was at divine ſervice, a number of genteel ſervants were in an adjoining pew. A young woman, who was only ſeparated

'from

'from me by the breadth of a deal board, held a 'prayer-book in her hand which attracted my atten-'tion. I obſerved it narrowly, and though the 'binding, gilding, and other ornaments of one 'book might be the ſame, as in another, yet the 'ſimilarity was ſo ſtriking, I was convinced I knew 'to whom it belonged. From this conviction, I 'took it from the edge of the pew, where ſhe laid it, 'during the ſermon. But what was my ſurprize, 'when on examining the title page, I ſaw the name 'of Miſs Gray, and inſtantly recognized her hand-'writing. I laid it down again, and when di-'vine ſervice was finiſhed, aſked my friend, whoſe 'ſervants they were? His anſwer was, they were 'Captain Corner's. This intimation created an im-'mediate ſuſpicion that Miſs Gray muſt be in the 'neighbourhood. This ſuſpicion was confirmed, 'when joining the company of the young woman, I 'very civilly aſked her permiſſion to look at the book. 'This requeſt ſhe abſolutely refuſed. Nay, ſhe actu-'ally had the impertinence to tell me, ſhe thought I 'was very preſuming for examining her prayer-book 'in the church. I framed a variety of excuſes for 'ſuch a freedom, and endeavoured to perſuade her 'to comply with my requiſition. Her caution was 'apparent. I perceived it. And though ſhe was 'reſolved to fruſtrate my preſent deſign, I was deter-'mined to accompany her to her maſter's houſe. This 'ſhe foreſaw, and became importunate for my return. 'I was rather jocular on the buſineſs, told her I was 'acquainted with the Captain, and would probably 'dine with him that very day. She anſwered, ſhe 'could aſſure me, he was very ill, and could not 'poſſibly receive any company. This I concluded 'to be a piece of feminine artifice, and ſo proceeded 'forward to the manifeſt mortification of my chiding 'companion.

'When we arrived at the houſe, I perceived the 'door was locked, it was ſome time before we could 'gain admittance. I no ſooner entered, than I was 'alarmed with the ſcreams of a woman in diſtreſs.

'Directed

'Directed by the ſound, I ran up ſtairs. I entered 'the apartment unperceived, and was the fortunate 'inſtrument of reſcuing Miſs Gray from the brutal 'power of a ſavage.'

Sir Archibald and Lady Gray looked upon one another, as if entranced with the relation. After a pauſe of ſome ſeconds, her Ladyſhip roſe, and tenderly embracing her daughter, ſaid, 'This, my dear, 'is a viſible interpoſition of providence in ſupport of 'virtue. Let it be remembered with humble reve-'rence, and never let it be effaced from your thank-'ful mind.'—'The relation of this adventure,' ſays Mr. Bruce, 'has actually aſtoniſhed me. In this 'particular inſtance, the ſuperintending power of 'providence, is demonſtrated beyond a doubt. By 'what a ſimple incident, was the profoundeſt diſſi-'mulation rendered abortive! Wicked men may de-'viſe, and ſometimes be permitted to execute their 'ſchemes of iniquity, but the virtuous are always 'under the protecting care of the Almighty, who 'will not ſuffer them to be finally oppreſſed.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME time after this event, Captain Corner arrived at Tulip-houſe. The Rev. Mr. Taylor was preſent, when he was announced. After the uſual ſalutations were over, and he was ſeated, Captain Tulip 'ſaid, Upon my word, Sir, I did not expect to have the 'pleaſure of ſeeing you in the north again, for ſome 'years.'—'Why ſo?' replies Captain Corner, 'I 'am not guilty of murder, nor of any other crime, 'by which I have tranſgreſſed the laws of my coun-'try.'—'True, Sir. You have not tranſgreſſed the 'laws of your country, but you have groſsly tranſ-'greſſed the laws of friendſhip and hoſpitality.'—'Why Sir, am I ſo criminal by this youthful frolic? 'If Miſs Gray was willing to forſake her parents, and 'abſcond with me, what culpability was there in my 'compliance with the lady's wiſhes?'—'As you ſtate 'the caſe, Sir, you are ſcarcely reſponſible for any 'breach of civility. But as the lady ſtates it, you 'are guilty of the moſt wanton licentiouſneſs.'—'O 'Sir, you muſt not always give an implicit belief to 'the report of a lady. Diſappointment in any con-'certed plan will create many an excuſe for that be-'haviour, which diſcretion will never want.'—'In-'deed, Captain Corner,' obſerves Miſs Tulip, 'the 'ladies are particularly obligated to you, for your 'very favourable opinion of them. But in this in-'ſtance, if either party was diſappointed, it is too evi-'dent who it was. Therefore, Sir, it is very illibe-'ral, in order to exculpate yourſelf, to accuſe the 'lady of deliberate falſity.'—'O my dear,' returns Mrs. Tulip, 'you muſt allow the Captain, a little 'prevarication, and ſince he has been defeated in this 'arduous campaign, he muſt be allowed to collect his 'ſcattered forces, and maintain his preſent poſt, as 'long as it is tenable.'—'Upon my word, ladies, this

'accuſation

'accuſation and this raillery, may be diverting to 'yourſelves, but I ſolemnly aver to you, I deſerve 'neither the one nor the other. As a man of honor, 'I declare, I only complied with her earneſt ſolicita-'tions. In this exigence, would you ladies, have 'had me ſo ſcrupulous, ſo loſt to all ſenſe of gallan-'try, as to have perſiſted in refuſing ſuch eager requi-'ſitions? I know not, what his Reverence here might 'have done in ſuch an occurrence, but I confeſs I was 'frail enough to yield to the temptation.'—'Right, 'Captain, right," exclaims Mr. Taylor. 'Had I 'been the lucky man, I ſhould have muffled her in 'my gown and caſſock, and bore her off triumphant-'ly to the fartheſt corner of the world.'—'Pray Sir,' replies Mrs. Tulip, 'how would you reconcile this 'conduct with the ſanctity of your profeſſion?'—'Ha, 'ha, ha! The ſame way, and by the ſame argument, 'by which the Captain reconciles it to his conſcience.' —'I am afraid Sir,' obſerves Miſs Tulip, 'the Cap-'tain's conſcience is either aſleep, or requires much 'indulgence for its preſent ſphere of action.'—'Upon 'my honor, ladies, you are not only jocular, but 'even ſarcaſtic. How can you be ſo ſevere as to re-'prehend my conduct, when I am clearly exculpat-'ed by divinity itſelf?'—'But Sir,' ſays Captain Tu-lip, 'you ought to have remembered, you were my 'gueſt, and that I am a neighbour to this worthy fa-'mily. You deceived me groſsly when you borrowed 'my carriage. This circumſtance, will undoubtedly 'induce them to conclude, that I was a principal in 'the buſineſs. I wiſh not to offend Sir Archibald, nor 'any individual of the family.'—'Very well, and 'rightly obſerved, Sir," replies Captain Corner,' the 'ſolemnity of your manner, and the gravity of your 'countenance, ſufficiently beſpeak the conviction of 'your mind. How can you be ſo inconſiſtent as to 'talk in this ſtale inconſiderate ſtyle to me? I am con-'fident, had you been in my place, you would not 'have acted with the integrity of Joſeph.'—'Apro-'pos, Captain,' returns Mr. Taylor, who but himſelf, 'would have played the ſilly part of that ſqueamiſh

'Jew?'

'Jew?'—'Indeed, gentlemen,' ſays Mrs. Tulip, 'you 'are abſolutely ridiculous. But I aſſure you, I am 'more confident of the fidelity of my turtle, than to 'ſuppoſe he would have acted according to your ma-'licious intimation.'—'True, my dear, continue in 'this confidence. Your charms are not yet totally 'faded.'—'Not yet totally faded, Sir! This obſer-'vation like many others—'—'Only my dear, re-'minds you of your morality.'—'Oh, you provok-'ing devil! I ſhall begin to ſuſpect you will in time 'become a diſciple of iniquity.'—'Oh, Madam,' re-plies Captain Corner, 'he is not yet to be initiated, 'ha, ha, ha!'

The firſt opportunity Captain Corner had of being alone with Miſs Tulip, he began a renewal of his addreſſes. 'Indeed Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'your effrontery 'is inſufferable. With what face can you apply to me 'for forgiveneſs, after ſo late and ſo flagrant a breach 'of promiſe?'—'My angel, your goodneſs muſt for-'give me. I have erred egregiouſly. I have done 'injuſtice to your beauty. But then you ought to 'conſider, what man can reſiſt the requiſitions of a 'lady! If I acquieſced, my compliance was only to 'be temporary. I could never be ſo blind, as to for-'ſake ſuch excellence; to prefer a lady of no eſtima-'tion, to one I abſolutely adore.'—'You cannot Sir, 'ſuppoſe me ſo weak, as to believe your proteſtations, 'Had the lady not reſiſted your importunities, you 'would certainly before this time have entered the pale 'of matrimony.'—'Matrimony, Madam, what, mar-'ry Miſs Gray! Can you conclude that I am ſo loſt 'to common ſenſe, ſo devoid of honor, and ſo inſenſi-'ble to your charms, as even to harbour the moſt 'diſtant wiſh for ſuch a connection? I have acted 'imprudently, in attending to improper ſolicitations; 'but believe me, when I aſſert, I never can, I never 'will be happy, when ſeparated from you.'—'How 'can you, Sir, have the unparalleled aſſurance, to 'avow this conſtancy, when you ſtand convicted of 'ſuch notorious duplicity?,—'Condemn me not, my 'angel, I have been indiſcreet, but never unfaithful.

'I had

'I had not the leaſt intention of an alliance with Miſs 'Gray; I ſcorn the ſuppoſition. Could I be ſo blind 'to your perfections, as to make the compariſon, I 'ſhould aſſuredly incur the ridicule of all who have 'the leaſt acquaintance with the parties. See how 'attentive I was to my former promiſe. Accept of 'theſe trifles, as a faint aſſurance of my unalterable 'affection.'—'Indeed Sir, they look pretty, but I 'cannot accept of them.'—'You muſt, and be not 'ſo incredulous, as to miſbelieve my aſſeverations.' —'I have ſufficient reaſon to be ſuſpicious, and will 'only accept them on theſe terms; whenever I de-'tect you of any future diſſimulation, I ſhall take the 'liberty of returning them to their unworthy maſter.' —'Agreed, my love, for on thoſe conditions, they 'are eternally your own, and thus I ſeal our reconci-'liation;' at the ſame time ſaluting her, and preſſing her to his boſom. 'Though I may forgive, Sir, I 'cannot forget your late ſeeming diſregard, and which 'cauſed me ſo much ſerious affliction.'—'Believe me, 'my life, I ſhall be for the future more cautious and 'circumſpect, nor will I knowingly occaſion you one 'moment's uneaſineſs.' The entrance of Mrs Tulip diſconcerted their ardour, and put an end to their preſent converſation.

Captain Corner having requeſted the favor of Captain Tulip's company in the garden, ſaid, 'Upon my 'ſoul, Sir, I think myſelf moſt ſcandalouſly inſulted 'by Mr. Welman, whoſe officious interference I am 'determined to chaſtiſe. They have circulated a va-'riety of falſehoods to my diſadvantage, they have 'propagated the moſt infamous reports, tending to ca-'lumniate my character, and exculpate the lady from 'any ſpontaneous ſhare of the action; for which nefa-'rious proceedings, I am reſolved to inſiſt on Mr. 'Welman giving me ſatisfaction'—'I will tell you 'what, Sir,' replies Captain Tulip, 'it will be far 'more prudent to ſuffer the affair to ſink into oblivion. 'You are criminated by the lady as the ſole aggreſſor. 'Her teſtimony is corroborated by the aſſertions of 'Mr. Welman, therefore it will certainly be an act

'of raſhneſs to call Welman out. By it you cannot 'exculpate yourſelf from the heinous charge, though 'you may render yourſelf obnoxious to the penalty of 'the laws.'—'I never before, Tulip, knew you were 'ſo profound a caſuiſt. I am a ſoldier, and can ad-'mit of no ſophiſtical diſtinctions, when my honor is 'concerned. I am doubly inſulted, and though I 'deſpiſe the lady for her fallacious repreſentations, 'and laugh at her for ſuch manifeſt ſimplicity, yet I 'am determined that the ruſtic boy ſhall not enjoy his 'triumph with impunity.'—'Be perſuaded Corner, 'and take a ſoldier's advice; put up with the affront, 'and let not the diſappointment ſit ſo heavy on your 'mind. The public opinion is already formed. Your 'murdering of a gentleman of great reſpectability in 'this county, will only eſtabliſh your atrocity.'—'Zounds, Tulip, you not only adviſe me to be a cow-'ardly poltroon, and to pocket the inſult, but you 'ſcatter your abuſe upon me with no ſparing hand.' —'Why are you ſo impetuous, Sir? Your late con-'duct demands an apology, not a juſtification.'—'Now 'Tulip, you wiſh to tantalize me. This is too ſevere 'between friends, I know your ſentiments on a ſimi-'lar affair. How have you the confidence to pro-'nounce my condemnation and vindicate yourſelf?' 'Becauſe Sir, your criminality in this inſtance, will 'not poſſibly admit of a defence. It was an open de-'fiance of unbounded friendſhip, it was a notorious 'dereliction from the ties of hoſpitality, it was ſuch 'an abominable act of flagrant hypocriſy, that deceit 'itſelf is almoſt aſhamed of the perpetrator.'—'Blood 'and wounds, Tulip, do you mean to put me mad?' —'I have no ſuch intention, Sir, I only mean to con-'demn what I cannot approve, and hold up the mir-'ror of conviction, in which you may clearly ſee your 'own deformity.'—'By the God that made me, Tu-'lip, you are become a proſelyte to the whining in-'ſtructions of Mr. Bruce! Why you canting devil, 'how often have you been at church ſince I ſaw you?' —'Twice every Sunday.'—'Heiday, mercy on me, 'what a change is performed in this maſs of iniquity!

'Why,

'Why, I ſuppoſe you are become ſo conſcientious, 'that you will reſtore Welman his bond for the ten 'thouſand pounds?'—'It is already cancelled, Sir, 'I burned it in his preſence.'—'Now, all the furies 'of hell ſeize thee for a fool confirmed. What 'preaching, praying wretch could prompt thee to ſuch 'an undertaking? Burn a bond for ten thouſand 'pounds! I hope you mean to reimburſe my half?' —'I never received one farthing, Corner.'—'But you 'have inſidiouſly deſtroyed the whole.'—'My con-'ſcience would not ſuffer me to keep it.'—'Your 'conſcience, Tulip! Your conſcience was lately as 'callous as a flint ſtone. But I am not to be duped 'out of five thouſand pounds, by this ſhallow ſubter-'fuge. When I have wreaked my vengeance on that 'milkſop Welman,'—'You will then wreak it upon 'me, will you?'—'I will wreak it upon my father, 'for five thouſand pounds.'—'What a covetous and 'bloody dog thou art! But I have the bond in ſafe 'cuſtody.'—'Have you, have you! O my faithful 'depoſitory! I thought I could truſt your conſcience 'ſafely enough in an affair of this importance. It is 'not accuſtomed to many pangs on the ſcore of inte-'grity.'—'Come, Corner, come, no retaliation. You 'do not purpoſe to challenge Welman?'—'Undoubt-'edly I do. Can I ſuffer myſelf to be thwarted in 'any of my intentions, by ſuch a raw country booby 'as this, and not chaſtiſe him for his inſolence? You 'ſhall carry my meſſage; and without he either aſk 'pardon for his intruſion, or promiſe to meet me like 'a gentleman, I will brand him for a coward, and 'cane him moſt unmercifully, the firſt time I have 'the happineſs to meet him.'—'What particular meſ-'ſage ſhall I carry?'—'Pſhaw, pſhaw! why ſuch a 'fooliſh interrogation? You know you have managed 'this important buſineſs for me before to-day. Let 'him chooſe his time, his place, and his own wea-'pons; I am totally indifferent about his determina-'tion, provided he only agree to meet me.'

Captain Tulip, in purſuance of his commiſſion, went immediately to Roſehill. Enquiring for Mr.

Welman, he was ushered into the study, where he found him closely engaged in the perusal of Aristotle's poetics. He laid the book down on the entrance of the Captain, who taking it up, and carelessly turning over a few pages, threw it upon the table, saying, 'I 'wonder how any man, especially a young man, can 'pass his time, in poring over such a musty volume. 'I perceive it is Greek; I have not yet totally for-'gotten the characters, though I would not give one 'farthing for all the knowledge it contains.'—'No 'knowledge, Sir,' replies Mr. Welman, 'is to be 'attained without industry. This work, the produc-'tion of one of the greatest geniusses of antiquity, is 'come down to us in a state of imperfection. What 'remains, will amply reward any person for the trou-'ble of a perusal. The author is a complete master 'of the subject; he does not deliver his dogmas as 'dictatorial laws, but what he asserts as just and natu-'ral, he explains by rules, which are plain, explicit, 'and intelligible.'—'I do not understand a single sylla-'ble of the subject,' returns Captain Tulip, 'but I 'have another to discuss with which I am entrusted, 'and probably with it I may be better acquainted. 'Captain Corner, Sir, is returned to the north.'—'That information, Sir, surprises me indeed. After 'the commission of such an action, as he has lately 'been guilty of, after this recent detection of his in-'famy, of which he ought to be ashamed, I think 'prudence ought to have suggested to him, it was his 'indispensable duty to hide his head, in some place 'where he was utterly unknown.'—'The Captain's 'representation of the affair, is widely different from 'that of the lady.'—'He may fabricate what falsity 'he pleases, Sir, he never will be able to exculpate 'himself from the atrocious charge of infamy and 'violence.'—'His sole intention of coming to the 'north at present, Sir, is to exculpate himself from 'the imputation, with which common report so libe-'rally bespatters him. He says, you have injured his 'character, and insulted his person. For th de-'meanour, he requires an apology.'—'I assure 'you,

'you, Captain Tulip, and believe me when I aver it, 'I have never in one ſingle inſtance thrown the leaſt 'aſperſion on his character, nor have I, to the beſt of 'my recollection, ever offered him a perſonal inſult. 'I reſcued a lady from his brutal violence, and poſſi-'bly he may conſtrue this into an inſult; if he does, 'I chearfully acknowledge it, and think myſelf happy 'in being ſo fortunate in the detection of his unpar-'donable villainy.'—'Mr. Welman, I hope you will 'conſider, this is language no gentleman can endure.' —'I confeſs, Sir, the terms are ſevere, but yet they 'are ſuch, as his behaviour moſt amply deſerves.'— 'However Captain Corner may have been guilty, it 'is not my buſineſs to criminate him. I have long 'known him to be a man of the niceſt honor. He 'ſays you have injured him materially, and he de-'mands immediate ſatisfaction.'—'If I have injured 'him, Captain Tulip, let him have recourſe to the 'laws of his country, they will do him juſtice.'— 'This is not the appeal, Mr. Welman, to which a 'gentleman can with honor apply. You muſt acknow-'ledge, there are many inſtances, whereby a gentle-'man may be injured, and for which the laws will 'afford him no reparation.'—'A real injury, Captain 'Tulip, is a fact which cannot be denied, and for 'which any perſon may obtain a legal retribution. 'But when Captain Corner can demonſtrate fairly and 'impartially, that he has ſuffered in perſon, in cha-'racter, or in property, by my interpoſition, he need 'not have recourſe to the laws for reſtitution, I am 'ready to acknowledge my error and make any apo-'logy that reaſon can demand.'—'This ſtatement of 'the caſe, Mr. Welman, my friend will not accept. 'He means not to appeal to the public, nor announce 'a demonſtration of the injury he has received. He 'is his own judge in the buſineſs. No other perſon 'has a right to determine, how far, or how much, 'he is to endure before he complains. The laws of 'honor are not regulated by the maxims of juriſ-'prudence.'—'This expreſſion, Captain Tulip, is 'very unguarded, if not irrational. Whatever max-

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'ims you may have imbibed relative to that imaginary 'phantom, honor; ſtill there is an infallible rule, by 'which it ought to be ultimately governed. The diſ-'tinction betwixt right and wrong, juſt and unjuſt, 'virtue and vice, is very evident. This diſtinction, 'if duly attended to, would be very inſtrumental in 'obliterating from the preſent age, thoſe fatal miſun-'derſtandings, which too often terminate in death. 'They are the diſgrace of the rational creation. 'Every abettor of them ſhould be driven from ſociety, 'as a brand that is ready to ſet the whole into a con-'flagration.'—'This may be religion, Sir, it may be 'philoſophy, but I am certain, it will not convince 'Captain Corner. I am entruſted to ſettle the preli-'minaries of your meeting, and I hope, you will 'appoint your time, and place, that I may acquit 'myſelf in this commiſſion to the ſatisfaction of my 'employer.'—'If I were raſh enough to comply with 'your requeſt, I have many affairs to adjuſt, which 'would require the conſideration of ſeveral days. 'But I hope, I ſhall ever have the fortitude to defy 'the ſword of the aſſaſſin, and deſpiſe the ridicule of 'the fool.'—'This is ſtill no anſwer, Mr. Welman, 'to my meſſage. You muſt be explicit, and inſtead 'of haranguing, muſt endeavour to act, for Captain 'Corner will not be ſatisfied with mere words.'—'I 'ſhould be ſorry, Sir, to ſuppoſe you were an abettor 'of his cauſe, though your peremptory behaviour, 'and total indifference to what is right, in this parti-'cular inſtance, ſeem to warrant ſuch a concluſion.'— 'Be not too warm, Mr. Welman, eſpecially in your 'obſervations on my conduct. I come as a man of 'honor, to ſettle a diſpute betwixt my friend and you. 'I hope you will mention your time and place, for 'his impatience will not brook delay.'—'Indeed, 'Captain Tulip, let his impatience be ever ſo urgent, 'I ſhall not act precipitately in this awful affair. 'Were he as anxious to confeſs an error, and render 'what is juſt to every individual, as he is eager to 'demand ſatisfaction, where none is due, he would 'be aſhamed of his conduct, inſtead of attempting to

'defend

'defend it by the commiſſion of a more infamous 'crime.'—'This is abuſe Sir. It is downright 'calumny. What anſwer ſhall I take to Captain 'Corner?'—'Juſt what you pleaſe, Sir, his requiſi-'tion deſerves no ſerious reply.'—'Is this your final 'determination, Mr. Welman?'—'It is my deter-'mination at preſent, Sir, and when I receive any 'meſſage from your friend, which merits particular 'notice, I ſhall not fail to beſtow that attention 'upon it, which the nature of the caſe may juſtly 'deſerve.'

Captain Tulip departed, very much diſſatisfied with the obſervations of Mr. Welman, who though a young man, was ſo judicious, as to deſpiſe thoſe miſtaken notions, which many are ſo preſumptuous as to denominate the ideas of real honor. He looked upon the horrid practice of duelling, as diſgraceful to mankind. He ſaw it was purſued by the raſh and inconſiderate. He perceived it was too often adopted in vindication of infamy, and was generally the laſt reſource of the criminal, to juſtify that conduct, which reaſon and common ſenſe condemn. Theſe conſiderations were of ſufficient weight to influence his reſolutions, and induce him to deſpiſe a practice, which is only abetted by the ſons of licentiouſneſs, and the tools of unbounded riot.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXI.

IT is ſomewhat aſtoniſhing to a reflecting mind, which obſerves with accuracy the conduct of man, to ſee with what avidity he attempts to diſrobe himſelf of that being, which was given him for the nobleſt purpoſes. The mereſt trifle imagination can ſurmiſe, is deemed a ſufficient cauſe for the deſtruction of exiſtence. A word, the real import of which may eaſily be miſtaken, is conſtrued into an inſult, and reaſon is immediately dethroned, that madneſs may exult in triumph. To aſſert that any but a madman would unneceſſarily riſque his exiſtence, is diſparaging that rational intelligence which diſtinguiſhes a man from the brute. Man may err, he is prone to error. He may ruſh voluntarily into the depths of folly, and even delight in his ſenſual gratification: but in this inſtance, he has ſomething to plead in defence of his depravity. He receives what he calls pleaſure in the enjoyment. This is a compenſation for his irrational purſuit, and though his pleaſure be temporary, he expreſſes his ſatisfaction, and continues to enjoy what he deems a ſubſtantial good.

This, though low, and degrading to the human intellect, is infinitely preferable to that unpardonable preſumption, which careleſs of life, and every duty attached to it, raſhly endeavours to throw the ineſtimable gift away. This, though it receives from the fool the appellation of courage, and is dignified by the inconſiderate with the name of magnanimity, is nothing more than the eſſence of cowardice, and the rankeſt dregs of fear. Real courage is cool, temperate, and rational. It knows the true value of exiſtence, and is cautious to expoſe it to unneceſſary danger. Cowardice is raſh, preſumptuous, and ſometimes daring. It eſtimates the value of life by the deciſions of imagination, and ſputns at the moderate ſurmiſes of

of the judgment. Hence that apparent inconſiſteney in the conduct of thoſe, who are moſt eager to revenge a fancied inſult. They are conſcious of the timorous ſuggeſtions of their own heart, and wiſh, by acting in oppoſition to theſe ſuggeſtions, to convince the world of their intrepidity. This is natural, and perfectly conſentaneous to that diſſimulation which characteriſes a multitude of individuals.

Mr. Welman, after debating with himſelf what courſe he ought to purſue in the preſent exigence, determined to conſult Sir Archibald. When he arrived at the caſtle, he found the Baronet alone. 'I 'am happy Sir,' ſays Mr. Welman, 'to find you 'thus diſengaged, as I have an affair of ſome impor-'tance to communicate to you. Have you heard, 'that Captain Corner is arrived at Tulip-houſe?'— 'I have heard the report,' replies Sir Archibald. 'If 'his inſolence had not been unparaleled, he never 'could have had the effrontery to appear a ſecond 'time in this neighbourhood. But, Mr. Welman, 'believe me, the more I ſee of mankind, the more 'occaſion I have to pity the depravity of their con-'duct.'—'The obſervation, Sir Archibald, is humi-'liating. But I am certain you would not have made 'it, without the cleareſt conviction of its truth. But 'what opinion can you conceive of that man, with 'what animadverſion can you brand his conduct, 'who having committed one of the boldeſt, and moſt 'infamous actions, that villainy could perpetrate, 'attempts a juſtification by a public defiance. Cap-'tain Corner, Sir, has ſent me a challenge.'—'Im-'poſſible, Mr. Welman! It is abſolutely impoſſible, 'that any man ſhould be ſo depraved, without he has 'loſt his reaſon.'—'Whether his intellects are de-'ranged or not, I will not take upon me to determine; 'but there is no impoſſibility in the caſe, for Captain 'Tulip waited on me to-day, and was very urgent 'with me to appoint my time and place.'—'This, 'Mr. Welman, is actually inſufferable. The laws of 'my country have entruſted me with a certain degree 'of power, which I ſhall exerciſe, in this inſtance,

'to preſerve the public peace. I always thought 'Captain Tulip a ſuſpicious character. This open 'reception of a man, who has forfeited every claim to 'his notice, convinces me, he was not unacquainted 'with the deſigns of his viſitor. He publicly eſpouſes 'his cauſe, he patronizes his infamy, and thus be-'comes an abettor of his notorious delinquency. 'Excuſe me, Mr. Welman, I am rather warm. I 'hope the importance of the matter will warrant the 'ſeverity of my expreſſions. But did you accept his 'challenge?'—'I did not Sir, I expoſtulated with 'Captain Tulip on the enormity of ſuch ſcandalous 'behaviour, but I expoſtulated in vain. He heard 'me with the utmoſt indifference, ſaying, he had no 'right to determine on the juſtice, or injuſtice of his 'friend's demand, as his buſineſs was ſolely to adjuſt 'the preliminaries of the meeting.'—'I think, Mr. 'Welman, I can never have a fairer opportunity 'of correcting licentiouſneſs, than depriving this 'furious deſperado of his liberty. A temporary 'confinement may depict to him the atrocity of 'his conduct, and teach him, that man is not always 'to be inſulted with impunity.'—'I am clearly of 'opinion, Sir Archibald, he merits your utmoſt in-'dignation. But I hope, you will not think me too 'aſſuming, when I hint that probably ſuch a proceed-'ing might be conſtrued by the tongue of malevo-'lence, as bordering too much on revenge. This 'would detract from your wonted lenity, and be a 'ſubject of triumph to this diſturber of your peace.'—'I thank you Sir, for the hint. Envy is a buſy paſ-'ſion. If I puniſh him according to his deſert, it 'may readily be ſuggeſted, I am actuated by malice. 'He may be deemed unfortunate, nay, even 'oppreſſed, and in this circumſtance, his deluſive im-'poſitions would not fail to obtain credit. He is a 'ſpecious, diſſembling hypocrite, and capable of 'ſeducing the underſtanding of the multitude. Will 'you promiſe me, not to accept his challenge?'—'I give you, Sir, my ſolemn promiſe, that no provo-'cation whatever, in the preſent exigence, ſhall 'induce

'induce me to hazard my exiſtence. He has no 'character to loſe, he glories in his inſolence, and 'wantonly defies the reſtrictions of humanity.'—'I 'hope, Mr. Welman, you have not apprized your 'ſiſter of the turbulence of this ſanguinary man?— 'I have not, Sir.'—'This is right. Her fear for 'your ſafety might overcome her prudence, and any 'interference might exaſperate, inſtead of appeaſing 'the irritability of his diſpoſition.'

The day after this converſation, Captain Tulip came again to Roſehill. Miſs Welman was in company with her brother, when he arrived. He was no ſooner ſeated than Miſs Welman, ſaid, 'I am 'ſurprized, Captain Tulip, at your reception of a 'man, whoſe infamy is ſo notorious, and whoſe con-'duct has rendered him a diſgrace to his ſex.'—'O 'Madam,' replies the Captain, 'you are miſtaken in 'your concluſions. The lady, he avers, was the 'ſolicitor. And would you have had him ſo obdu-'rate, or rather ſo perfect, as to have rejected the 'importunities'—'Peace, peace, Sir, he is an abomi-'nable, lying wretch. The character of Miſs Gray 'is too well eſtabliſhed, to ſuffer the leaſt taint from 'his infernal miſrepreſentations. He will pollute 'your houſe, Sir, by his preſence. He is capable of 'the moſt horrid crimes. And the man who can 'countenance his deteſtable actions, is not far from 'the commiſſion of them himſelf. I am afraid of 'being contaminated with the filth of this loathſome 'creature, and therefore ſhall make no apology for 'my abrupt departure.'

'A lady,' ſays Captain Tulip, 'has the privilege 'of ſaying what ſhe pleaſes. There is not a man, 'who breathes, ſhould have ſaid half as much to 'me, and left my company unpuniſhed.'—'You 'are not nettled, Sir, at the truth told by a wo-'man, and that truth not directed to yourſelf?— 'Your ſiſter, Mr. Welman, was ſcurrilous, was 'downright abuſive. But I had almoſt forgotten my 'commiſſion. Captain Corner is totally diſſatisfied 'with your determination of yeſterday, and perem-'torily inſiſts on your meeting him, or making ſuch

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'an apology, as he ſhall dictate'—'This inſolent 'meſſage, Captain Tulip, excites my pity, and not 'my indignation. His folly ſhall not provoke me to 'an act of deſperation. The conduct of that man 'muſt be bad indeed, Sir, which requires to be de-'fended by the point of a ſword.'—'This is mere 'trifling, Mr. Welman, you muſt be deciſive'—'I 'am, Sir; I will neither meet him, nor apologize for 'what I have done.'—'Then, Sir, you will not be 'ſurpriſed, if hereafter, Captain Corner takes ſatis-'faction, which, at preſent, you poſitively deny him'. '—He is at liberty, Sir, to act as he pleaſes. He 'has already, by his atrocious behaviour, rendered 'himſelf obnoxious to the laws of his country, let 'him beware, how he provokes their power any far-'ther.'

Some days after this interview, as Mr. Welman was walking in the fields, he met Captain Tulip and Captain Corner. He moved his hat, as he paſſed them, while Captain Corner ſaid, 'there goes a cow-'ard.' Mr. Welman ſmiled at the appellation, and replied, 'a brave man will not ſeek unneceſſary 'opportunities to exhibit his bravery. Chance, or 'duty, may produce them, and then the coward is 'diſplayed with all his fears about him.'—'If you 'had not been a daſtardly poltroon, Welman, you 'would have anſwered my call, and not have endea-'voured to ſkreen yourſelf from correction behind 'the paltry ſubterfuge of the laws.'—'The laws, 'Sir, are neceſſary reſtraints to your licentiouſneſs. 'If it were not for their ſalutary protection, neither 'innocence nor chaſtity would be ſafe in your com-'pany.'—'You are an impudent raſcal, and I cannot 'repay your obſervation better, than by the diſcipline 'of my cane'—at the ſame time, he aimed a ſevere blow at Mr. Welman's head, which he was ſo dex-trous as to ward off, by the elevation of his left arm The Captain levelled two ſtrokes more; but without effect. Mr. Welman was irritated by this rough, and unexpected ſalutation; and was compelled to reſiſtance, in order to protect himſelf from this

furious

furious and unmanly attack. He ruſhed upon his antagoniſt, and by one well-directed blow, laid him ſprawling upon the ground. Recovering from the violence of the fall, the Captain roſe with impetuous rage, and ſo far forgot himſelf, as to draw his ſword, and to make a dreadful puſh at his unarmed opponent. Mr. Welman was ſo alert, as to avoid the point of the weapon. He was ſo daſtardly, as to make a ſecond lounge, but ſo unſkilfully, that, as Mr. Welman ſtepped aſide, he ruſhed by him, who inſtantly ſeizing the Captain by the arm, immediately wreſted the ſword from his hand. 'Now, Sir,' ſays Mr. Welman, 'what would be your fate, were I to take 'the ſame advantage, which you ſo meanly and baſely 'have taken?'—Had you met me like a gentleman,' replies the Captain, foaming with rage, 'I would have 'ſcorned to have treated you in this ungenerous man-'ner; but your ſneaking, degenerate behaviour, de-'ſerved chaſtiſement, and I choſe to inflict it in this 'degrading way.'—'You talk as ſupercilioufly, Sir, 'as if you had obtained a triumph.' This well-timed ſneer aroufed his indignation, and turning haſtily to Captain Tulip, ſaid, 'Pray, Sir, lend me your ſword, 'that I may correct the inſolence of this ſaucy boy.' Captain Tulip drew it from the ſcabbard, and calmly preſented it to him, ſaying, 'I hope you will make 'better uſe of it, than you did of your own.' He took it, and advancing towards Mr. Welman, ſaid, 'Now, Sir, we are equally armed, I can take no 'advantage of you. The impetuoſity of my paſſion 'impelled me to act inconſiderately, for which I apo-'logize. I am now aſhamed of my raſhneſs, but 'not of my former determination, and poſitively 'inſiſt upon you, at this inſtant, defending yourſelf.' Mr. Welman reſted the point of his ſword upon the ground, and replied, 'I abhor the neceſſity to which 'your violence has driven me. My life I will defend, 'whilſt I have power to defend it; you have wantonly 'attempted to deprive me of it, and which cow-'ardly attempt was far beneath the gentleman, or the 'man of true courage. But leſt I ſhould be reduced

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'to the perilous neceſſity of either loſing my own life,
'or taking yours; whilſt a ſingle ray of hope remains,
'I will not reject it—there is your ſword.'—'No,
'Sir; I ſcorn the preſent, I will never accept it, ſave
'from your dying hand.'

With theſe words he approached Mr. Welman, and attacked him with the utmoſt impetuoſity. The rencounter was managed with great adroitneſs by both parties. After a number of ineffectual paſſes, Mr. Welman received a wound in his right arm. He immediately felt its effect, though he was not diſabled from continuing the conflict. He became more cautious, and acting upon the defenſive, ſuffered his aſſailant to exhauſt his ſtrength by his furious attacks, and ineffectual exertions. This he preſently perceived, and making a ſkilful lounge, inflicted a wound below the Captain's left breaſt. The blood flowed copiouſly, and Mr. Welman obſerving him to ſtagger, dropped the point of his ſword, and ſaid, 'as your
'ſecond, Sir, denies his interference, I think it due
'to a fellow creature, cheerfully to forego any fur-
'ther advantage.'—'You are miſtaken, Sir,' replies the Captain, 'it is only a mere ſcratch; your boaſted
'advantage is only ſuppoſititious.'

The conflict recommenced, and after a ſtruggle of a few minutes, Mr. Welman caught hold of the point of the Captain's ſword, with his left hand. 'Now,
'Sir, you muſt acknowledge you are vanquiſhed, and
'that your life is in my power.'—'Damnation ſeize
'thee," exclaims the Captain, gnaſhing his teeth with rage, 'I will never acknowledge it, nor crouch
'to thee for pardon.' At the ſame inſtant, he vigorouſly attempted to wreſt his ſword from the graſp of Mr. Welman. 'Deſiſt, Sir, this very moment,' ſays Mr. Welman, 'or your life ſhall pay the forfeit
'of your raſhneſs.' This threat operated with its due effect. He ceaſed to ſtruggle, though he ſtamped with his foot in a paroxiſm of rage.

While they ſtood in this poſition, and Captain Tulip looked on as an indifferent ſpectator, they were accoſted by a voice, which ſaid, 'Forbear,
'gentlemen,

'gentlemen, forbear.' The ſtranger advanced—'I 'hope, gentlemen, you will proceed no further in 'this perilous buſineſs.'—'I am willing, Sir,' replies Mr. Welman, 'to deſiſt this inſtant. I was 'forced upon my defence, and now his life is appa-'rently in my option.'—'It is, indeed, Sir,' returns the ſtranger, 'and I hope your antagoniſt will 'readily acknowledge it.' This obſervation was worſe than death itſelf to the diſdainful ſpirit of the Captain. He made another ineffectual attempt, when Mr. Welman raiſing his ſword, ſaid, 'Hold, 'Sir, and diſcontinue your efforts——my patience 'may be exhauſted. Had my revenge been equal 'to your malice, what muſt have been your deſtiny!' The ſtranger ſtepped in between them, and taking hold of the Captain's ſword, Mr. Welman immediately looſed his graſp. By a ſudden, and unexpected twiſt, he wrenched it from the ſtranger's hand, and puſhing furiouſly over his ſhoulders, wounded Mr. Welman dangerouſly in the neck. He ſtaggered ſome paces backward, his ſword dropped from his hand, and he fell.

The ſtranger looked with an eye of indignation on the Captain, and ſaid, 'Villain, thou art a muderer!' 'As ſuch I arreſt thee,' ruſhing ſtrenuouſly upon him, notwithſtanding his naked ſword. Captain Tulip interfered, and inſiſted on his releaſe, ſaying, 'If he has been ſo fortunate as to retire from this 'rencounter with the laurel on his brow, it ought to 'be remembered, that the fallen gentleman was the 'aggreſſor. If the laws of his country are to be put 'in execution againſt him, I will enter into any re-'cognizance for his future appearance.'—'I am aſ-'toniſhed,' replies the ſtranger, 'that any man can 'have the effrontery to aſſert, that this gentleman 'has been ſo fortunate to retire from the field a con-'queror. No, Sir, he is no conqueror, he is a baſe 'aſſaſſin. I am a witneſs of his unequalled cowar-'dice. His opponent's generoſity, who nobly diſ-'dained to triumph over a vanquiſhed enemy, ſhould 'have abated his inveterate malice. But he was

'vindictive,

'vindictive, and meanly ſeized an unlucky opportu-
'nity, which my interpoſition afforded him, to de-
'ſtroy a man he ought to have revered. Go, I
'know you both; if my aſſiſtance were not abſo-
'lutely neceſſary to that gentleman who lies bleeding
'there, I would drag you, Sir, before the tribunal
'of juſtice, and chearfully depoſe againſt you for a
'bloody murderer.'

As ſoon as the ſtranger quitted his hold, Captain Corner walked off, leaning on the arm of his ſteady friend. The compaſſionate ſtranger, bending on his knees, examined the wound Mr. Welman had received. He perceived it to be deep, and to bleed plentifully. He raiſed his fainting head from the turf, now dyed with his crimſon gore. He kindly enquired how he was, ſaying, 'Pray, Sir, where 'ſhall I apply for aſſiſtance?' Mr. Welman looked him in the face, and after ſeveral attempts to ſpeak, replied, 'O Sir, I thank you for this kindneſs. 'You muſt go to Roſehill for my carriage.' The ſtranger, in order to ſtaunch the blood, bound up the wound with his handkerchief, and taking off his coat, and folding it up, carefully laid Mr. Welman's drooping head upon it. He then haſted to Roſehill, and having procured the carriage, he conveyed Mr. Welman, faint, weak and inſenſible, to his own habitation.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISS Welman was abſent when the carriage went away. Having returned ſoon after, ſhe obſerved it moving ſlowly along, as it came towards the houſe. She viewed it with an eye of anxious expectation. She knew to whom it belonged, but could not divine whither it had been. She ſaw it approach the door, and running haſtily to receive her gueſts, eſpied her brother, all blood, and lifeleſs, in the arms of a ſtranger. She ſcreamed, claſped her hands, and fell upon the ſteps. She was inſtantly conveyed to her apartment while her brother, amidſt the tears of his faithful domeſtics, was lifted from his carriage.

The ſtranger requeſted aſſiſtance, and a ſervant was immediately diſpatched for a ſurgeon. Whilſt he was adminiſtering all poſſible relief, the door flew open, and Miſs Welman entered. Her looks were ghaſtly—the ſtare of terror darted from her eyes—her hair hung looſe and diſhevelled about her face—wild and diſtracted, ſhe ran towards the bed, exclaiming, 'Alas, my brother, who has murthered thee?' Frantic and heedleſs, ſhe threw herſelf upon him, and kiſſed his pallid cheek. He heard the agony of his ſiſter, was ſenſible to her tears, and felt the warm impreſſion of her lips. Though unable to ſpeak, he gently raiſed his arm, and put it round her neck. The ſtranger attempted to perſuade her to riſe, as ſhe would certainly incommode her brother. His perſuaſions were in vain—ſhe heard them not. He took her in his arms—her head dropped upon his ſhoulder—the tear ſtarted from his eye, and dropped upon her cheek, now wan, pale, and inſenſible to the touch.

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The ſcream of deſpair filled the houſe. The apartment was crowded by the domeſtics, who teſtified their ſorrow by their affectionate lamentations. 'O!' ſays an old ſervant, whoſe ſilver locks ſhaded his venerable face, 'were Sir Archibald here, my 'maſter and young lady would be comforted.'—'Send for him,' ſays the ſtranger, 'his preſence is 'neceſſary. This is a ſcene of domeſtic affliction, 'but my good friends, be not overwhelmed with 'deſpair. Mr. Welman may poſſibly recover.'—'O, Sir, he was a kind and indulgent maſter'—was the general cry—'we are undone, utterly un-'done!'

Again Miſs Welman approached the bed. The ſtranger held her in his arms. She leaned forward, while her tears copiouſly bedewed the face of her pallid brother. 'O my brother, that hand was cruel 'that could ſtrike the blow. Thou wert all gentle-'neſs—thou wert all kindneſs. I knew not thou 'hadſt an enemy. His heart muſt be hard indeed, 'who could imbrue his hands in thy blood! Alas, 'he hears me not! He is inſenſible to my words—'he feels not my touch. Oh, the cold graſp of death 'now ſteals along his cheek! Pale and cold, he lies 'lamented, but ſorrow will not reſtore him to his 'former health—that health which glowed upon his 'brow, when this morning he bid me adieu. O fatal 'word!'

The ſtranger carried her from the bedſide, and kindly requeſted her to be comforted. The ſtroke was ſevere and unexpected, but whilſt there was one ray of hope, it was anticipating affliction to deſpair. She ſhook her head, but made no reply. 'I can 'partly feel, Madam, what you ſuffer at this inſtant. 'But let me entreat you, not to be deaf to conſola-'tion. If your brother hears your diſtreſs, as I am 'convinced he does, it will greatly increaſe his pain, 'and aggravate his ſufferings. He is weak from loſs 'of blood, but this is no dangerous ſymptom. The 'leſs diſturbance he receives, the leſs he is ſenſible

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'to your grief, the more eaſy he will be, and this 'will not a little contribute to his recovery.'

The ſurgeon entered, and Miſs Welman was deſired to leave the room. After a careful examination of the wound, he pauſed, and looking round him, emphatically pronounced it mortal. Mr. Welman heard the fatal ſentence—he raiſed his eyes, and looked wiſhfully upon them all. He lifted his hands in the attitude of ſupplication—Sir Archibald approached the bed. He turned away his head, when he beheld the agony of his youthful friend. It was evident to thoſe around him, from his ſignificant motions, he was ſenſible of his ſituation. He ſaw the worthy Baronet, and ſtretched forth his hand towards him. Sir Archibald took hold of it, and ſaid, 'My dear Sir, I am really unhappy at this unfortu-'nate accident. If you feel much pain, graſp my 'hand.' He graſped it keenly, while the tear was ſeen to gliſten in his eye.

After the wound was dreſſed, and the ſurgeon had again pronounced his dogmatical aſſertion, a ſervant was diſpatched to Newcaſtle for more aſſiſtance. Sir Archibald then remarked to the ſtranger, that he was without his coat. This remark recalled to his memory why he put it off, but he could not recollect where it was. The carriage being ſearched, it was found, but ſo beſmeared with blood, it was of no more utility to him. Being accommodated with one of Mr. Welman's, who was near his ſize, he gave Sir Archibald a very circumſtantial detail of the unfortunate diſaſter. Mr. Welman had aſſured him he was compelled to ſtand upon his own defence, when his ſuperiority was only equalled by his generoſity. The vindictive malice of Captain Corner was indefenſible, and he baſely ſeized an opportunity to aſſaſſinate, which a friendly interpoſition unluckily afforded him. Sir Archibald expreſſed his horror at the recital, by ſaying, 'I am certain Mr. Welman has 'been ſurpriſed into this abominable buſineſs. From 'what you ſaw, it is evident beyond a doubt, that 'aſſaſſination was their deſign. And though you

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'did nor perceive any unwarrantable interference of 'Captain Tulip, his ſubſequent behaviour is a ſuf-'ficient indication of their infernal motives. The 'rancour with which Captain Corner is agitated, the 'malevolence with which he has purſued Mr. Wel-'man, can only originate from that benevolent action 'of the latter, which emancipated my child from 'his ſavage power. But he ſhall not eſcape with 'impunity. Had I not liſtened to the generous 'ſuggeſtions of my young friend, had I purſued the 'determinations of my own mind, this calamitous 'affair had been effectually prevented. It is poſ-'ſible, and this melancholy incident corroborates the 'aſſertion, a man may be too benevolent. His 'placability, by the malice of his enemies, ſhall be 'made inſtrumental to his own ruin. He may in-'dulge his own feelings, he may congratulate him-'ſelf on his own miſtaken lenity, but experience 'will convince him, the breaſt which harbours re-'venge, is not to be appeaſed by forgiveneſs. This 'bloated paſſion will inevitably have recourſe to vio-'lence, and happy is the object of its wrath, if he 'finally eſcape its fury.'

Miſs Welman entered, pale and trembling. On ſeeing the good Baronet, ſhe burſt into tears. He aroſe from his chair, and taking her by the hand, affectionately deſired her to be ſeated. 'This ac-'cident,' ſays he, 'my dear Miſs Welman, for an 'accident it ſurely is, was ſudden, unexpected, and 'calamitous. Your brother ſought it not. You 'have this conſolation, and it is no ſmall one, he 'was not inſtrumental to his own deſtruction. He 'rejected with diſdain the brutal ſummons of his 'opponent. He was more the chriſtian, and more 'the man, than to accept a challenge, and riſque his 'life by a fooliſh acquieſcence with a faſhionable, 'but diabolical cuſtom. Excuſe me, my dear, my 'ideas are gloomy I ſpeak, as if he were no more. 'He may yet ſurvive, and be a bleſſing to his 'friends, and an ornament to ſociety.'—'Alas, Sir, 'why would you deceive me, and buoy me up with 'hopes, which are never to be realized.'—'I would

'not

'not willingly deceive you, nor would I have you 'to deſpond. There are many inſtances, where 'all hopes have been vaniſhed, where the moſt 'ſkilful of the medical tribe have pronounced a 'ſpeedy diſſolution, of perſons recovering from the 'moſt grievous ſickneſs, or the moſt dangerous 'wounds.'—'Ah, Sir, do not flatter me with ſuch 'deluſive ſurmiſes. Rather tell me the worſt, that I 'may fortify my mind againſt the arrival of the fatal 'moment. That I may be prepared to bear the 'ſtroke which effectually deſtroys my happineſs on 'this ſide the grave. We are young, Sir Archibald, 'and we are orphans. It was cruel, Oh, it was 'cruel, to ſeparate us by ſuch a diſſolution. Your 'kindneſs was always paternal, and this indulgence 'made us feel the loſs, the early loſs of our na-'tural parents.'—'Be calm, Miſs Welman,' ſays the ſympathizing ſtranger, 'and moderate your 'grief. The blow is afflicting, but I hope not over-'whelming. You will ſuffer, if your brother die, 'which God forbid, an irreparable loſs. But re-'member, there is neither a ſon, nor daughter of 'humanity, free from affliction. We muſt all ex-'pect our portion. Some have more and ſome have 'leſs of the bitter draught. But ſince it is aſſigned 'us, and we cannot poſſibly eſcape from its influence, 'it is our duty to bear with reſignation, and kiſs the 'rod which is raiſed for our chaſtiſement.'

The other ſurgeon was now announced. He carefully examined his patient, probed the wound, and anxiouſly enquired into every particular circumſtance relative to this deplorable caſe. After a conſultation with his colleague, he ſpoke with caution. He was not ſo ſanguine, as to inculcate hope, nor was he ſo poſitive as to predict a ſudden departure. He recommended ſilence, and ſaid he muſt attend, and watch minutely the progreſs of the diſorder, as the preſent ſymptoms were very unfavourable.

When Sir Archibald underſtood his opinion, he requeſted Miſs Welman to accompany him to Stanner-caſtle. 'O Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'ceaſe to ſolicit me 'on that mournful ſubject. I underſtand your

'meaning.

meaning. Let me not deſert my brother in his laſt moments. He was always kind to me, and ſhall I be ſo forgetful of his kindneſs, as to leave him in his lateſt hour, to the care of ſtrangers!' 'He is now ſo weak, Madam,' replies the Baronet, 'as to be totally inſenſible to your attention. If he were conſcious of your trouble, and could behold your ſorrow, this would infallibly aggravate, but by no means ſoften the poignancy of his preſent ſufferings. Be perſuaded, and Lady Gray ſhall return with you, whenever you pleaſe.'—'O Sir Archibald, attend to my requeſt, it is a ſolemn one. Have not the doctors pronounced his death, and you wiſh to withdraw me from the melancholy ſcene?'—'I can pardon your ſuſpicions, but believe me, at this time, they are unfounded. The laſt ſurgeon on whoſe ſuperior knowledge, I can firmly rely, is not ſo determined in his opinion.'—'I thank you Sir, for your ingenuouſneſs, and invariable friendſhip. Let me ſee my brother, once more, and then I will accompany you. O he is pale—how deeply he ſighs—his breaſt heaves, and he pants for breath. Alas, my brother!' They tore her from his bed, ſuffuſed with a flood of ſorrow, and handed her to the carriage. Sir Archibald entered after her, and earneſtly entreated the benevolent ſtranger to oblige him with his company. He attempted to apologize, but ſo eager was the worthy Baronet for his compliance, that he reluctantly left this houſe of mourning, to oblige a man, whoſe manners and character he reverenced and eſteemed.

When they arrived at the caſtle, Miſs Welman, was led into the drawing-room, by Sir Archibald, where Lady and Miſs Gray were ſitting. As ſoon as Miſs Welman entered, and ſaw her lovely friend, ſhe ſtood ſtill, and fixed her eyes upon her. Her countenance was ſolemn—her manner ſerious and awful. Silent and grave ſhe ſtood upon the floor. Miſs Gray aroſe to approach her—ſhe opened her arms, as Miſs Gray came forward. 'Come,' ſays ſhe, 'and give me conſolation, for my brother is

'murdered.'

'murdered.' Miſs Gray ſtopped, and looking her ſeriouſly in the face, grew pale, and ſhuddered—'It is too true, Lucy, my brother is murdered.'—She cloſed her eyes, and dropped into the arms of her ſorrowing friend. 'Alas, my child,' exclaims Lady Gray, 'How, Miſs Welman, can you 'ſport with the feelings of one, who you love!'—'Ah, Madam, were it only ſport, I ſhould be happy! But he is fallen a victim to revenge, and 'poſſibly this hour is his laſt. There, Madam, let 'her head reſt upon my boſom, it is throbbing with 'the pang of affliction. Now ſhe breathes and all 'will be well. She wakes not to unceaſing woe. 'My Lucy has her parents, and they will comfort 'her. I have no parents—I have now no brother-'the portion of woe is my own. Weep not, Lady 'Gray—I wiſh not to rack your ſenſibility by a 'recital of my diſtreſs. See your daughter lives, 'and long may ſhe live to be a bleſſing to your years. 'I was once ſo fond as to think, I ſhould one day 'call her ſiſter. How vain was that thought! She 'can now be never more than friend. How fleeting 'are all our pleaſures! How tranſient all our hopes? 'We look forward with anxiety, forgetful that the 'preſent moment alone is ours. If that hour, or 'that day come, which we expected with ſolicitude, 'what happineſs comes along with it! Alas, no-'thing but diſappointment, affliction, and woe.' Miſs Gray raiſed her head, and ſeeing her Mama ſunk in tears, ſhe kindly ſaid, 'Pardon my weak-'neſs, Madam. I am now better. The ſurprize 'overpowered me—a little reſt will perfectly reſtore 'me.'—'Let us retire, my children,' replies the good Lady. 'This is a day of misfortune, tribulation, 'and ſorrow. Let us humbly implore the protection 'of that power, who alone is able to ſave us in the 'hour of oppreſſion.' The ladies walked out of the room.

When the ladies were retired, Sir Archibald, ſaid, 'I am ſorry Sir, you have never fulfilled a promiſe 'which you lately made me; nay, ſo forgetful have 'you been, I have never ſeen you ſince, and yet I

'heartily

'heartily regret the occaſion of our meeting to-day.'
—'I recollect, Sir, the promiſe you allude to, and
'hope you will excuſe me, when I apologize for my
'negligence. I have many, but ſolitary engage-
'ments to employ my hours. I am a total ſtranger
'to all the families in the neighbourhood, and how
'long I may continue in this county, is altogether
'uncertain.'—'Pray, Sir,' returns the Baronet,
'ſhall I be ſo free, as to aſk, if you have taken the
'Vale-farm? If you have, I ſhall be proud to reckon
'you in the number of my friends.'—'I accept the
'honor, Sir, with gratitude. I have taken the Vale-
'farm for a few years; it is a ſmall, but neat and
'pleaſant houſe. Its ſmallneſs is tantamount to my
'preſent finances. They have been larger, and pro-
'bably they will be larger again. Though young,
'I obſerve with ſorrow, there is no rank or ſtation
'free from the rod of affliction. I have had my
'ſhare.'—'Excuſe my boldneſs,' ſays Sir Archibald,
'if I enquire your name and ſtory?'—'My name,
'Sir, is Gardiner. My ſtory, from ſome peculiarities
'with which it is blended, requires my preſent ſilence.
'When circumſtances admit it to be developed, you
'are the only gentleman in the county, to whom I
'would wiſh to make the communication. I hope,
'Sir, you will not conclude me to be faſtidious, or
'yet rude. I have met with many rubs of fortune,
'and poſſibly may meet with many more. To com-
'plain, may excite doubt, if not diſtruſt. This I have
'actually experienced. Man is not always com-
'paſſionate; he is ſometimes tantalizing, and ſome-
'times cruel. He will ſometimes liſten, only to con-
'demn, and this adds another ſting to the pang, which
'is already too acute. Pardon me, good Sir; your
'friendly enquiry recalled to my memory theſe re-
'flections, which I have often made in the hour of
'anguiſh.'—'I am only ſorry,' returns the Baronet,
'to recognize their juſtice. Man, is a various, and
'contradictory creature. He is apt to envy, when
'he ought to compaſſionate. But, be aſſured, there
'are many exceptions, and which I hope, you will
'one day acknowledge with chearfulneſs.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO what a variety of accidents is human nature ſubject. Liable to a multitude of infirmities, which often embitter exiſtence; obnoxious to a multiplicity of incidents, which caution can never prevent, it concludes from experience, that real happineſs is not to be acquired. The acquiſition, though chimerical, is purſued with avidity. Diſappointment, inſtead of deſtroying hope, and producing deſpair, gives riſe to a variety of new expectations. Theſe buoy up the imagination, which fondly looks forward to a future period, where deſire is to be realized, and enjoyment bring true felicity. The long expected period arrives, enjoyment is obtained, but felicity is not procured. The deluſive phantom flies before the graſp, entices the purſuit, and promiſes much imaginary pleaſure. The promiſe, though generally fallacious, is too frequently believed. It accords with the deciſions of the reſtleſs mind of man, which is ever in a fluctuation between hope and fruition; it flatters thoſe agreeable ideas, whence originate a number of requeſts, on the happy completion of which, expectation is to be ſucceeded by tranquility.

The experience of this unceaſing round of deception, though evident and glaring, does not bring conviction. The ſame hopes return, and are invariably ſucceeded by the ſame circle of deluſion. Thus life flits away like an airy bubble: it is eagerly graſped at by the children of humanity, and when they conclude they have ſeized the gilded phantom, it evaporates in fume, and leaves them to renew the toil.

The man, who is doomed by inauſpicious fortune to a life of labour, if ambition prompt him to look around, he is apt to envy thoſe elevated ſtations, to which he ſuppoſes he can never attain. He, who is bleſſed with affluence, and every enjoyment which

riches can procure, beholds the humble tranquility of the induſtrious poor man, and wiſhes for that health, which is only the reward of tempetance and labour. Each ſtation has its peculiar pleaſure, and each its allotted ſhare of pain. To expect to paſs through this chequered ſcene of life without an intermixture of both, is an expectation which originates from folly. Life has many dark ſhades, and he is happieſt, who experiences the feweſt of them.

In the evening, the family of the Caſtle, accompanied by Miſs Welman, went to Roſehill. They found Mr. Welman in a ſtate of the extremeſt weakneſs, and ſometimes lapſing into an alarming delirium. In his lucid intervals, he was ſenſible and collected. Aware of his preſent danger, which he expreſſed by words inarticulate and indiſtinct. The frequent raiſing of his eyes and hands, in a ſupplicating poſture, ſufficiently indicated the devout fervour of his mind. He was not reſtleſs, except when delirious, and this was conſtrued by his ſurgical attendants, as a favourable prognoſtic.

On obſerving his friends ſtand around his bed, he eyed them with a look of the moſt ſerious concern. Perceiving his ſiſter and Miſs Gray on oppoſite ſides, he ſtretched forth both his hands, which they gently took hold of, whilſt he muttered ſome ſounds, which they could not poſſibly comprehend. His ſiſter bathed his hand with her tears—ſhe ſobbed deeply—he ſaw the agitation of her ſoul, and by the motion of his lips, and the ſerious turn of his countenance, they ſuppoſed, he wiſhed her to be comforted. Sir Archibald led her from the bed—Mr. Welman waved his hand, in token of her return. She again approached him—he drew her gently towards him, and attempted to raiſe his head from the pillow—ſhe ſtooped down, and affectionately kiſſed him, while the tear of ſorrow bedewed his pallid cheek. She was again led from the bed, and requeſted to be calm and compoſed, as her immoderate grief had a viſible effect on her brother. This admonition from the worthy Baronet, ſhe received in ſilence. She fixed her eyes upon

upon his face, and moving her head ſignificantly, ſaid in a low tone, 'O, Sir Archibald, have I not cauſe 'to grieve? Can I ſee my brother, the only brother 'I have in this world, lying weak, languiſhing, and 'on the bed of death; can I ſee him and be calm? 'O, Sir, exact no more than nature is able to bear!' He ſtill held the hand of Miſs Gray, and drawing it gently towards his lips, kiſſed it repeatedly, whilſt ſhe, overwhelmed in tears, was led by her Mama, from this apartment of ſorrow.

The next morning, Mr Gardiner came to the caſtle, where he found the Baronet in cl.ſe converſation with Mr. Bruce. From the evidence of Mr. Gardiner, and what he had collected from Mr. Welman, during the latter part of the rencounter, Sir Archibald determined to commit Captain Corner to the county jail, to abide that penalty, which the laws have enacted for thoſe, who wantonly defy their power. For, ſaid he, 'it is not proper, that this 'deſperado ſhould continue at liberty. In manifeſt 'defiance of juſtice, in open oppoſition to the ſacred 'rites of hoſpitality, in an apparent contempt of the 'ſtrict obligations of friendſhip, he has daringly 'tranſgreſſed thoſe limits, which are the only, though 'inſecure cement of ſociety. The laws of the com-'munity, and the laws of honor, have no influence 'on his actions. He is not only prone to the moſt 'artful diſſimulation, and concealed hypocriſy, but 'prompt to revenge, whatever his malice may deem 'to be an inſult.'—'Your obſervations, Sir,' replies Mr. Bruce, 'are the reſult of experience. You 'will now recollect ſeveral hints which I dropped, 'relative to my opinion of this ſpecious, but ſuper-'ficial gentleman. He was evidently a compound of 'unmeaning compliments, and unneceſſary profeſſi-'on. His uſual behaviour to me, was fulſome. He 'was not even plauſible, for his vanity was too ma-'nifeſt, beneath the glozing proteſtations of inviola-'ble friendſhip. This impertinent behaviour, though 'attractive to the multitude, is always loathſome to 'the minute obſerver. There is undoubtedly ſome

'ſiniſter deſign couched in this ſacrifice to folly. 'This is an invariable fact; for why ſhould any man 'put ſo manifeſt a reſtraint on the natural bias of his 'inclination, why ſhould he voluntarily ſubmit to 'the conſtant drudgery of fawning and diſſembling, 'if he have no depraved intention to accompliſh? 'The mere deſire of pleaſing can never operate ſo 'powerfully. This, if deemed expedient, is ſoon 'acquired. It is an agreeable requiſite in the inter-'courſe of life. But take this as an incontrovertible 'fact, wherever you perceive a perſon, anxious and 'ſolicitous to pleaſe at all times, and in all places, 'there is ſome covert deſign, which ſtimulates him 'to ſuch a conduct. Such was Captain Corner, and 'I was not miſtaken in the man.'

'Your opinion, Sir,' obſerves Mr. Gardiner, 'on the officiouſneſs of thoſe gentlemen, who are 'eager to pleaſe every individual, is not more ſevere 'than juſt. A curſory view of the manners of 'mankind, and a ſuccinct ſurvey of their actions, 'will corroborate your concluſions. It would cer-'tainly be uncharitable, to ſtigmatize the conduct of 'all with this intentional mode of deception, for there 'are many, who diſdain to conceal a thought, ini-'mical to the peace of any individual. But it is to 'be regretted, that perſons of this deſcription, ſhould 'find ſuch an eaſy admittance among all ranks. Nay, 'their acceſs is not only general, but they are even 'courted by the multitude. Their company is ea-'gerly ſolicited, they are anxiouſly requeſted to con-'fer their favours, an unvaried attention is the meed 'of their latent cunning. A diſcovery of the dupli-'city of one of this deceitful ſpecies, is no prohibi-'tion to the reception of another. This obſervation 'induces them to continue the practice, and though 'ſometimes detected by the unthinking, or betrayed 'by their own inſuperable vanity, as veterans in the 'art, they diſcover no embarraſſment. Their mo-'tive is more than to pleaſe, and to gratify this mo-'tive, they are commonly the moſt ſubmiſſive of all 'the odious train of ſycophants. Captain Corner,

'was

'was a ſtranger to me, and previous to this unfortu-
'nate diſaſter, I never ſaw him but once. In that
'unlucky inſtance, when the poor man's life was in
'hazard, he behaved with that cold obduracy, which
'clearly demonſtrated to me his total want of human
'ſenſibility!'

'I thank you both, gentlemen,' returns Sir Archibald, 'for this coincidence of opinion. Had 'I ſuſpected half of what you ſo faithfully deſcribe, 'no part of our late or preſent affliction would proba-'bly have happened. This latter misfortune is the 'effect of the firſt. I am liable to impoſitions. The 'firſt impreſſions which his behaviour made upon my 'mind, were unfavourable and true; but they were 'totally effaced by his ſubſequent conduct, and 'hence reſulted my egregious error. I am not 'prone to puniſh, and would rather pardon the great-'eſt enormity, than be reduced to this hateful neceſ-'ſity. Were I conſcious my young friend would 'ſurvive, I would leave this wretch to the gnawings 'of his own conſcience, or to that juſtice, which 'will one day infallibly overtake him for his crimes.'

Sir Archibald now proceeded to fill up the warrant, which having finiſhed, he immediately diſpatched a conſtable, with orders to bring Captain Tulip and Captain Corner before him.

When this officer of juſtice arrived at Tulip-houſe, he enquired for the Captain, who inſtantly appeared, and aſked his buſineſs. 'My buſineſs, Sir, is to arreſt 'you and Captain Corner.'—'By what authority do 'you execute this office?—"By a warrant, Sir, under 'the ſeal of Sir Archibald Gray.'—'What is our 'crime?'--'The murder, Sir, of Mr. Welman.'--'What 'is the poor young gentleman dead?'--'I believe, Sir, 'he is not yet dead, but there remains no hope of 'his recovery.'—'If he be not actually dead, what 'dotage, in the name of common ſenſe, has affected 'the mind of the Baronet? Go back, fellow, and 'tell him I won't come.'—'Sir, you are my pri 'ſoner, and you muſt obey.'—'Obey you clodpole, 'if I hear any more of your inſolence, I will cane

'you,

'you, till you bray like a beaten jack-aſs.'—'Come, 'come, Sir, none of theſe capers. I am not to be 'frightened with words. You are my priſoner, and 'I inſiſt you go with me. Where is Captain Cor-'ner?'—'Get about your buſineſs, you country oaf, 'or I will lend you a kick.'—'You kick me, Sir! 'You had better be otherwiſe employed.' The Captain haſtily raiſed his foot, with an intention to execute his threat, which this inferior miniſter of juſtice nimbly caught hold of, and quickly overturned this bluſtering ſon of Mars upon the gravel walk. He roſe boiling with rage, and lifting up his cane with a deſign to ſtrike, was accoſted by his adverſary in a tone which inſtantly allayed his fury. 'Take care, 'Sir, what you do, I am only on the legal diſcharge 'of my duty. You have reſiſted, and poſſibly may 'repent it. But if you do ſtrike, you may reſt aſ-'ſured, I will give you ſuch a drubbing, as you 'have not received ſince you were an idle ſchool-'boy.'

The manly tone of the conſtable's voice, and the clenching of his ſinewy fiſt, had their proper effect upon the courage of the Captain. He cautiouſly dropped his cane, ſaying, 'It is confounded hard 'for a gentleman to be thus groſsly inſulted, and 'braved by a country clown.'—'No matter what I 'am, Sir. A country clown may be as honeſt a 'man as a London fortune-hunter, and if you chuſe 'to act the blackguard, I ſhall ſoon convince you that 'you have met with your match.'—'Hell and furies 'ſeize thee for a ſorry wretch,' exclaims the enraged Captain, 'am I to be abuſed by ſuch a thing of 'nought, as thou art?'—'You need not, Sir, put 'yourſelf into ſuch a paſſion, it is altogether unne-'ceſſary. I inſiſt upon it, that you go with me, ſo 'dally no longer about the buſineſs.'—'Blaſt thee, 'for a villain! If thou approach to lay one paw upon 'me, I will hurl thee to the devil in the twinkling of 'an eye.'—'Hoity, toity, my pretty gentleman is in a 'paſſion! You hurl me to the devil! I could take 'you by one of theſe ſpindle ſhanks, throw you over

'my

'my ſhoulder, and being thus loaded march farther 'in a day, than ever you were able to do in your life.' The Captain once more lifted his cane, muttering through his teeth, 'Wretch, vile wretch.'—'Come, 'come, Sir, take down your rod, and come along, 'or depend upon it, I will carry you.'

The Captain perceiving there was no alternative, but to comply with his peremptory requiſition, grew a little more calm, and ſaid, 'if I muſt go, do you 'walk along, and I will follow you'—'Ha, ha, 'ha, Sir, do you think I know my buſineſs no better 'than that, to ſlip you through my fingers, and de- 'pend upon your word? Both you and Captain Cor- 'ner, ſhall go along with me'—'Thou art the moſt 'impudent ſcoundrel that ever gentleman was plagued 'with.'—'No more bluſtering, Sir, but where is your 'friend?'—'He is not here, nor is he in this county, 'he is far enough out of the reach of all his enemies.' —'You muſt allow me, Sir, to be ſatisfied of this 'matter.'

The doughty conſtable walked in, and ſearched the houſe very minutely, but found not the object of his ſearch. He returned diſappointed, and walked by the ſide of his priſoner to Stanner caſtle.

When they arrived the Captain was uſhered into the drawing-room, where the ladies and gentlemen were ſitting. Miſs Welman, at the ſight of Captain Tulip, turned pale, and trembled. Her perturba- tion was perceived by Miſs Gray, who approached, and taking her by the hand, walked out of the room. Sir Archibald bowed to the Captain, and turning to the conſtable, ſaid, 'You have only executed the 'one half of your commiſſion, where is Captain Cor- 'ner?'—'Pleaſe your worſhip,' replies the conſtable, 'he is not to be found. Captain Tulip ſays, he is 'not in the county.'—'Then you have miſſed the 'principal object,' returns the Baronet. 'But I hope, 'Sir,' addreſſing himſelf to the Captain, 'you have 'not concealed your accomplice, though he has the 'honor to be called your friend?'—'This ſarcaſtic 'obſervation, Sir Archibald, is unbecoming your 'dignity.

'you, till you bray like a beaten jack-aſs.'—'Come, 'come, Sir, none of theſe capers. I am not to be 'frightened with words. You are my priſoner, and 'I inſiſt you go with me. Where is Captain Cor-'ner?'—'Get about your buſineſs, you country oaf, 'or I will lend you a kick.'—'You kick me, Sir! 'You had better be otherwiſe employed.' The Captain haſtily raiſed his foot, with an intention to execute his threat, which this inferior miniſter of juſtice nimbly caught hold of, and quickly overturned this bluſtering ſon of Mars upon the gravel walk. He roſe boiling with rage, and lifting up his cane with a deſign to ſtrike, was accoſted by his adverſary in a tone which inſtantly allayed his fury. 'Take care, 'Sir, what you do, I am only on the legal diſcharge 'of my duty. You have reſiſted, and poſſibly may 'repent it. But if you do ſtrike, you may reſt aſ-'ſured, I will give you ſuch a drubbing, as you 'have not received ſince you were an idle ſchool-'boy.'

The manly tone of the conſtable's voice, and the clenching of his ſinewy fiſt, had their proper effect upon the courage of the Captain. He cautiouſly dropped his cane, ſaying, 'It is confounded hard 'for a gentleman to be thus groſsly inſulted, and 'braved by a country clown.'—'No matter what I 'am, Sir. A country clown may be as honeſt a 'man as a London fortune-hunter, and if you chuſe 'to act the blackguard, I ſhall ſoon convince you that 'you have met with your match.'—'Hell and furies 'ſeize thee for a ſorry wretch,' exclaims the enraged Captain, 'am I to be abuſed by ſuch a thing of 'nought, as thou art?'—'You need not, Sir, put 'yourſelf into ſuch a paſſion, it is altogether unne-'ceſſary. I inſiſt upon it, that you go with me, ſo 'dally no longer about the buſineſs.'—'Blaſt thee, 'for a villain! If thou approach to lay one paw upon 'me, I will hurl thee to the devil in the twinkling of 'an eye.'—'Hoity, toity, my pretty gentleman is in a 'paſſion! You hurl me to the devil! I could take 'you by one of theſe ſpindle ſhanks, throw you over

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'my ſhoulder, and being thus loaded march farther 'in a day, than ever you were able to do in your life.' The Captain once more lifted his cane, muttering through his teeth, 'Wretch, vile wretch.'—'Come, 'come, Sir, take down your rod, and come along, 'or depend upon it, I will carry you.'

The Captain perceiving there was no alternative, but to comply with his peremptory requiſition, grew a little more calm, and ſaid, 'if I muſt go, do you 'walk along, and I will follow you'—'Ha, ha, 'ha, Sir, do you think I know my buſineſs no better 'than that, to ſlip you through my fingers, and de- 'pend upon your word? Both you and Captain Cor- 'ner, ſhall go along with me'—'Thou art the moſt 'impudent ſcoundrel that ever gentleman was plagued 'with.'—'No more bluſtering, Sir, but where is your 'friend?'—'He is not here, nor is he in this county, 'he is far enough out of the reach of all his enemies.' —'You muſt allow me, Sir, to be ſatisfied of this 'matter.'

The doughty conſtable walked in, and ſearched the houſe very minutely, but found not the object of his ſearch. He returned diſappointed, and walked by the ſide of his priſoner to Stanner caſtle.

When they arrived the Captain was uſhered into the drawing-room, where the ladies and gentlemen were ſitting. Miſs Welman, at the ſight of Captain Tulip, turned pale, and trembled. Her perturba- tion was perceived by Miſs Gray, who approached, and taking her by the hand, walked out of the room. Sir Archibald bowed to the Captain, and turning to the conſtable, ſaid, 'You have only executed the 'one half of your commiſſion, where is Captain Cor- 'ner?'—'Pleaſe your worſhip,' replies the conſtable, 'he is not to be found. Captain Tulip ſays, he is 'not in the county.'—'Then you have miſſed the 'principal object,' returns the Baronet. 'But I hope, 'Sir,' addreſſing himſelf to the Captain, 'you have 'not concealed your accomplice, though he has the 'honor to be called your friend?'—'This ſarcaſtic 'obſervation, Sir Archibald, is unbecoming your 'dignity.

'dignity. I have long called him friend, and am
'not aſhamed of the connection. In reply to your
'query, I have not concealed him, nor do I know
'where he is at preſent. I am certain, he is far out
'of the reach of your purſuit.'—'That is poſſible,
'Captain Tulip, but he is not out of the reach of the
'laws.'—'The laws Sir, may take a cognizance of
'the affair, but they will never puniſh a gentleman,
'for having the reſolution to defend his character
'againſt the breath of ſlander.'—'I clearly under-
'ſtand your baſe inſinuation, Sir, and am ſorry to
'perceive by your preſent conduct, that you are an
'accomplice in his guilt. I was willing, upon your
'former aſſeverations, to believe you innocent. But
'the man who can have the effrontery to juſtify an
'aſſaſſin, is capable of any infamy.'—'Sir Archibald,
'your age, and your own houſe, protect you. Of
'this you are conſcious, or you durſt not inſult me
'with ſuch language.'—'I dare, Sir, ſpeak the truth
'in any place, or at any time. You have not only
'voluntarily tranſgreſſed the laws of your country,
'but infamouſly trampled upon the laws, of what you
'call honor. You forced Mr. Welman, baſely
'forced him to ſtand upon his defence, and then ſuf-
'fered him to fall a victim to his own humanity.'—
'It was not my fault, Sir Archibald, that Captain
'Corner attacked Mr. Welman unarmed. I only
'offered the Captain my ſword, after Mr. Welman
'had wreſted his own from his hand. They
'were then equally armed, and how am I re-
'ſponſible for the accident that followed!'—'The
'accident, Sir, was not the effect of chance, nor the
'misfortune of the rencounter, but the reſult of the
'moſt deliberate malice. It was the ſtroke of the
'aſſaſſin.'—'Sir Archibald, you are miſinformed.'
'—'No, Sir,' replies Mr Gardiner, 'I can avouch
'for the truth of what the Baronet aſſerts. Neither
'a man of courage, nor a man of honor, would
'have acted in ſuch a manner.'—'Very well, gen-
'tlemen, you may ſtigmatize my abſent friend, as
'you pleaſe, but how can you criminate me for his
'conduct?'

'conduct?'—'Being preſent,' returns Sir Archibald, 'at the perpetration of the crime, and not attempting 'to defend the innocent, or reſtrain the fury of the 'aggreſſor, the laws involve you as a principal in the 'guilt.'—'This may be law, Sir, but I am confi- 'dent, it is not juſtice. What penalty do you an- 'nex to my ſuppoſed criminality?'—'You muſt enter 'into a recognizance of five thouſand pounds, for 'your appearance at the next court of aſſize, to an- 'ſwer for this ſcandalous breach of the public peace, 'and probably as an abettor of a deliberate murder.' —'To this condition, Sir Archibald, I am willing 'to agree. Have you the inſtrument ready?'—— 'No, Sir, I have not, but ſhall take care to procure 'it in a few days.'—'Am I to be indulged with my 'liberty, till I ſign the bond?'—'If Captain Tulip, 'you will pawn your honor, you certainly may.'— 'That I ſolemnly promiſe before this company.'

Next day, Mr. Welman, contrary to the expectations of his ſurgeons, was viſibly eaſier, who now confidently pronounced the wound was not mortal. He gradually recovered his ſpeech, and in the ſecond week was evidently in a ſtate of convaleſcence. He continued to gain ſtrength every day, to the infinite ſatisfaction of all his acquaintances, and in the ſpace of a few weeks was able to walk abroad. At his earneſt ſolicitation, the worthy Baronet returned to Captain Tulip his bond of recognizance, as he was determined not to proſecute either party, but leave them quietly to the participation of that infamy, their conduct ſo juſtly merited. Being informed the Captain and family were preparing to leave the north, he took the earlieſt opportunity to cancel his gaming bond, though many of his ſincere friends diſſuaded him from the punctilious performance of this illegal obligation. He was now induced by the advice of his phyſicians to viſit the ſouth of Europe, for the perfect re-eſtabliſhment of his health. In this tour his ſiſter was reſolved to accompany him. Sir Archibald, and his family, in the abſence of their young friends, determined to pay a viſit to an eſtate

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he had in Lincolnſhire, and reſide there till their return. His Lordſhip, with his man Patrick, had lately joined their regiment in Ireland. Mr. Gardiner, without the privity of any individual, diſappeared about the ſame time. The ſeparation of the parties makes a chaſm of ſome years in the ſtory, as it would be very unintereſting to relate what happened to each ſingly, when unconnected with the thread of the general hiſtory.

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CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOME years after his Lordſhip returned to Fenwick-tower. The regiment being reduced, he retired upon Captain's half-pay. His old hoſts, John and Mary, expreſſed their chearful approbation, and were happy to give him a hearty welcome to his former habitation. The ravages of time, ſince his departure, were ſcarcely viſible on their foreheads. John's good nature was unimpaired. His pleaſure at this happy event was manifeſted by repeated ſhakes of the hand, and an unceaſing propenſity to recapitulate the little incidents which happened a few years before. Mary was impreſſed with a certain degree of reverence at his Lordſhip's preſence, for ſhe frequently deſired her huſband to deſiſt, as ſuch familiarity was diſreſpectful and unbecoming. Mary's remonſtrances were ſeconded by the pertinent nods of Patrick, who in half words, and broken ſentences, often intimated, that times were altered. Theſe hints were loſt upon honeſt John. He heard them without the leaſt attention. His Lordſhip's coldneſs, and viſible indifference, had no effect on his officiouſneſs; and though he received no other anſwers, than what were couched in the ſimple monoſyllables, yes, or no, he continued his aſſiduities, till his Lordſhip, with a ſour aſpect, and threatening countenance, bid him know his diſtance.

This unwelcome admonition was electrical to honeſt John. He became ſilent in a moment, and bowing reſpectfully, retired to the other ſide of the room. He was not conſcious, that the lapſe of a few years had made any change in the diſpoſition of his gueſt. In this he was groſsly miſtaken. His ſtature was increaſed to the height of ſix feet. He was ſtrong, athletic, and proportionably formed. The natural roughneſs of his features was not diminiſhed. His noſe was rather a little broader, and more curved.

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His eyes were larger, and their prominency augmented. His mouth, the width of which was formerly proverbial among the ruſtics, was not leſſened, but had kept due pace with the growth of the other parts of his perſon. He now diſguiſed the original colour of his hair, which was a bright red, with a load of powder and pomatum. The metamorphoſe of his perſon was not more remarkable, than the change of his whole behaviour. Except his peculiar attachment to the bagpipes, which had evidently increaſed, he was totally altered in the whole of his deportment. The ſtatelineſs of his walk, which apparently was aſſumed, betrayed that pride which lurked in his mind. The ſuperciliouſneſs, with which he treated his former acquaintances, was diſguſting to their open freedom, and ingenuouſneſs of behaviour. He was reſerved and haughty; commanding with that tone of voice, and peremptory manner, which may create fear, but will never produce eſteem. His orders were authoritative and faſtidious, delivered with that contempt, which ſometimes excited ridicule, but always diſreſpect. He immured himſelf in the little apartment in which he ſlept, and devoted his hours ſolely to the uninterrupted purſuit of his favourite amuſement. He had learned, while in the army to play upon the violin. The alternate changes of theſe two inſtruments, now conſtituted the whole of his employment. He had admired the pomp and glitter of a military life, and fooliſhly adopted what he ought to have condemned. That irregularity, ſo conſpicuous in the life of a ſoldier, he imitated with too much ſucceſs. That irreligion, the diſgrace of our army, was the unvarying topic of his converſation and applauſe. That good ſenſe, liberal demeanour, and agreeable politeneſs, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh a multitude of our officers, were altogether neglected by our hero, as unworthy of his notice.

This alteration of the man, and change of diſpoſition, was cheriſhed by the ſubmiſſive deportment of Patrick. The hopes of the land-ſtewardſhip, made him humble and fawning to a fault. He never approached

proached his preſence without his cuſtomary low bow, nor anſwered him, but with your honor. The fooliſh conceit which Patrick harboured of his ſuperior learning, and knowledge of good-breeding, had always induced him to deſpiſe the admonitions of thoſe, who were hardy enough to attempt his inſtruction. He copied his maſter's diſdain, and his affected ſtrut was an awkward imitation of his walk. But whatever had the leaſt affinity to the honorable houſe of Owen, was reverenced by this humble domeſtic. The faults of his maſter, which were evident, and reprehended by every other perſon, were applauded as excellencies by his faithful attendant. Whether intereſt or conviction had this effect on the mind of Patrick is uncertain; but at all events, he was a zealous defender of thoſe faults which common ſenſe would reprobate, and an unbiaſſed judgment condemn.

Some days after the arrival of his Lordſhip at Fenwick tower, Mary entered his apartment. The look of terror glared on her countenance—ſhe trembled—her hair was erect, and her ineffectual attempts to ſpeak, ſufficiently demonſtrated the agitation of her mind. As ſhe ſtood panting on the floor, he beheld her with an air of indignant contempt, and aſked her what ſhe meaned by this thoughtleſs interruption. 'O Sir,' replies Mary, 'I hope your honour will pardon my raſhneſs. I am utterly undone.'—'What 'is the matter, Mary, that you thus trouble me?'—'The matter, Sir! There is enough the matter. Our 'houſe is haunted. My huſband is terrified out of 'his wits, and all the neighbourhood is ſo frightened, 'that no perſon will ſet a foot within our doors, to 'drink a ſingle pint of ale.'—'Go, go, ſilly woman, 'and mind your buſineſs. There is nothing to hurt 'either you or your houſe.'—'O Sir, had you ſeen 'what I have ſeen, you would preſently alter your 'opinion.'—'Do you ſuppoſe, Mary, I am ſuch a 'fool; I who have heard muſkets fire, and cannons 'roar; do you ſuppoſe, I am ſuch a fool, as to believe any of your nonſenſical vagaries? Go, go, 'about your buſineſs, I tell you, there are no ſuch

'things

'things as hobgoblins.'—'Lord, Sir, how can you 'talk ſo! I have ſeen it, I have ſeen it with theſe 'eyes. It has walked paſt me as I ſtood upon the floor, 'while my hair roſe on end, and the ſweat dropped 'from my face, like large white peas.'—'Well, Mary, 'what was it like?'—'Like Sir! It is like a fine 'beautiful lady, all dreſſed in ſilk and ſatin. She 'was long, long ſince, a young, handſome lady, whoſe 'father lived in this tower. She fell in love with a 'neighbouring gentleman, and would gladly have 'married him. But her father thought him no 'match for his daughter, who was a rich heireſs. So 'out of pure love, ſhe hanged herſelf one night in 'her garters, and has haunted this tower ever ſince, 'and will do to the end of time, without your honor 'has the courage to ſpeak to her, and aſk her what 'ſhe wants.'—'Well Mary, you tell a wonderful 'ſtory of this poor young lady, and do you ſuppoſe, 'if I ſhould ſpeak to her, ſhe would trouble you no 'more?'—'O never, Sir, ſhe would then reſt quietly 'in her grave.'—'She has never ſtirred out of her 'grave, Mary, nor ever will. There is nothing in 'this world to frighten you, but your own fooliſh 'imaginations, which create ſpectres out of every 'black ſtone.' Mary raiſed her hands and eyes, as if deprecating the vengeance of heaven, for the impious incredulity of his Lordſhip, 'O, Sir, you will one day rue this wickedneſs! To convince you, Sir, 'there is a room in this houſe, that has not been ſlept 'in theſe hundred years. It is the room in which 'the Lady hanged herſelf, and the crook where ſhe 'faſtened her garters, is ſtill in the cieling, and to be 'ſeen by every open eye. This I never told you of 'before, leſt you ſhould have been terrified, and leſt 'the houſe.'—'Ha, ha, ha, Mary, do you ſuppoſe I 'ſhould be afraid of a young lady either alive or dead? 'Go, ſend Patrick to me.'

As Patrick entered, he made his uſual low bow, and whipping his hat under his left arm, ſtood bolt upright on the middle of the floor. 'Patrick,' ſays his Lordſhip, as his eyes pored over a piece of muſic

that

that was lying before him, 'Patrick.'—'Yes, your 'honour, your ſervant hears.'—'Did you, Patrick, 'ever hear a fooliſh ſtory, about a hobgoblin haunting 'this tower?'—'Hear it, your honor, yes, ten thou-'ſand times.'—'You don't believe in ſuch nonſenſe, 'Patrick?'—'Believe it! I cannot deny, but I, I, 'I have formerly believed in ſuch things, and I hope 'your honor does not think there is any harm in ſuch 'a belief.'—'Indeed, Patrick, I always ſuppoſed you 'had more ſenſe. It is all a ridiculous fancy, and 'no man of ſpirit, or the leaſt knowledge, ever thought 'there was any ſuch thing. The vulgar always think 'differently from us people of rank. Therefore Pa-'trick, take my advice, and the firſt time this wonder-'ful lady appears again, go with a fixed reſolution to 'ſpeak to her, and I will forfeit my title to the Owen 'eſtate, if you ſee any thing but the bare walls.'—'I, 'I hope, may I, may I wiſh, your honor, is not in 'earneſt!'—'What, Patrick, you are not afraid? 'You who have heard a hundred cannons roaring, will 'not certainly be afraid of a lady in a ſatin ſacque?' —'You know your honor, and all the world knows, 'that Patrick Harle is afraid of nothing human. But 'what chance has the moſt courageous man againſt a 'ſpirit? It can whip through the key-hole in the 'twinkling of an eye, or ſtrike him down, as dead 'as a herring, with a ſwitch of its gown tail.'— 'O Patrick, Patrick, thou wilt be a poltroon, not-'withſtanding all my endeavours to infuſe courage 'into thy quaking heart'—'Wrong me not, your 'honour, you know I am as brave as a lion. The 'many battles I fought, to pleaſe your honour, 'whilſt we were in the army, are proofs of what I 'aſſert. Notwithſtanding I was ſometimes beaten, 'what man is always victorious?'—'Well, well, Pa-'trick, do not boaſt too much. I have ſeen you re-'ceive a genteel drubbing from a boy, who might 'have been your grandſon.'—'I acknowledge it, 'your honor, I ſcorn to tell a lie. The ſevereſt 'beating I ever got, was from that brawny Iriſhman, 'who was ſo impudent, as to laugh at your Lordſhip's 'noſe.'

'noſe.'—'Pſhaw, pſhaw, Patrick, no more of that. 'I expect you will be ſo valorous, as to ſpeak to the 'lady the firſt time ſhe appears.'—'I am willing, if 'you order me, your honor, to face an hundred 'Frenchmen, but I hope you will excuſe me from 'facing a bodileſs ſpirit.'—'Thou art a mere brag-'gart, Patrick, and to convince thee of thy ill-'grounded fear, I will undertake the office myſelf.' —'Right your honor, right, it was always thought 'ſhe would never ſpeak to a common perſon. She 'will undoubtedly pay every reſpect to a nobleman 'of your rank and quality.'—'Mary, the firſt time 'you are certain this antique gentlewoman is in the 'houſe, come and acquaint me.'—'O, God's bleſſing 'be upon your ſtout heart,' exclaims the enraptured Mary, 'what it is to be a nobleman!'

In the evening of the ſame day, while his Lordſhip was amuſing himſelf with playing ſome martial airs on his favourite inſtrument, the bagpipes, his hoſteſs, Mary, entered his apartment very unceremoniouſly, and with a look of the utmoſt impatience, exclaimed, 'My Lord, my Lord, the lady is above!' He continued his muſic with the utmoſt indifference, and notwithſtanding Mary's vociferous bawling, was determined to finiſh his tune. Mary's pipe was none of the loweſt, but it was fairly outmatched by his Lordſhip's harmonious inſtrument, ſo ſhe was obliged to deſiſt, and wait with compoſure, until he had completed his enchanting melody. 'God's bleſſing on 'your ſtout heart, my Lord, come along, the lady is 'above, and walking in her room.'—'Where is Pa-'trick, Mary?'—'Patrick, my Lord, Patrick is at 'his prayers! He peeped through the key-hole, and 'heard the ruſtling of the ſatin gown, when, mercy 'on me, he came down the ſtairs, helter ſkelter, 'jumped over my ſhoulders, and almoſt broke his 'neck upon the pavement.'—'Go ſend him to me im-'mediately.'

Patrick came in panting and trembling. 'Where 'are my piſtols, Patrick?' 'Heaven defend your 'honor from all bloody ghoſts and helliſh hobgoblins,

'what

'what do you want with your piſtols? You may as 'well ſhoot at the moon and ſeven ſtars, as ſhoot at a 'walking ſpirit.'—'Bring me my piſtols, Patrick, 'and ſee if they be charged.'—'Here they are, your 'honor, and charged with double balls.'—'Buckle 'my belt around me, Patrick, and ſtick one piſtol in 'the belt.'—'O woe is me, your honor, ſhe will fly 'up the chimney with you!—'Give me my other 'piſtol in my right hand, Patrick.'—'Alack-a-day, 'ſhe will dive with your honor to the bottom of the 'earth.'—'Here, Patrick, take this candle in your 'hand, and walk before me.'—'Mercy on me, your 'honor, if I ſhould be ſo fool-hardy, ſhe would whiſk 'me through the air in an inſtant, and place me in 'the moon, beſide the man and his bundle of ſticks.' ---'Come, Patrick, ſhoulder the candle, and march.' ---'Then, my Lord, I am certain of never marching 'more.'—'Obey, Patrick. What, do you diſobey 'my orders?'—'Any thing, your honor, but this. 'Bid me fight with a running bull, bid me attack a 'lion, bid me eat a bunch of leeks, bid me look at 'the ſun with my open eyes, bid me do any thing a 'mortal man can do, and depend upon it I will not 'diſobey you; but to go againſt an evil ſpirit, is what 'fleſh and blood cannot perform.'—'Give me the 'candle, Patrick, and don't tremble ſo, man.—'There, 'your honor, there is the candle, and God defend 'you from Satan and his imps.'

His Lordſhip walked out, and calling upon Mary, deſired her to ſhew him which was the haunted room. He was met in the paſſage by the good Mr. Bruce, who having been on an occaſional viſit to one of his pariſhioners, called in, to inform his Lordſhip, Sir Archibald and family would be at Stanner-caſtle in the ſpace of a few weeks. He was ſurpriſed at this warlike appearance of his Lordſhip, who was walking cautiouſly along, with the right-arm extended before him, and a cocked piſtol in his hand. Mr. Bruce ſmiled when acquainted with the cauſe, and ſaid he would attend his Lordſhip in this adventurous enterpriſe. 'Walk behind, Mr. Bruce, walk behind,

'you

'you are not armed, nor can I ſpare you my other 'piſtol.'

Mary proceeded a ſhort way up ſtairs, and having pointed out the room to this daring champion, deſcended with precipitation.

When they arrived at the door, his Lordſhip pauſed. The candle trembled in his left hand, and his whole frame was in a viſible palpitation.—'I, I 'think, Mr. Bruce,' ſays he, 'the flame of the candle 'burns blue. Its light is almoſt extinguiſhed. I 'wiſh Patrick were here!'—'What does your Lord-'ſhip want with Patrick?' replies Mr. Bruce.—'Only to hold the candle, Sir, a---a---and open the 'door.'—'I will do that office. Now look at the 'candle, it burns as bright as ever. It was the tre-'mulous motion of your hand, by which it was nearly 'extinguiſhed. Now, I will open the door—but I 'am ſomewhat afraid of that piſtol. Lay it aſide, 'my Lord, it is totally unneceſſary in the preſent 'exigence. If there be a ſpirit, as you ſeem to ſup-'poſe, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood 'firmly believe, you know it is immaterial, of con-'ſequence, you can make no impreſſion upon it with 'powder and ball.'—'It is good to be armed, Mr. 'Bruce, whatever happens. It is a precaution, no 'man ſhould forget, eſpecially when he is expoſed to 'any hazard. A ſoldier, who is accuſtomed to dan-'gers, and liable to alarms, ſhould always be pre-'pared to defend himſelf.'—'Come, then my Lord, 'I will open the door, only take care of your piſtol. 'It is unlocked, I perceive, but the hinges are very 'ruſty, for they move badly. Take hold of the 'candle, my Lord, it requires more ſtrength than I 'expected.' Mr. Bruce clapping his ſhoulder to the pannel, ſhoved the door open. It made a hollow creaking noiſe, as it moved ſlowly on its ruſty hinges. 'Come forward and ſatisfy your curioſity.' His Lordſhip heſitated a few ſeconds, when preſenting his piſtol at arms-length, and the other, which held the candle, extended to the ſame diſtance, he gradually moved one foot. Mr. Bruce obſerving the trepidation

of

of his hand, cautiouſly ſtepped behind the door. His Lordſhip moved another foot, and finding the floor firm beneath him, he ventured one pace within the room. A horrid ſcream now aſſailed his ears—a fleckering was heard againſt the walls—the candle in an inſtant, was whiffed out—the piſtol went off, and a dreadful rumble was heard upon the boarded floor. Mr. Bruce groped about for his partner, but he could not readily find him. 'My Lord,' ſays he, 'what 'has happened?'—'Oh, oh, Mr. Bruce, I am ut-'terly undone! What madneſs prompted me to this 'undertaking!' Another ſcream, ſucceeded by a ſtrange hooring noiſe, re-echoed through the old tower. 'Ah! Mr. Bruce, I ſee her, I hear her, ſave, 'ſave me, from her bloody fangs.'—'Lend me your 'hand, my Lord, and I will lead you down ſtairs.' —'I am fallen and fixed to the floor, Sir. It is not 'poſſible for me to ſtir.'—'Have patience—I will 'go, and fetch a light.'—O, Mr. Bruce, do not leave 'me! Call, and Patrick will bring a candle.'

Mr. Bruce called with all his might, but not a ſoul would anſwer one ſyllable. Mary, John, and Patrick, ſtood at the bottom of the ſtairs, and patiently awaited the iſſue of the adventure They no ſooner heard the ſcream, and the report of the piſtol, than they all fled different ways to provide for their own ſecurity.

In this caſe of neceſſity, Mr. Bruce was compelled to deſcend, notwithſtanding the urgent importunities of his Lordſhip. When he came into the kitchen, there was neither perſon, nor candle to be procured. Whilſt he was ſearching about, he heard another echoing ſcream, ſucceeded by the ſame hooting noiſe as before. Immediately he was alarmed with the horrid roar of murder, murder, murder. He ran up ſtairs, and eagerly enquired what was the matter'— 'Ah, Sir, ah Sir! Did you hear nothing?'—'Yes, 'my Lord, I heard a noiſe, but I hope, it was not 'merely that noiſe, which induced you to roar mur-'der ſo luſtily?'—'Oh, Sir, bring Patrick to me!'— 'Only be a little calm, till I can obtain a light, and

'we

'we ſhall ſoon diſcover the cauſe of all this unneceſ-
'ſary terror.'

Mr. Bruce deſcended a ſecond time, and in his ſearch for a candle, met with a large tub ſtanding in a dark corner of the kitchen. He felt it was open at the top, ſo overturning it upon the floor, in order to diſcover what was in it, he perceived, by the light of the fire, ſomething all white to crawl out of it. 'What is here?' calls Mr. Bruce. 'It is me, it is 'me, only poor Patrick Harle, the pariſh clerk.'—'Come, Patrick, ſtand upon your legs, there is no-'thing here to terrify you.'—'Alack a day, Mr. 'Bruce, what a noiſe, and what a rumble! Has ſhe 'flown away with my poor maſter through the roof 'of the houſe?'—'No, no Patrick, your maſter is 'ſafe enough, only a little terrified, like his valiant 'ſervant.'—'Thank God, thank God, Sir, I thought 'before this time, you and my maſter were both at 'the bottom of the red ſea.'—'Can you get me a 'candle, Patrick? ſays Mr. Bruce,' as he ſtirred the fire.—Having procured a light, 'carry that, Patrick, 'and come along with me.'—'Sir, Sir, ah, Sir!'—'Don't be afraid man, you ſhall not go alone!' They aſcended the ſtairs, and as ſoon as they entered the room, the ſame ſcream of terror re-echoed through the old tower. 'O, O, O, Mr. Bruce,' pants the quaking Patrick, 'Mercy, mercy on my ſoul!' Mr. Bruce turned his eyes towards him. He was ſhaking like an aſpin leaf, whilſt the candle danced in his hand. A hollow fleckering noiſe, was diſtinctly heard a ſecond time, and out popped the candle—down dropped Patrick, and again the Captain vociferated murder, murder!

Mr. Bruce was aſtoniſhed at theſe ſtrange appearances, but convinced that ſome natural cauſe operated towards their production, he was determined to diſcover it, in order to demonſtrate to thoſe terrified beings, the groundleſs foundation of all their fears. So groping diligently for the candle, he was ſo fortunate, as to find it. He again deſcended into the kitchen, and having lit the candle, he cautiouſly

aſcended

aſcended the ſtairs. He no ſooner entered the enchanted apartment, than he was accoſted with the ſame alarming ſcream—again he heard the hollow fleckering, as if ſome airy being was moving round him. It ceaſed for a few ſeconds, and a low hooting ſound attracted his attention. He looked carefully about him, and ſuppoſed he ſaw ſomething white perched on one of the rafters. On approaching nearer, it ſailed towards him with an eaſy motion. He ſtretched out his left hand, with a deſign to guard the candle. It came gently againſt him, when by a ſudden catch, he perceived he had ſecured the cauſe of all this unneceſſary terror. On a nearer inſpection he found it to be nothing more, than a large owl.

He held it in his hand, and called, 'Patrick, Patrick!' He received no anſwer, for Patrick heard him not. He was as inſenſible as a pickled herring, and lying ſtretched acroſs his Lordſhip, who now began to moan in a moſt piteous manner. Mr. Bruce ſet the candle upon the floor, and attempted to liberate his Lordſhip from the incumbent weight of his ſervant's carcaſe. Having with much exertion tumbled Patrick off, he deſired his Lordſhip to ariſe, ſaying 'I have caught the young lady.' His Lordſhip raiſed his head, and turning his gogling eyes around him, replied, 'Oh, Sir, ſhe has a frightful 'look,' and ſquatted down again upon the floor. 'Come, come, my lord,' ſays Mr. Bruce, 'this ter'ror is puerile, and unbecoming. Stand up, and 'examine this innocent cauſe of all your groundleſs 'fears. It is nothing more than a poor harmleſs 'owl, rather diſſatisfied at our intruſion on her ſoli'tary habitation.

His Lordſhip hearing this aſſurance, now ventured to ſit erect upon his breech. He attempted to ariſe, and when nearly upon his legs, fell plump upon his ſenſeleſs domeſtic. This furious concuſſion, awakened Patrick from a trance of ſome minutes, and perceiving a heavy and unuſual weight now preſſing hard upo him, he began to lay about him with the utmoſt vio-

violence. His Lordſhip's face received many furious blows, and the more he ſtruggled to ariſe, the more Patrick's rage increaſed. The timely interference of Mr. Bruce, emancipated his Lordſhip from the fury of his impetuous ſervant, who now exclaimed with a hollow tone, 'hence, Beelzebub, hence! I am an 'honeſt man.' Mr. Bruce pitying his terror, and the perturbation of his mind, endeavoured to convince him that his fear was groundleſs. This aſſurance from a man in whom he could confide, induced Patrick to ariſe. He looked around him with an eye of caution. His Lordſhip was now ſtanding on one leg, and looking ſternly at his valorous ſervant, he ſhook his head, ſaying, 'Ah, villain, villain! I will 'be revenged on thy quaking carcaſe.'—'Mercy on 'me, your honor,' exclaims Patrick, 'what have I 'done to offend your highneſs?'—'Done, thou cai-'tiff, aſk Mr. Bruce. If it had not been for his 'ſeaſonable interpoſition, thou wouldſt undoubtedly 'have knocked out both my eyes.'—'Me, your ho-'nor, me, knock out both your eyes! Mercy on 'poor Patrick Harle, but your honor is in a ſound 'dream.'—'No, thou varlet, no, I am not in a 'dream; I am waking, and have felt the force of 'thy blows in every part of my body.'—'What de-'luſion! I appeal to Mr. Bruce, if your honor is 'not in a dream. Me ſtrike your honor! No, no, 'when you awake'——'Wretch, I tell thee I am 'awake, and if thou inſult me with one ſyllable 'more of thy ſenſeleſs jargon, I will ſend thee this 'inſtant to the bottomleſs pit.' At the ſame time taking the piſtol from his belt. Patrick dropped upon his knees, and raiſing his hands, bawled aloud, 'If 'I have inſulted your honor, let your honor be re-'venged, but Patrick Harle's hands would ſooner 'drop from his elbows, than they would attempt to 'ſtrike your honor. Therefore you muſt be in a 'dream.'—'Thou provoking varlet, I tell thee I 'am awake, and will this moment convince thee of 'it.'

Mr.

Mr. Bruce ſtepped in betwixt them, and deſiring his Lordſhip to moderate his paſſion, ſaid, 'It is 'poſſible, that Patrick may be unconſcious of his 'conduct, for I am certain he was for ſome minutes 'in a ſtate of inſenſibility. His ſudden alarm, not 'only ſurprized, but actually terrified him, and ſup-'poſing himſelf to be aſſaulted by ſome infernal 'ſpectre, as was evident from his exclamation, he 'defended himſelf with that fury which fell ſo im-'petuouſly upon your Lordſhip's face. He is not 'culpable for this act of ſeeming diſreſpect."—— 'This is true, this is true,' cries Patrick, 'your ho-'nor knows, I would fight for you any day, till I 'were beaten to a jelly, but would ſcorn to ſtrike 'you, though you beat me to a dried ſponge.'

This ſubmiſſion conciliated the jarring parties, and they now prepared to walk down ſtairs. But it was now diſcovered his Lordſhip had only one foot to ſtand on. When the owl firſt perceived the candle in his Lordſhip's hand, ſhe flew towards it, and whiffing it out by the motion of her wings, his Lord-ſhip in his terror, diſcharged his piſtol, but ſo very unfortunately, that the ball had penetrated through the fore part of his foot. Being thus crippled, he was ſupported down ſtairs by the aſſiſtance of his preſent attendants. On examination, Mr. Bruce perceived the wound had bled copiouſly, and deſired Patrick to bring him ſome bandages to tie it up, until a Surgeon could be procured.

Patrick began to look about him, but neither John nor Mary was to be found, and without their preſence, no part of what he wanted was to be ob-tained. He ſearched minutely all the lower parts of the ancient fabric, as confident they were at no diſ-tance from the ſcene of terror. After an ineffectual ſearch of ſome minutes, he deſcended into the cellar, where he ſoon eſpied Mary crouching in a corner, behind ſome empty barrels. He took hold of the ſkirt of her gown, and giving it two or three luſty tugs, called 'Mary, Mary, come along, Mr. Bruce

'has

'has changed the young lady into jinny-owlet.' At the ſound of Patrick's well-known voice, Mary ventured to ariſe, when John came creeping from the ſame hole, ſaying, 'Faith, Mary, you have almoſt 'ſqueezed my breath out, by lying ſo long upon my 'back.'

Having procured the neceſſary bandages and bound up his Lordſhip's foot for the preſent, Mr. Bruce ſaid, 'Ever ſince I was an inhabitant of this neigh-'bourhood, I have been informed of the frightful 'appearances, which from time to time, have been 'ſeen in this old tower. A little reſolution in any 'individual, would ſoon have diſcovered the ſecret. 'The higher part of this ancient building, being lit-'tle frequented, has long been the ſolitary retirement 'of owls and jackdaws. The occaſional noiſes made 'by theſe birds, have too often ſtruck terror into 'thoſe minds, which ought to have been aſhamed of 'ſuch an impulſe. The mind, when under the in-'fluence of terror, is immediately deprived of all its 'perceptive powers. The imagination, at this in-'ſtant, begins to operate, and ſo fruitful is its crea-'tive faculty, that it inſtantaneouſly produces an in-'finite variety of beings, which never had any exiſ-'tence. It ſees, or rather ſuppoſes it ſees, terrific 'forms, and frightful appearances. Deprived of the 'power of diſcriminating between realities and delu-'ſive fancies, it concludes, when it ought to exa-'mine, and believes when it ought to explode. From 'this fruitful ſource of ſimple credulity, the world 'has become peopled with a race of airy beings, 'which ſeems to have no other buſineſs in this lower 'ſphere, than to terrify the children of mortality. A 'ſingle ſerious thought would immediately diſpel 'theſe deluſive notions.'

END OF VOL. I.